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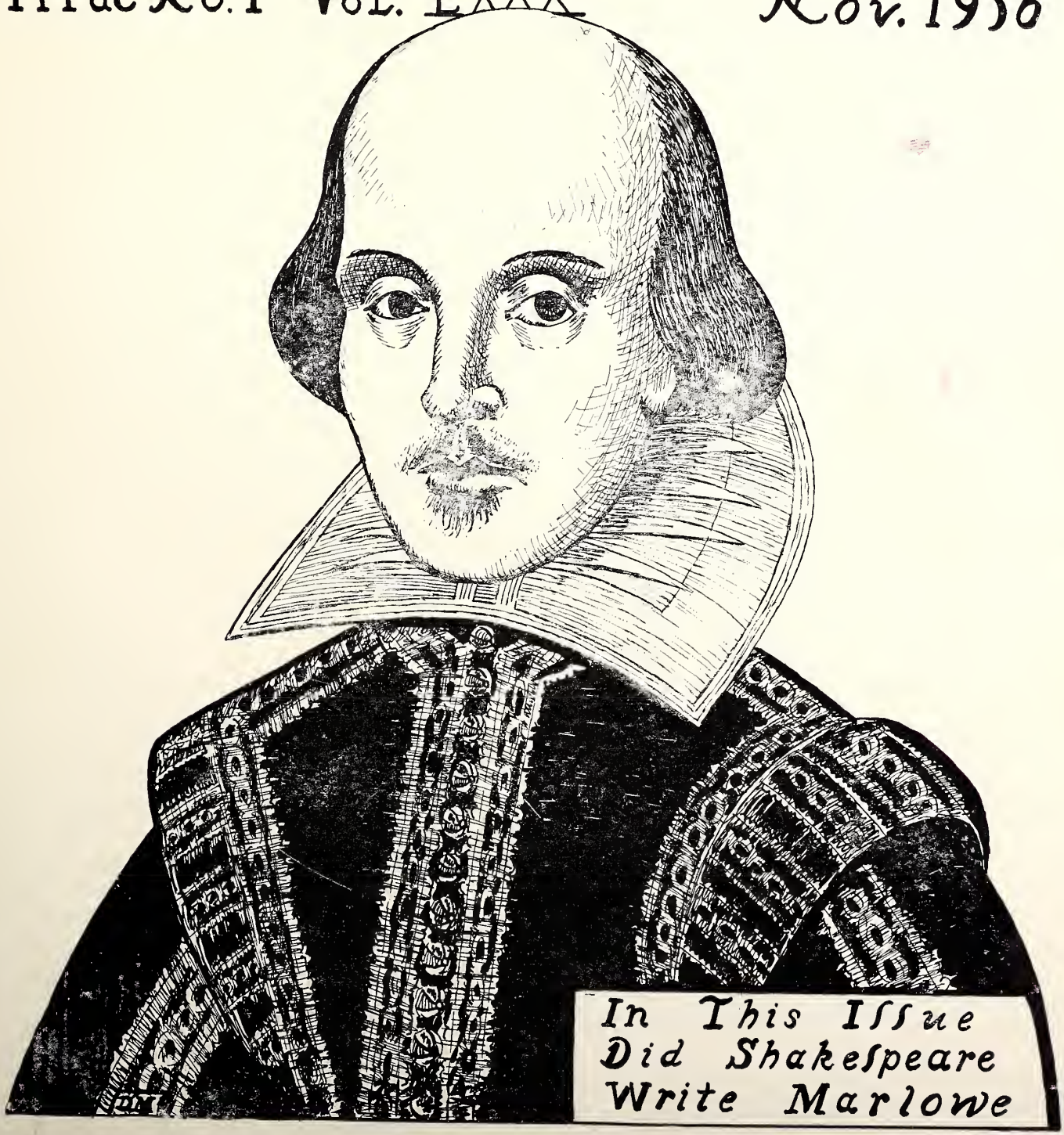

In This Issue
Did Shakespeare
Write Marlowe

THE JOURNAL
OF WOFFORD COLLEGE

VOLUME LXXX ★ No. 1 | SPARTANBURG, SOUTH CAROLINA | NOVEMBER ★ 1956

ENTRIES

This is the oldest new publication on campus, and it affords a literary outlet for student writers who want to submit their works to the student body's scrutiny. This writing and this scrutiny are encouraged by the attitude of the liberal arts man.

Tommy Wright, editor of the Wofford newspaper and nephew of Louie Wright, director of the Folger Shakespearean Library, will be found regularly in this publication. His article (page three) came as a result of a suggestion in Shakespeare class by Dr. Hunter that he write a dissertation to end all dissertations on that subject.

Also commissioned was Fogarty's interpretation (page seven) of Kafka's story. Anyone who has had English 2 has met that problem, and here is a foolproof answer to it. His short story in this issue merits recognition. Veterans might look forward to a discussion on raising allotments which will be included in the December issue of THE JOURNAL, written by Robert S. Fogarty, Jr.

Palmer will have the second chapter of a novel he is writing in the December issue (the first was printed in last May's) which should be anticipated.

Dan MacMillan will be doing covers for all the rest of these magazines, in addition to doing illustrations.

The reader might note the conspicuous lack of poetry in this issue. Because of the lack of interest in that literary form we have tried to substitute other things for it. We are, however, offering a poetry contest with cash prizes, in an effort to arouse some enthusiasm for that art form. The qualifications will be found on page 23.

There will also be a cartoon contest later on in the year which will, it is hoped, produce some hidden wit.

Here it is. Scrutinize it.

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The Decision — *By Kris Kanos*

The door slammed as Benny walked in. Putting down his bag, he looked about. "Anyone home? Mama . . .?" shouted Benny as if to wake the whole household.

Out of the kitchen appeared an old, grey-haired woman. In amazement she stood there staring at Benny. Suddenly she came forth grasping her son. "Benny, what you do home? Why you no in school?" she asked.

"O Mama," began Benny, "I'm out for the day. You know—somebody's birthday."

Overflowing with joy, easily noticed by Benny, she immediately began dashing about. "Your papa come for his supper. I go to see his Borsht stew all right," she said with her voice fading as she left the room.

Benny stood there, momentarily gazing about himself, and he saw that nothing had changed. Everything was in its proper place as symbols mute. The oil lamp was in its place by papa's chair. A wooden canteen was hanging from the wall with its Grecian ornament that captured a beauty unsurpassed.

"Benny," came a call from the kitchen, "come here and talk to me."

Benny walked into the kitchen to find his mother mixing dough.

"I fix your favorite dish," she said with her voice straining as she mixed ingredients, "Borsht."

"Mama, please don't go to so much trouble," said Benny, putting his arms around her.

She hesitated, wiping her brow with her apron. Looking to Benny, she said, "Trouble? You no trouble, Benny."

At that moment a car wheeled in the driveway.

"Papa," she said, giving a glimpse about the kitchen to see that everything was in its proper order. "Hurry! Upstairs. Get ready for supper. Coat and tie tonight, Benny . . . huh," she said meekly.

"Maria, Maria, open the door," came a shout from the back porch.

Hurriedly she ran to the back door and assisted her husband with the packages he carried.

"You home early," she said.

"I know, I know. I go today and pay taxes," he said.

At the mention of the word *taxes* mama's expression showed incomprehension. Papa, sensing the feeling, gave her a clearer meaning in their native tongue. He said, "Tuch."

"They want too much money this year," he said with resentment appearing on his face.

He placed the packages on the cabinet. Turning to the sink, he began to roll up his sleeves to wash his hands.

"Benny here," mama said.

"What he doing home?" asked papa, turning around drying his hands.

"I no know . . . somebody's birthday," she said as she made the last preparations.

Benny at this moment came downstairs. Gripping his father's hand, he asked, "How are you, Papa?"

A smile appeared on papa's face as big as the horizon. "I good. How you do in school?" he asked.

"Finish talk now. We eat before it cold," said mama in a demanding tone.

The main course of dinner was over. Mama placed the dessert on the table. "I fix Borsht for you, Benny," said Mama, displaying a sense of pride and sentiment over her cooking.

Benny and papa joined in eating the Borsht. Occasionally the two laughed over some incident which occurred in Benny's youth. Finally the two finished. Mama cleared the table. Papa lighted his cigar.

"Papa and Mama," began Benny," I have something to tell you . . . I am going to get married."

Everything in the room seemed to freeze for an instant. Mama just sat there. Papa pulled his cigar from his mouth. The silence seemed to last for an eternity. Benny finally broke the silence.

"I know exactly what you both are thinking. . . . She is not Jewish." Still no response from either of the parents.

"She's a wonderful girl," said Benny, as if to rechannel the thoughts of his listeners. "She is going to be a nurse."

Mama began to cry. Papa, still wholeheartedly taken in by surprise, was unable to say a word.

"Well, I'm going to graduate this June . . . and have a wonderful job lined up. . . . I love her with all my heart and soul," said Benny, lowering his head in an unconscious feeling of guilt.

"When you a little boy, Benny, I want you marry good Jewish woman," said Mama with a slight quiver in her voice, "A good woman who stand beside you when times no go so good."

Papa abruptly broke in. "When you get angry . . . maybe she call you damn Jew . . . what you do? . . . forget . . .? Maybe you think you forget . . . you never do."

Mama seemed to quicken at Papa's saying. "Papa, no say thing that way," she said.

"It better to see fire and see it burn you," said Papa without taking his sight from his son.

"Papa . . .it will not be that way," said Benny in a frantic tone.

"No be like that say . . . you hear, Mama . . . no be like that. Ha! I serve people every day. People all time make laugh at me. Me no speak English so good. I laugh with customers, too, but inside," beating his fist against his chest, "it burn hell."

"Papa and Mama," said Benny shaking his head as if seeking words to say. "It's not like that . . . what I mean is people aren't like that. People just don't care. They just don't care. She loves me for what I am."

"She love you maybe . . . but you

(Continued on Page 10)

Did Shakspere Write Marlowe?

By Tommy Wright

The last few years have seen the development of a considerable controversy over whether Marlowe was really written by Shakspere. Quite a goodly number of reputable scholars and some not so reputable have advanced their argument on one side and the other till the situation has become farcial. Even as early as 1938 the waters were muddied considerably when a competent (supposedly) authority declared that ". . . exhaustive research has proved conclusively that Christopher Marlowe was the illegitimate offspring of Elizabeth I and the Earl of Essex . . ."[1] This competent (supposedly) source does not explain how this is possible as Marlowe was born three years before Essex. *There's* a mix-up for you. The example quoted it is hoped is sufficient to give the reader an idea of the complexities of the problem which is doubtless of great concern to everyone and which this noted authority (the writer) will attempt to explain away in the following few paragraphs. By explain away of course is meant the greater elucidation and apprisal of facts involved so as to render the reader comprehensible of the correctness of the writer's viewpoint. Without further ado then we set forth to prove beyond the smidgen of a doubt that the works attributed to Christopher Marlowe were in reality written by William Shakspere.

The necessary proof to validate such a statement is very difficult to obtain because of the absence of many documents that can be certified as genuine and the great superfluity of spurious sources. This situation has necessitated much research and delving into records which the author happened to have time to do when he was making the Grand Tour. Moreover, this writer had the good fortune to come into possession of several sources hitherto undiscovered. (At this point I would like to express my deepest thanks to Sydney Miller-Grenville of the British Museum and Frederick R. Ewing of Cotter's Antiquaries Ltd., for their unflagging efforts to make my work a success, and not just a perpetration as some critics have implied. The reader must pardon this sentence, but it rankles the writer's heart when he thinks of some of the remarks those—the less-well-known critics and historians—have taken it upon themselves to make. *De mortuis nid nisi bonum.*

The author first became interested in this controversial subject while leafing through back issues of the official organ of the Christopher Marlowe Society in the Boston Public Library. In one article the idea was rather amateurishly put forth that Marlowe had really been written by Shakspere. Intrigued by such a heretical view I checked further and found that there was a substantial minority, indeed almost constituting a majority, that believed with a fervor born of fanaticism that Shakspere was the real author of such renowned plays as *Doctor Faustus*[2] and *Tamburlaine* here before attributed to Kit Marlowe.

Digging deep into archives and thesauruses with a peculiar talent for research which the author possesses, this writer is at long last ready to reveal results of his remarkable research which he feels should have significant effect among literary scholars of the Mid-Elizabethan period. *Cela va sans dire.*

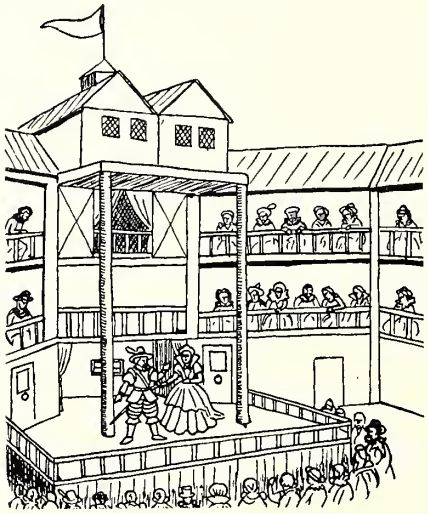
It very soon became apparent on initiating this massive undertaking that, although whole books and even volumes have been written about Shakspere and Marlowe, very little is actually known about them; that is, there is very little that can be authenticated about either of them. Then if this is true, why have scholars over the years persisted in writing massive volumes over that which must inevitably turn out to be nothing? Because scholars over the years have been invariably classed as a timid lot, afraid to use their imagination and chained irrevocably to a mass of stodgy facts. That is not the case with this paper. A superficial study reveals several common details of the early life of Marlowe and Shakspere such as they were both born in the same year, 1564, and their fathers traditionally followed humble occupations, Marlowe's being a shoemaker in Canterbury and Shakspere's a butcher in Stratford.* This is getting ahead of our story, but it points toward a suspicion which first gave me a clue to the astounding discovery I later made. Why this striking similarity? To hide something else, of course. By a piece of clever detective work I happened to find while looking through the papers of Barrington Hall, to which I had been generously permitted access by Sir Oliver Barrington, fourth Earl of Wentworth, some documents of Sir Thomas Barry, close confidant of Queen Elizabeth I. These papers had never before been perused by a competent, qualified scholar, and it was with great eagerness that I viewed them. To make a long story short the gist of the material in them was a complicated cryptogram which I finally translated but not without some great difficulty. *Ora et labora.*

(Continued on Next Page)

The translated cryptogram alluded to certain records hidden in the walls of Dundridge Castle, one of the many defense castles built by Henry VIII in the town of Cluny on the southern coast of England. Wishing to determine the genuineness of the cryptogram and yet not wishing to expose myself to ridicule without good cause, I took my man Geoffrey and together we surreptitiously entered Dundridge Castle one night, and in the melodramatic little scene that ensued we *did* manage to obtain the Parry Papers, finding them in the exact spot the code directed us to. (Of course the night watchman did stumble on us and there were embarrassing explanations to be made and we suddenly found ourselves ripe material for the coarse varieties of daily newspapers which made great sport of us and set my investigations back months at least.*)

Upon examining the fruits of my midnight derring-do I could scarcely believe my good fortune, for the documents had entirely to do with a scandal attached to Queen Elizabeth before she ascended the throne and in which Parry was closely involved. What I refer to of course is Elizabeth Tudor's supposed affair with Admiral Thomas Seymour. For his presumption and other misdemeanors Seymour was subsequently executed. As for her part in the amor Elizabeth, in very guarded language, denied categorically the charges against her, replying to her inquisitors that she would welcome any investigation of her maidenhood. (Here it is necessary to point out that my original research had veered somewhat and that I regarded the Parry Papers as interesting from the viewpoint of the born scholar but had no concrete idea of what they would really lead to though it must be admitted that I had a pretty definite inkling that things were not as they seemed in the Marlowe and Shakspere clan.) Upon fully comprehending the context of the papers I had in my possession I was quite staggered by their import. Not wishing to be taken in by a hoax and yet unwilling to mark off my fantastic find as mere fancy on the part of some perverted jokester I labored long and wearily and now at last because of the Parry papers and subsequent documents I alone happened to have access to I can say irrevocably and unconditionally that not only were Shakspere and Marlowe the same person but furthermore Shakspere-Marlowe was the love child of Elizabeth and Seymour! An astounding discovery? Of course; but true nevertheless.

To substantiate these statements let us begin by examining the content of the Parry Papers. Though these have been published in part elsewhere this is the first time for a full explanation to be made of their content.[3] The most numerous documents are letters of Parry concerning the secret meetings of Elizabeth and her admiral, some personal



and some business correspondence to the stewards and overseers of various estates, but all concerning either directly or indirectly the royal romance.

Of particular interest is an excerpt from one letter to Dame Maybel Twitterton, a lady in the household of Brewster, a royal estate near Brighton, *a place which there is no official record of Elizabeth ever going, either before or after ascending the throne.*[4] The letter, dated October 18, 1548, reads in part, ". . . as ye must needs knowe the condition of the younge princess is suche that it would be exceeding indelicate, nay madam unwise in the grossest extremity to let slip by worde or deede any wee glimmer of the situation. Knowing thee for a woman wise beyonde thy sex we implore, we demand thy absolute, unswerving obediance in the following instructions. . . ."

Of perhaps greater significance are the entries of the Parry diary. We will not quote these at length, but only one, ". . . God be praised, it is over at last. The final consequence of the younge princess' terrible dalliance was determined tonight. *The proper though awfulle steps have been taken* . . . Lord, what fools these mortals be . . ."

What the ". . . proper though awfulle steps . . ." were seems obvious as it was too dangerous to loose a royal child upon the country. What they were supposed to be is obvious, though thanks to a very rare book we know what really happened to the future bard of England. There existed at Creighton-on-the-hoof a private orphanage run by an elderly widow. She frequently bought and sold children as a regular thing, and it was to her that Fay Devereux, a lady-in-waiting who could not bear to put the infant in a sack and drop it in the nearest river as she had been directed to, took the child.[5] It was also to the widow's orphanage that Roger Shakspere came in 1550 and purchased the infant.[6]

Roger Shakspere was the cousin of John Shakspere and lived in the town of Snitterfield where John was born.[7] When Roger died prematurely at the age of 19 in 1552, he willed the boy to John Shakspere. John soon after married Mary what's-her-name, I simply can't think of it at the moment, and moved to Stratford-on-Avon. Now we run into one of the pricklier points of

(Continued on Page 19)

1. Kettweiler, *"Sins of the Tudors,* chap. MLV, p. 898.
2. Annual Report of the Anti-Marlowe Society. *The theory of Professor Edward Pudley of Leicecter University that Shakspere's father was the town drunkard and was drowned in a butt of malmsey has been generally discredited.
   *There is absolutely no basis for the news release of an international news service that my trousers were torn off me by the night-watchman's mastiffs.
3. *Peep-Eye Magazine,* XX, p. 27, June, 1956.
4. Muckenfuss, Sanchetti, and Trilby, *Asphalt Highway Construction in Elizabethan England,* chap. V, p. 2.
5. Smythe-Trevelyn, *Bawdy Houses and the Baby Trade—A Short History* (Edinburgh, 1802), p. 309. The importance of this one volume in establishing Shakspere's paternity cannot be overemphasized. Originally printed in a limited edition of only eighteen volumes, all have disappeared save my copy found in a bookstall on the left bank of the Seine.
6. Ibid, p. 490.
7. Huntzinger and Granger, *Short Sketches of Snitterfield Residents,* chap. L, p. 184.

The Man Who Was Different

By Bob Chamblee

There is a special quiet at three o'clock in the morning, like no other quiet, at no other time of day. You can almost touch, almost see it as it settles over the wards. It envelopes the people there in its dank greyness, so that all the helpless, the twisted, and the lost among them are shut off from this world, into a private and terrible wilderness. In this mirror universe they are trapped and all that they can see is themselves. Their eyes, turned inward toward the hidden world of their thoughts, are troubled, for it is a time when forgotten secrets—that are best forgotten—are dredged up out of the muck of the past and cleaned off until they become shining and sparkling and remembered. It is a bad time, for these secrets, or sins, or whatever their labels be, are torn out of the friendly darkness and held up in the glare of the two hundred-watt bulbs that hang at the end of every hall.

This quiet time has no name. Everyone knows it—the patients, the attendants, even the ever realistic doctors—but not one of them ever speaks of it. It is a subject too private, too shameful, for conversation, for all the big and little weaknesses of a man are exposed during this hurtful period of self-searching. Conversation forces remembrance of what is better forgot. It is not a pleasant thing to really know thyself. It may be constructive, it may be illuminating, but it's just not pleasant to discover that you really aren't an exception, that you're really as bad, as good, as the rest of the human race. It's not pleasant at all to know that you're really not different, really not special in this world. It shouldn't be too depressing, for sometimes it is safe in the crowd.

At this special time every night Carl Freeman, Number 25603, Sociopathic Personality (Religious Delusions), Suicidal - No, Homicidal - Yes, would leave his lonely room and walk, barefooted, down the hall, carrying his worn Bible. He walked with a slight limp that was not really a limp, but more a pause at the end of every other step, as if he were momentarily debating whether or not it would be worthwhile to continue on to his usual destination.

Carl was not an exceptional-looking man; he could disappear into any crowd. His hair was a sandy blonde, and he kept it cut short. His face was pale, with regular features, whose monotony was broken only by a questioning tilt to his eyebrows. A tilt that seemed to be perpetually asking a question that was never answered. Carl's eyes were blue, a washed, faded blue so prevalent among the washed, faded blondes of the Anglo-Saxon South.

He was, perhaps, five feet ten inches in height, weighed around one hundred and fifty pounds, and had no prominent marks or scars. He was a normal-looking white American male, extraordinary only in his very averageness. He was, in short, the commonplace man, with the commonplace face who always seems to peer out of the third row, left center, in group pictures. Carl was not completely ordinary, however, because he had one thing about him that set him apart from every man in the world. It was a special knowledge, about himself, that made him different, and it was this special knowledge that brought him, almost every night out of his room, to walk down the hall, to speak with the only person in the world who understood or cared about his problem.

Carl had never been considered exceptionally bright or intelligent. He was well mannered and obedient, but reading, writing, and all other intellectual traits were either too big or too small for him to grasp very surely. He quit school during the seventh grade—rather he was taken out by his parents, at the insistence of the county school board—when it became apparent, even to the most favorably-biased observer, that he had reached the limit of his official pursuit of knowledge. Indeed, Carl never again looked inside another book, with the exception of the holy one.

Even with this book Carl had his troubles. He was not a good reader, but he was a persistent one, and he had read the Bible from cover to cover, over and over. He didn't understand all he read, of course, he was always relieved to begin the begats—they just rolled off—but he did know that all of it was the word of God. Carl's conception of God would have certainly frightened his pious mother, who approved of this strong religious current that ran through her son, but it satisfied his own peculiar outlook on life.

He was really a good child, and when he reached the age of puberty he was a good child, and when he became an adult he was a good child. He helped work the farm—he loved the animals—and made himself very useful both to his father in the fields and his mother in the house. He was amiable, docile, and could do any simple task, if properly directed.

It was shortly after his twenty-first birthday that he received the revelation that set him apart from the common herd. He received the secret from a source hidden deep within his soul, and at the moment of its realization his entire perspective of the outside world shifted. Whatever previous meaning he gave to life vanished, and in the remaining vacuum there rushed

a new force that filled him with a sudden fear. He was afraid, because he knew that this knowledge gave him a destination perhaps too difficult for him to attain. In another moment he was ashamed of his fear, for the reward he would gain on reaching his new goal would more than compensate for any ordeal that he would have to undergo.

Carl decided that he would keep his new destiny hidden, until the proper moment for it to be uncovered. He knew full well that the time for his secret to be told would come to him in the same manner as the secret itself. He was completely confident in this, because he knew that for the rest of his life his path would be clear.

Carl decided that his mother and father had the right to share his wonderful news. A small remnant of weakness prompted him to this confession, for if he allowed these two the knowledge of his revelation it would lighten somewhat the terrible burden he now carried. So it was that Carl announced his great discovery over the breakfast table the next morning. His mother, on hearing the news, looked at her lap and cried, as she sometimes did when Carl broke his customary silence. His father jerked back from the table and left the room. In a few moments he returned and told Carl, in a strained voice, that he was never to say that again, never, and that he was to forget it entirely, and why did he say such a terrible thing, and then softer, don't cry, please don't cry, I can't stand it when you cry, it'll be all right, as he clumsily stroked his wife's shoulder like he did the animals on the farm, in a futile effort to ease her pain.

Carl was surprised by his parents' reaction to his news; he only had a vague idea of the proper response, but he knew that his parents' grief was not fitting, and he went outdoors a very puzzled young man. He soon forgot the incident, however, for he concluded that his duty, in respect to their past love and care, had been done.

Three days after Carl had acquired his new knowledge he took a butcher knife—one that he used around the farm in various ways—and decapitated a young, fourteen-year-old girl that lived in the neighborhood. He was easily identified as the responsible party, for he came home completely covered with blood. When his mother, in a frightened voice, asked him where the blood came from he, quite calmly, told her.

Carl was taken, for his own protection, to the seat of the neighboring county, there being a reasonable fear of mob violence. In the police station of his haven county he was questioned by several angry men as to his reason for this horrible crime. They at first accused him of raping the girl, but after a medical examination exploded this so obvious motive they were at a loss, for Carl and the girl had been on the best of terms. In fact, due to the isolated location of the farms on which the two had lived, Carl had almost been her sole companion throughout her short life.

The men asked Carl over and over again, sometimes in loud voices, sometimes in weedling voices, but finally, as Carl continued to sit before them silent, in tired, dead voices, why? why? why did you do this thing? Suddenly Carl, who had been sitting slumped down in the chair that they had put him in, straightened up and looked at the men and smiled, for, as he had been convinced would eventually happen, knew that now was the time for his amazing secret to be told. Now was the time for Carl to identify himself, and then these people would cease to interfere with his actions.

It only took him a few moments to tell the man the marvelous truth, and as he told them he saw their faces change slightly, but change, from their previous condition of blind anger and hate to a new expression or emotion that Carl could not recognize. After this the men rushed Carl to a lone cell and left him there happy and relieved that at last he had told the news to the people.

Shortly after Carl had revealed his secret he had a series of conversations with two very pleasant men. They asked him many questions about his thoughts and dreams and feelings toward other people. They asked him hundreds of questions, until his head buzzed with them, but Carl did his best to answer them all, for he was, as always, anxious to please. They gave him games to play with and pictures to look at and then they asked him more questions about what did he see in the strange black pictures and what did he think about when they called out certain words. After a period of two days the men thanked him for his cooperation and left his life. Carl was sorry to see them go, even though they made him nervous, watching him all the time, and even though they had seemed strangely unimpressed with his secret.

A little while later Carl had to appear before a judge in a courtroom crowded with the curious that are always found in courtrooms, always anxious to hear a description of the latest ax murder, or to find out the full details of the newest adultery, or even to know just who is drinking too much these days. As anxious as these people are to morbidly chew over the remains of once-alive passion, they are even more anxious to heartily applaud the just punishment given to the so dangerous men who have dared to offend and bring down the wrath of them, the people. They sighed in content when they heard the voice of the judge, after a conference with several doctors and Carl's attorney, sentence Carl to the State Hospital for the Criminally Insane for the duration of his life. A few murmured that he should hang, by God, but the majority of them were satisfied that the Christian ideal of justice, tempered always with mercy, had been reached.

Carl missed the animals he had tended on the farm when he entered the hospital. He was treated decently enough, but when he revealed his secret to the people there, they, like all the rest, were apathetic. This worried him. He thought about it con-

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An Interpretation Of "In The Penal Colony"

By Robert S. Fogarty, Jr.

This is a short story by Franz Kafka, which is presented in allegory. It is a challenge to the reader, but the story is by no means beyond comprehension. Other interpretations have been offered, and I am in complete disagreement with them. It is not my point to criticize other findings. I shall, instead, present my version of this highly symbolic story.

I have discounted all other interpretations on the grounds that I do not feel that Kafka could write substantially on Christianity. Kafka was an Austrian-Jew, and it seems unlikely that he would use Christ as a theme in his work.* Also, the portrayal of the Officer, who is a disciple of Christ in the religious aspect of the story, has too many flaws to be authentic.

The religious interpretation states: The Officer is a disciple of Jesus Christ. Why then is he void of pity and justice? The Papers represent the Bible. Why then can not the Explorer, who is a man of wide intelligence, decipher? I submit that if the Papers were the Bible, the intelligent people of society would certainly be able to decipher some passages. The Bible represents revelation to even the most scientific mind. The only difference in contemporary society is the degree of revelation found in the Bible and its complete authenticity.

Another point: If the Old Commander was to be Christ, would he be buried in the Tea-Room under a table? Hardly. I think that Kafka is laughing at those who would hold back the "Status Quo" because of some personal reason.

I submit, then, that this is the story of those who have one thing about which their entire lives revolve—those who are obsessed by their one achievement. This attainment and the utilization of it are known only to the person. This particular thing sets them apart from the others. When this is threatened by the changing times, they panic and destroy themselves rather than be reduced to anonimity.

The Officer is the people who have this one distinct thing, this one attainment. It is the center of all their emotions. Their specialized knowledge in this one particular field of attainment is all they live for. They are pathologically obsessed by it and, as a result of the obsession, are blinded to the imperfections.

To continue along those lines, you will notice that the Officer speaks of the machine (attainment) throughout the entire story. His perspective does not go beyond the machine. If the Officer had something else in his life, would not his perspective be a bit more broad?

The Old Commander was the teacher of the Officer. He was the founder of this particular ideal, and he grounded the Officer in the field of endeavor. He also formulated the Officer's warped code of ethics. The Old Commander symbolizes the founders of a particular field, and he is directly responsible for the Officer's outlook.

The Explorer represents those who are of diversified knowledge and interests. He is those people of wide perspective and high intelligence who may tend to jeopardize the Officer by his opinion of his work, and the Officer fears the Explorer. The Explorer is also those people over whom the Officer has no control. The Explorer serves another very important function in the story. He is used to bring out the pathological personality of the Officer. You will notice that the Explorer thinks rationally throughout the story in direct contrast to the Officer's babbling. However, the explorer understands the Officer as one who has nothing but his particular field. This point brings out the perspective of the Explorer even more. For in order to understand, the Explorer must certainly have a wide and varied source of knowledge from which to draw.

The Prisoner and the Guard are used to represent the people over whom the Officer has complete control. Just as the person who is all-knowing in one field needs the masses in order to utilize his own knowledge and power. They are the people who depend on him for subsistence, but who do not respect the Officer as a man, because their intellectual capacity does not permit them to understand the problem of the Officer.

The Machine represents the field in which the Officer is all-knowing. It is his only possession—his one claim to fame. His perspective, like that of so many contemporary specialists, does not go beyond the Machine. It made a "big man" of the Officer (this is stressed by the fact that he keeps reiterating that he is the only one who can operate it. The Officer also refers to his "position" when the Machine was of wide interest around the colony.).

The Papers represent the warped code of ethics that the Officer has. They are the plans which operate the machine. They are warped because the Explorer, a man of wide intellectual capacity, can not make out a single word. The Officer is the only person who can decipher the Papers, just as warped ethics are understandable only by those who possess them.

The death of the Officer is important in that he realizes that the New Commander, who represents the element of progress in society, is about to replace the machine with a different instrument. In the face of this, the Officer chooses to die with the Machine, rather

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*All references to Kafka may be found in *Commercials and Classics* by E. G. Wilson in the chapter on Kafka.

Reflections On War

By
Harry Palmer

While pursuing a train of thought on the subject of wars, it seemed that I found a certain sequence present, to a greater or lesser extent, in each that I considered, which leads me to conclude tentatively that all wars follow a similar pattern. However, I will leave this last to the judgment of each reader.

There must, of course, always be nationalism, which may be called national self-consciousness, patriotism, or other euphemisms denoting massive selfishness, operating to a great degree within two or more nations. These nations in due course begin to tread—gingerly at first—upon each other's toes. This treading usually is closely related to the economic sphere of activity, Greed being first cousin to Mars, and the nations begin to elbow each other in the jockeying for the best position to grab the prize, screaming all the time to their citizenries that "it is necessary, even vital, to take an active part in Suez or South American affairs to protect our national interests." "To protect our national interests"—there's a phrase to conjure with, and most nations can do some amazing hokus-pokus and hanky-panky with its aid. Through it and a thousand variations on the theme in the hands of the propoganda agencies, the fever of patriotism is fevered—"to be assured of unanimity of public opinion in the event of an emergency."

Then it is the people's turn. Invariably they say to the government, "You are wrong. Give those underprivileged peoples a fair shart of the profits from their oil" (or whatever else the government is trying to steal). Yes, that is what they always say, in the following words, "Don't let those gangsters get away with it! Protect our interests! If it hadn't been for us they wouldn't have anything at all. Don't let them take over." (The term "gangster" and most of the other opinions originated in the propaganda releases, given a big spread in the local papers.)

While public opinion is being so carefully molded, people called diplomats have been meeting to see how much could be peaceably gouged out of each other, using the probability of his being able to destroy the other to gain advantage. This probability is called "bargaining power." They talk and they talk, finally deciding that very little, or nothing, can be legally stolen, since every nation represented is either too powerful or has supporters too powerful to be frightened into surrender.

Then one side or the other decides to try force. They appeal to their people, who have been so carefully brought to a fever pitch of righteous indignation, and sure enough, the cry for war is heard on every hand. Then when shooting does start, each side is loud in its claims that the other side started it, and even then the haggling is not over, for other nations will line up on one side or another, and among themselves there will be one in need of ships, or tanks, or something else for which he will have to sell his soul to his ally.

So massive mob violence comes to be loosed in the civilized world. Civilized man pitted against civilized man, killing each other for a small piece of land, because this piece of land is formed in such a way as to be a good place from which to kill other men, a strong point. When all such strong points in a given area are occupied, the area is at the mercy of the occupiers. Thus wars are won. It is easy to see why wars are a just way to determine right.

Of course there have been people who have suffered while the cycle was making its way from peace to war to peace again, and natural resources have been wasted by the ton, including the cream of the young male population, but there must be some price for glorious victory. ●

INTERPRETATION—

(Continued from Page 7)

than be reduced to nothing when his one attainment is abolished. The Officer is following his sense of justice when he takes his own life. The Machine writes "BE JUST" on his back. This is exactly what he is doing. He is being just to himself by the standards of his ethics.

In the light of the presented statements so far, the penal colony is most certainly the world.

I have presented the substance of the interpretation. I should like now to answer some questions which I am sure will arise. ●

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1. Of what significance is the epitah on the Old Commander's grave? It is the view held by those who have been reduced to anonimity by the changing times and progress. They believe that the day will come when their field will again be prominent.

2. Why did the Explorer keep the two men from joining him when he left the island? The Explorer kept them from getting on the boat, because they represent the "masses" who, when one leader goes, immediately turn to someone else for support. They cannot "shift for themselves."

3. Why was the inscription, "Honor Your Superior," on the condemned man? This illustrates the fact that the destiny of the Masses is controlled by their superiors. They must pay homage to those above them, and their role as members of the Masses obliges them to direct submission to the ones in control.

4. Why did the machine break down? This is a beautiful bit of irony on Kafka's part, which shows that after the Officer has devoted his whole being to the Machine, in this crucial moment it can not perform its normal function.

5. Explain the food for the condemned and his look of contentment under torture. The food represents the man's final tie with the Officer, who provides the food. The Officer gives the man food just as the specialist gives the masses their means of subsistence. This ties in with the look of bliss on the condemned man's face. He realizes that he is finally getting away from the drudgery of his existence and from utter and complete dependence on the Officer. He is content because he knows his days of submissiveness are about to end. Knowing that the end is near is often a consoling thought for one who has nothing for which to live.

6. Why does the Explorer make no report to the New Commander? The Explorer makes no report to the New Commander simply because there is no need for it. The Machine is broken, and there is no longer any question of replacement because the only one who could operate it is dead. The position about which one man is all-knowing need not be of any concern when the only person who can perform the function is dead.

The County Fair

By Robert Jenkins

John stepped off the school bus and started walking quickly down the dirt road. He was thirteen and a big lad for his age. The deep blue sky had a few scattered clouds, but there was no sign of rain. His steps seemed to get faster as he went along. He was going to the Middletown County Fair. It wasn't unusual for a country boy to be going to the fair, but John was very excited about going this time. Previously he had gone with his father, and his father had always kept him right by his side. This time his father couldn't go, so he was going with old Mr. Bailey.

As he walked on down the road, John remembered how he had always wanted to go down the midway and ride the ferris wheel, the whip, the roller coaster; and get a thrill as they dipped, whirled, or jumped along the track. He wanted to be like the rest of the people and see the side shows. His father always took him around to see the cows, pigs, and other farm products. Then when they did go down the midway where all the excitement was, all he got to do was walk along with his father and look.

John felt in his pocket to make sure he had his money. He had worked hard and saved every penny he possibly could. He had it all with him—three dollars and fifty cents. His mother wanted him to put up some of the money and save it for the calf that he wanted to buy. "I'll just take it all with me, spend what I must to have a good time, and then take home what money is left," John thought to himself.

As he came into the yard at Mr. Bailey's farm, John saw the old Ford truck parked around at the back. There, coming from the barn with a crate under his arm, was Mr. Bailey. When he saw John he said, "Well, son, you're jest in time to help me finish loading these here chickens. Jennie would have hope me, but she don't feel so good. You go get them other crates while I go in the house, and we'll be ready to go."

"I'll get them. How many more have you got?" said John.

"There's two more jest inside the door," Mr. Bailey replied as he walked toward the back door of the old white farmhouse.

With the chickens on the back, Mr. Bailey and John joggled down the road. The old truck rattled like a bunch of tin cans; but, anyway, it was taking them to the county fair. Mr. Bailey was talking, "You know, John, I might be able to pick up a few blue ribbons with these chickens. These har ain't near as good as the ones I took last year, but I still think I can beat them what Ned Parker is a takin'. Say, did you know that Grady Hopkins is going to take his old cow? Why, she won't win a thing. Old Boss is a better show cow than his."

As Mr. Bailey talked on, John began to think. For the first time he would be able to see how it feels to ride the ferris wheel and some of the other attractions. Also, he was going to see some of the side shows. First, he decided to ride a few things. Then he would see what was in all those tents. John wondered if all the things he had heard were true. "Now I can find out for myself," were his thoughts. Mr. Bailey would stay until after dark to see how the judging came out. That would give John plenty of time, as he had always heard that most of the excitement at the county fair happened after dark.

There was a squeak of the brakes, and John realized that they were turning into the road that led up to the huge fair grounds. John could see the big ferris wheel turning at the other end of the grounds. His mother had always said to his father, "Don't you let Johnny get on that shaky old wheel." But now he was going to ride it, and no one would know.

They went on through the gate and drove over to the side door of the poultry house. Mr. Bailey opened the door, got out, and went inside. John banged on the door on his side two or three times, but it wouldn't come open. Finally, he slid out the other side and went around to the back of the truck. Untying the rope that was holding the crates together, John picked up one of the crates and went through the door. There was Mr. Bailey talking with a short, fat man who wore glasses. The man was holding a book in which he began writing something. Mr. Bailey called out, "John, set'um over there on that fer bench."

John took the crate over and went back out for another. Mr. Bailey came out and helped him finish carrying the chickens in. When all the chickens were inside, Mr. Bailey said, "You can go look around at the other things, but be careful that you don't get plum lost in the crowd. I don't want to have to come hunt you when I get ready fer to go."

"I'll be back here by the time the judging is over," said John as he hurried out of the building.

The first attraction he wanted to ride was the ferris wheel. He pulled out a quarter and gave it to the man with the uniform on at the gate. The man gave him fifteen cents back, and he got into one of the seats. The wheel began turning slowly at first, stopping for other passengers. Faster and faster it turned. From the top he could see

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None But The Wild

By Harry Palmer

The mists of new day were in the woods. Grey, moss-hung trunks of trees stood like ghosts half seen. The ground was a soft mulch of long dead leaves, with here and there a patch of swamp grass, dull green in the gloom of the close-set live oaks and scrub pines; here and there vines ran from earth to tree. Now and then a flash of grey fur and the flirt of a long tail in a tree, or a flash of brown fur through the grass, or the whirr of wings in a bush told of the life in the woods.

Hours went by. Part of a nut fell through the leaves and limbs of an old oak. The shrill cry of a bird came from far off. A long, thin black snake wound its way in and out of the tall grass near the roots of the oak. A bird flew to her nest with food for her young. A 'coon slept, high in a gum tree, firm in the fork on a branch. The black snake fought with a swamp rat, and made his kill. Out in the marsh, past the woods, a white crane sat on her eggs, the nest deep in the grass. And so it was with all—each knew his own course and kept it.

Then there came a boy to the woods, with a gun, and as he came it was as though the hush of death swept through the place, then was past. He was small for the age of ten, with dark hair, brown eyes and skin. His clothes were of the town. Deep in the woods he was now, and stood to watch a snake raid a nest of mice in a long, dead log. When the snake was full of the soft young, he shot it.

Sharp eyes saw the 'coon. There came the lift of the gun, the aim, the shot . . . the grey fur form lay on the ground, still. His quick feet took him far in the hunt. To the marshes that lay on the edge of the woods, he came. Out there the sky was deep blue, and the sun was hot on the long, dark green grass that lay for miles down the coast. Two gulls hung high on wings as white as the crest of the dark cloud that lay out past the marsh, where sea and sky met.

He stood in the shade of a huge oak now, gun up, eye on a large white crane that stood still as stone, to fish. He shot. It flew and fell, white and red.

At the sound of the shot, a jay left its perch in flight, with hoarse cries. The boy saw and gave chase.

In his path was a tree with a long low limb. As he came close, gun up once more, eye on the jay, a grey-black snake that lay on the limb drew back its head with a jerk. Its mouth was a dead white, its fangs were out. Still the boy came. It struck the boy's neck with a sharp sound. It struck twice, then a third time. The boy was sick with shock and fear. His screams tore the hush of the woods. Time went by, and no help came. When he died, his arms spread wide, and his corpse was stiff in the shape of a cross. ●

THE DECISION—

(Continued from Page 2)

love us," said Papa boastingly. "You love everything Jewish. Jewish music, dance . . . everything."

"Papa," said Mama, "No more talk like this."

"What you do when Sunday come?" said Papa. "What you do? You take maybe to Jewish church? Huh? Or you go to Babatis church. . . . Presterian church . . . huh?

"Papa," shouted Benny, "Please . . . please. . . ."

"I'ma tell you this from heart. I dream sometime maybe you marry good woman like Mama."

"How my son do this thing to me?" said Mama wiping the tears from her eyes. Benny came by her side to console her. Mama only pushed him away to fall deeper in her sorrow.

"You no marry this woman! You are Jewish! You hear! You no marry this woman!" pleaded Papa, breathing heavily, showing his anger.

"I love her . . .," said Benny. "Can't you see it doesn't make any difference?"

"Difence, he say. You hear, Mama? Difence, he say . . .?"

Benny leaned forward bending his head between his arms as if to reach a moment of peace and solitude.

"I'd hoped and prayed," began Benny, "that it would not have come to this. I'd hoped I could bring her to you both." But now I . . . I . . . just don't know.

"What's you mean?" bellowed Papa. "You no marry this woman!"

Benny, rising from the table said, "I've got to go back to school. I'll take the late train."

At Benny's saying this, Mama became alert as if pricked by a cold, endless anxiety.

"Benny," she demanded, "You no do this thing!"

At this Benny dashed upstairs. Seconds later he reappeared with his bag in his hand.

"Good-by," Benny said kissing his mother on her cheek. "I will write you both," he said as he pushed the screen door closed.

The two sat there listening to his fading footsteps.

"What's I 'spose to do, Mama?" said Papa puffing his cigar.

Mama just looked at him in silence. ●

tommy

By Robert S. Fogarty, Jr.

"You pass?"

"You nuts?"

"You best pass something, boy, or o-u-t-."

Tom said, "Maybe I am flipping. Christ knows where all this will lead. You know, Midge, I can't figure where this business is getting us."

"I know where it's getting me," the boy retorted, "no where. I'll say one thing, Tom. I know why I'm a student at Clinton College."

"Why?"

"It's like this. My old man said I could go to Oxford, Duke, Fordham, or any place I chose; but if I came to Clinton, he would pay for it."

"Your old man a wise guy?"

"He thinks he's Clifton Webb."

"Well, Midge, I best cop a flee."

"Where to?"

"Listen to Baker enlighten the future leaders of our country on the subject of why Achilles sat down and cried instead of pulling that arrow out of his heel and jamming it down that guy's throat."

"If you must, you must," jibed Midge.

"Adios."

"Hasta luego."

Tom proceeded to the canteen—no sense going to that damn library, no point in it. The canteen was one large room with the usual campus decor: the book shelf, the soda bar, and the pin ball machines. Students on break and those who thought better of going to class met there and discussed everything from Darwin to last night's jab. Tom entered and sought a familiar face. He knew no one. Then he spotted Foster. Foster, that drip, he was out to lunch. Tom knew the type—understood the lectures, never cut class, even took notes. Christ.

"Hi, Tom."

He was spotted. What a fix.

"What's happening, Foster?"

"Not much; have a seat."

"Thanks."

"Did you pass the history quiz, Tom?"

"Yeah, I made a Z plus."

"Does the course give you that much trouble?"

"Hell no, I put down the wrong answers just to confuse the professor."

"With that attitude it's no wonder you can't pass."

"Just who in the name of Christ asked you?"

"No one. Good day, Tom."

"Get laid."

Tom glanced at the clock. It was about time for Midge to be getting out of class. Great guy, Midge. He didn't give a crap about what they had to offer in this creepy joint. He was a regular guy. Tom glanced around, and Midge was coming through the door.

"Greetings, Thomas."

"Save it."

"What's up?"

"That, that intellectual Foster bugged me while you were gone."

"No."

"No hell, he asked me if I passed the course . . . said it was no wonder with my attitude."

"What'd you say?"

"What do you think?"

"Want a coke?"

"No, let's go to Skip's for a beer, Midge."

"Crazy."

Skip's was a holdover from prohibition—a basement dive that never closed except to sweep up the minors and send them home. A juke box and assorted broads just as old were the only fixtures in the place. Skip got his trade because of the atmosphere. The idea that he opened at eight in the morning had little to do with his prosperity.

"What'll you have, gents?"

"Two Buds."

Skip went to the dingy ice vat and opened two Buds and placed them on the bar.

"Cuff it," said Tom.

"Cuff it!" cried Skip. "You bums are half way up my arm."

"That's why we're here, Skip," said Midge. "To tell you we're going to pay up on Saturday."

"That's more like it. I gotta live too."

"Sure."

Tom went to the juke and dumped his last quarter. The first number he chose was Heartbreak Hotel by Elvis Presley. Soon the room was filled with the sounds of the selection.

"Man, that's music," said Midge.

"That guy's got soul," added Tom.

"What do you want to be, Tom?" asked Midge.

"Me? I don't know off hand."

"I know one thing," said Midge. "If we don't pass finals next week, we'll both be void."

"Don't sweat it, Midge. It ain't the end of the world."

"I just hate taking all those courses over, that's all."

"Yeah, that would be a bitch."

"Guzzle up, Tom, and let's hit a flick."

"I'm flat, man."

"I got two bucks," said Midge. "Let's take in the State."

"What's on?"

"Marty."

"OK," said Tom. "Let's do it."

The two students made their way to

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Man On A Raft

By David S. Sudduth

The sun was gone now. Dark shades of dusk spread out across the sea and brought a soft cool wind to ease his hot, dry skin, to draw a sigh from split lips and stir a small spark of hope in his breast. He felt this spark move, glow, fight for life; and fed it (as one feeds a child) that it might live. . . . That he might live.

It would be dark for a good while. He had no way in which to tell his speed, yet the raft should drift on with this swift flow, far on to the south ere dawn. There was land there he knew, the charts were clear on that; small dots to mark the known isles with names, and of course there were more small ones that charts did not name.

The moon now lit the sea, and he knew this would aid his search. The nights were fine here. A fresh, cool breeze blew from dusk 'til dawn. This moon did not split the dark night nor did it hang far off in the sky as though too pure to shed its light on earth. Here "the blue of the night" was not just a phrase drawn from the lips of a muse . . . it was real. White from the moon met with the black of night to make a soft blue dye, to bathe his skin, the raft, the crests and troughs each in its own tint and shade.

On through the night he kept his watch, then all at once he gave a start. That dark spot to the right in front; could it be land? Yes! He would be in line with it in a short while. Could he swing the raft to bear down on it with the flow, for he had no strength to row. If he could get a slight drag on the right, that ought to do it. He would have to use his arm or leg; let it trail to cause a drag. Sharks. Of course, there were sharks but it would not take long at this rate to reach land. He would have to take the chance. With a moan of pain he made the shift to trim the raft.

The wait was a long one. At times he held his breath in fear that his course was wrong. There was a drag, then a slight lurch as the raft hung on a sand-bar. He gave it a shove to set it free, to let it drift on. There was yet a broad space of sea to cross to the beach. The bay was not too wide. He would make it if the ebb of the tide was not too strong as it ran to sea. Tired from the work to set the raft free he sank back to rest and drift. He would make it now, he knew. Rest now; he was safe.

The raft struck the beach. The next few waves struck it there. Got to reach the trees! It was hard work and pain to drag his frame from the raft and on up to the trees on the beach. Each move brought new pain with the rub of sand on his sun-burnt skin, but he knew that he could not live through one more day of the bright, harsh sun. He must have shade.

At last he came to the first of the palms, and here he had to stop for a while to let the pain die down a bit lest he pass out. His breath was a group of sighs and moans, the pain was fierce but there were no tears. He was too dry for that.

A soft sound broke through his pain and groans, and he held his breath to make it out. It could not be true; yet it was. He lay quite still that he might hear, know and kill all doubt . . . it was the splash of a small stream as it fell from rock to rock. He made his way through the brush to it, and this time he felt no pain.

He drank and knew that he would live. Here he had shade and a place to drink. There would be some food on the isle; he would find it. In time he would heal and grow strong, the pain and ache would die. He knew that ships came this way on their trips north and south. In a slow arc he took hold of the trunk of a tree in the crook of his arm.

Some kind of a flag . . . yes, he would need a flag. A smile broke out as he thought of the bright stuff with which the raft was made. With all the ships that came by here, he was sure that one would see his flag, its bright dye sharp in the pale blue sky.

At last, he slept, flat on his back, his left arm flung out, his right in a firm grip on the tree.

The bright hue of the raft drew the eyes of the man on watch. A shout rang out. Those who had made the choice of dye and tint for the raft had known how well it would serve. A boat was sent out. As it drew up to the raft, the Mate in the bow took hold of the limp wrist held out in the air by the rolls that made the sides of the raft.

All was still in the boat; then the Mate shook his head. As they took the raft in tow, the boat's crew could see the set smile on his face, the look of ease, and the right arm as it held, in a tight clasp, a pail. Then they saw the white, dried salt on its sides and the trace of white on his lips and chin.

With a slow dip of the oars the boat was on its way back to the ship. There was no sound save the creak of the oars in the locks, the deep breaths of the crew, and the swish of the blades as they struck. ●

Plumb Bad

By Carroll Emery

Judy sat on her bed, her legs crossed under her, in a housecoat rolling her hair. In a chair, I sat reading a comic book. I had already fought a losing battle with my Spanish homework.

From downstairs came the rustle of dad's evening paper, accompanied by mother's comments of the day. Her topic, as usual, was about us. Judy and Jack did this, Judy and Jack did that. Judy should have a raise; she was the best secretary in Bentsville. Jack (that's me) was on the honor roll for the third time. Mr. Loftis, the principal, said he was a very brilliant student. Sometimes I wondered if dad didn't get pretty fed up with mother talking.

The sound of the door bell gave him a momentary relief. Mother said, "Set still, Edwin. I'll get it."

Judy and I looked at each other with a questioning brow and cocked an ear toward the open door. We heard mother's voice, "Why, Artie Conway!"

Arthur Conway was in my math class, a pale, weakly character with a bad case of shyness. To hear mother you would have thought he was captain of an all-state football team.

"My land, Artie, it's been ages since we've seen you! Come right in. Here, let me take your jacket. Edwin," she called, "here's Artie."

Dad mumbled and rattled his paper.

Judy look at me, "Go down and rescue the poor soul before mother devours him!"

I got out of the chair, ran to the hall and hung over the banister.

"Gee whiz, Mrs. Houston," he gulped. "I can't stay. I just dropped by to ask Jack about our homework. I've been absent."

"Of course you'll stay," mother replied finally capturing his jacket and hanging it on the back of a chair. "Have you had dinner?"

"Yes'um!"

"Well, there's always room for a nice big piece of homemade devil's food cake, isn't there?"

"Arthur," I yelled. "Hi! Want tomorrow's math?"

He looked up. "Hiya, Jack. Yeah, I'd sure appreciate it."

"Hold everything, I will be right down." I ran back, shuffled through the text books on my bed, found my math book and galloped downstairs. I was too late to rescue Arthur from the devil's food cake. Mother already had him seated on the edge of a chair and was bearing down on him with an enormous slice.

I shoved the notebook across the dining room table and sat down. "You can keep this. I'm through with it for tonight. It's a tough assignment. You'll find it on page twenty-three . . ."

Mother pushed the notebook aside firmly. "Now Jack, let him eat his cake. I'll set up the bridge table and Arthur and you can play some cards."

Arthur clutched the side of his chair. "Honest, Mrs. Houston, I've gotta get going. Tex Lane is waiting for me out in the car."

"Tex Lane!" Mother exclaimed. "Why'd you leave him out there by himself? The very idea!" She went out into the hall, opened the front door and shouted, "Tex, you come right here this minute! Do you hear me?"

Arthur struggled to his feet, cast me a look of apology, and made for the hall. He grabbed his jacket, wiggled past mother through the open door. Halfway down the porch he called back, "Thanks for the cake, Mrs. Houston."

Mother closed the door slowly and came back into the dining room. "Too bad he couldn't finish his cake."

With a sigh she walked into the kitchen. I went back upstairs and sat down. "I'm in the dog house again."

Judy looked up at me. "Well, you are a boy anyway," She got up, moved to the dressing table and stared at herself in the mirror. "Take a look at me, Jack."

That was easy. Even with her reddish gold hair done up in bobbie pins, she was a knockout. "You know you're pretty," I said. "I don't need to tell you."

"And what does it get me?" she asked. "Not a darn thing. I'm twenty-three and almost every girl in my crowd is either engaged or married. Not that I'm so set on being either, but I'd like to step out once in a while. I haven't had a date, not even a phone call, in three weeks. Jack, I'm leaving."

I stared at her. "You don't mean—you can't mean you're leaving home."

"And Mother," she said dryly. "I've been planning this a long time. Last month I took a civil service exam and passed. I've got a job lined up in Washington. I'm getting so far away that mother can never touch my life again."

"It will break her heart," I said. "What about Dad?"

"Dad will understand," she paused and stared at me thoughtfully. "You haven't a chance here. After mother works on your girl friends for a couple of years you'll understand. If you're smart, you'll finish school, get yourself a college education right away and do the same thing I'm doing."

She made her announcement the next morning at breakfast. If I expected fireworks, I should have known better. Neither dad nor mother was

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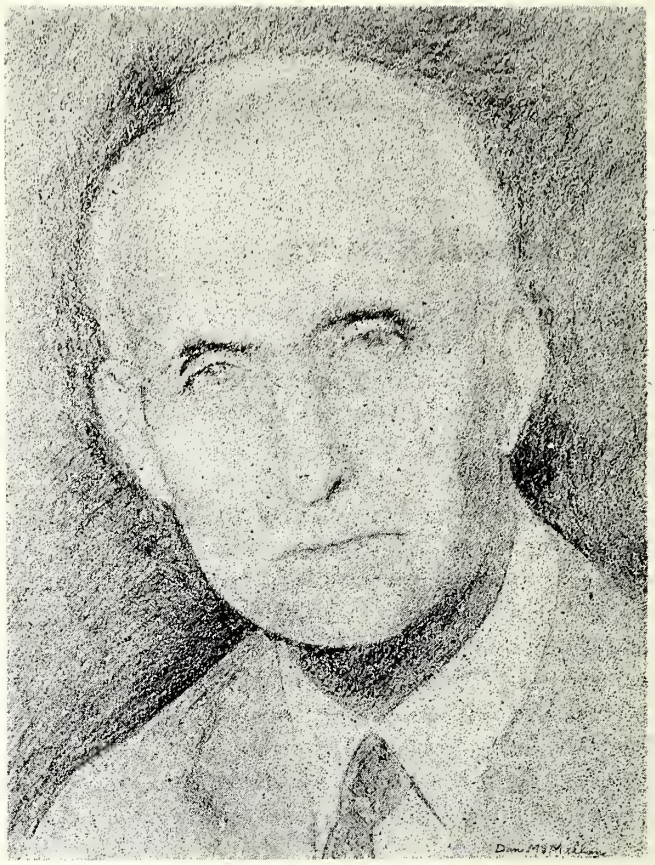
PEN *and* PENCIL

The art work shown on these two pages and on the cover are products of the talent of Dan MacMillan, senior, veteran, and native of Spartanburg. These works were shown in an exhibit in the Wofford library last spring.

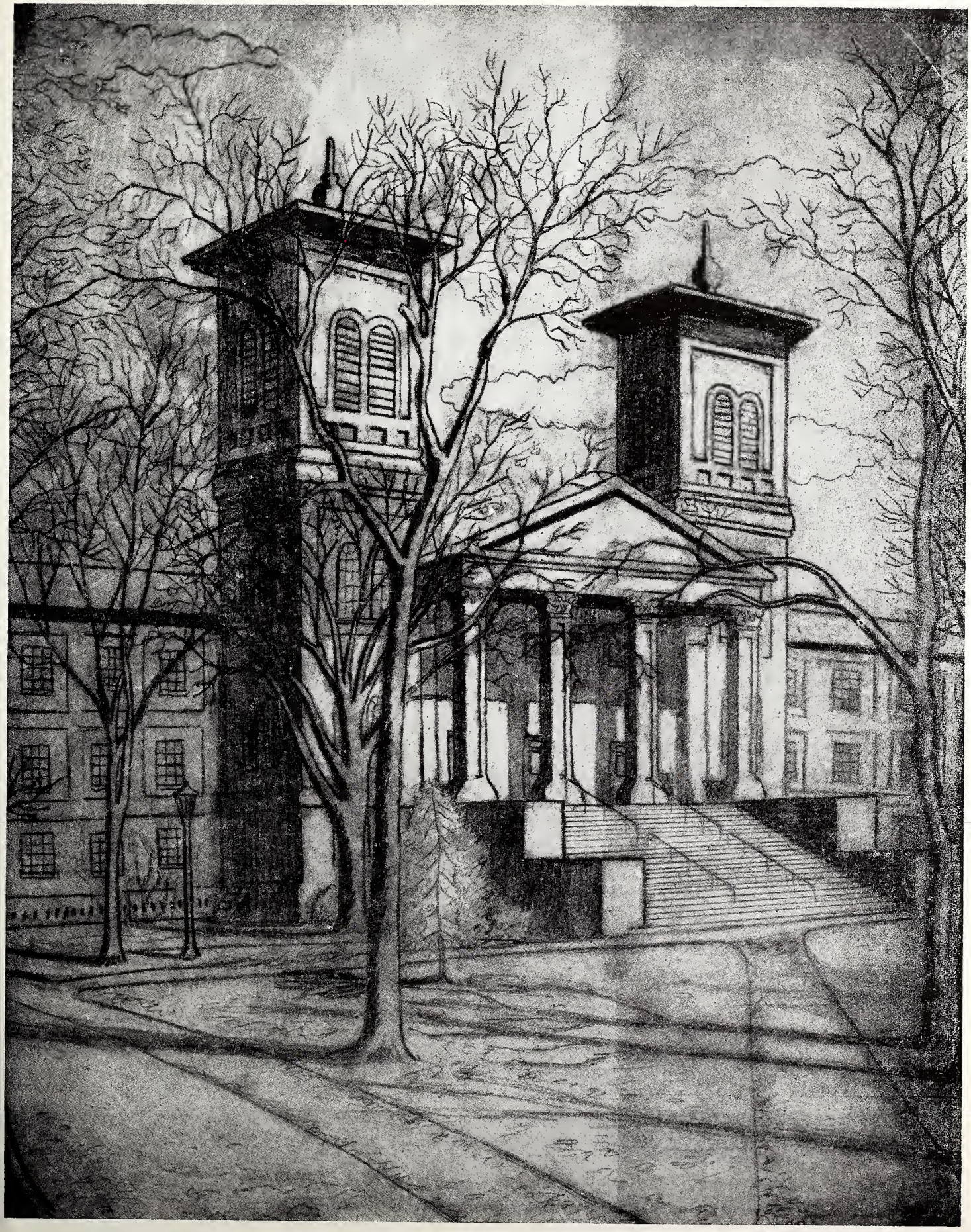
The drawing of Dr. Snyder is in pencil, as is the one of the girl below. The romantic scene "Home" is in ink. The view of "Old Main" on the opposite page is a pencil copy of an oil painting by MacMillan which is now the property of Herbert Hucks. This oil painting won second place ribbons in the senior amateurs division of the art contest at the county fair this fall.



HENRY NELSON SNYDER

GLEE

HOME



The PORCH

By Freddy Sanders

The light on the front porch was still burning, but the rest of the house was dark. The man and his wife had gone to bed a little earlier than usual; it had been a most trying day for them, this day when they had buried their elder son. The younger boy, a senior in high school, had also surrendered to the demands of his body for sleep. Only the daughter, a twenty-year-old secretary in the business office of a department store, remained awake.

Her bedroom was at the front of the house, and she was lying in bed thinking when she realized no one had turned the porch light off. No sense leaving it on all night, she thought, so she got up and went downstairs to turn the light off. She reached the bottom of the stairs, paused for a moment, then helplessly fell into the nearest chair as she broke out weeping. Minutes passed before she finally uncovered her face and looked through the mist of her own grief at the light on the porch. Beyond the glass and the door it was shining with bright and insolent unconcern.

In the deep grey-blue shadows she sat, a still form, a living statue, illumined only by the brighter shadows from the porch light. Her dark blond hair fell disordered about her shoulders, and her large blue eyes shone wet in the pale grey half light that fell across her face. She had a prominent nose, and a well-formed chin that continued to tremble slightly, so slightly. She took the collar of her robe and wiped the tears from her face, sniffling as she pulled her robe close up around her. She lay her head on the back of the chair and gazed at the ceiling, at the porch light, and again at the ceiling.

Her lips began to move, forming inaudible words. Then she began talking softly to herself.

. . . I just don't understand you, Colonel Willard. I just don't understand how you could say such a thing about Jamie . . . and at his own funeral and all. I know you didn't like Jamie, but Jamie never did anything to you. Not really. What if he didn't know everything about how high society eats its meals, and what if he was always telling jokes and doing silly things like imitations . . . imitations of you, even. Is that so terrible?

An irresponsible child. That's what you called him, Colonel Willard. I heard you when you told Dr. Jervey at the funeral that Jamie was always an irresponsible child. You didn't intend for anyone else to hear you, and I wouldn't have heard you if I hadn't walked right by you as I walked down the aisle, but I did hear you. Jamie was on his way to his grave, and you couldn't even say something nice about him then.

And you, the great churchman. You, the great civic leader. You, the favorite hero of Auguston. You who do so much to help people with your "thoughtful" generosity. The only reason you came to Jamie's funeral in the first place was because you had gone to school with Daddy, and you felt that you ought to pay your respects for his sake. Your respects . . . ohhhhh, bless you for your respects! I wish you had never come to the funeral . . . that's what I wish.

And I wish all the people in this town would get some sense and realize that you are not so good after all. It's downright sickening to watch these poor folks bow and scrape to get in your favor. "Good morning, Colonel Willard." "How are you, Colonel Willard?" "You're a wonderful man, Colonel Willard, the way you help the church and the civic projects." "Thank you, Colonel Willard, for the job you gave my boy at your mill last summer." Thank you, thank you, thank you, you good and wonderful and generous man. Oh, please let me thank you, too. I want to thank you for your "generous" judgment of Jamie, that's what I want to thank you for.

You have everybody fooled, but you don't have me bowing at your feet and you didn't have Jamie bowing at your feet, either. Jamie knew why you worked so hard to have people call you a saint. Jamie never called you a saint. When you and your mill came to Auguston ten years ago, everyone thought you were certainly a fine man. After all, there had never been a large industry of any kind here at Auguston before, and industry means greater wealth for the town. The mayor knew that. The preachers knew that. The lawyers knew that. Everybody knew it, in fact, and so everybody began to treat you as if you were the most special person in the world.

They found out you had been a colonel in World War I, so they all started calling you Colonel Willard as a special title for a special man. You certainly enjoyed all this treatment, didn't you? You decided to make sure the people in Auguston knew you were a good man and continued to treat you like a special person, so you began your campaign for the sainthood in Auguston.

You were always at church. You gave generously to the missionary program. You gave your time to come to the church and work when certain work projects came up. You donated money for the new hospital. You started singing in the city chorus and then you joined the church choir. Everyone

LIGHT

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

knew you had a hard time singing, but no one would dare tell you. Sometimes you even managed a solo, and that was a great pain. Nobody would mention it to your face, though.

You put your daughter through college, and then when you found out your niece in a nearby city wasn't going to be able to go to college, you put your niece through college, too. The wonder of us all, that's what you were. Even my father, who was usually a very fair and honest and sincere man, even Daddy would tell you little white lies so as not to hurt your terriffic pride in your deeds of goodness. Daddy used to not do that kind of thing.

It seemed like Jamie was the only person who didn't try to butter you up. Jamie was too independent to be lorded around by a windbag. I remember when he graduated from college. He wanted to be a writer, and he happened to get a job on the newspaper staff in your home town in that other state. When he came home on his first vacation, he told me the stuff he had learned about you. You never fought in World War I, did you? You were a colonel, but all you ever did was sign up other boys to go overseas. You were a very young colonel, too. That's because you had pull; that's because you had a sorry cheating way to get promotions you never deserved. Colonel Willard, indeed! You don't know where the Americans fought in World War I. And you don't much care, either, since you weren't involved.

You tell a colorful success story, too. Of the penniless young man who made good by his own hard work. Wonderful, wonderful! All of Auguston has applauded you for your success whenever you have told that story, and you know, you have told that story much too often. When Jamie was working on the newspaper, he found out the real story of your rise to wealth from some of the very people who had watched you grow up. The story those people told Jamie was not so admirable.

Do you remember? How there were four of you, young men, ambitious men, who decided to try to exploit the possibilities of a mill on the river just north of your home town? How the four of you had all the cooperation anyone could have hoped for, and how the mill, though small, began to prosper? Do you remember?

Then you took it upon yourself to try to discourage each of the other three as soon as it seemed evident you could get along without their talents. The first two partners you tried to buy out were agreeable enough; they accepted your offer. But the third one wanted to stay in. He had a dream of prosperity, too. He refused to be bought out. You decided you had to break him. You decided you had to make him feel like he could no longer handle his responsibilities in the mill.

For a year he hung on, despite your constant suggestions that he would be better off if he sold his interest in the mill to you. He tried to make his dream work. He worked his heart out for his dream. Then he got word his wife had suddenly died. The message came in the middle of a busy day, but he left the mill. He discovered his wife had found certain notes indicating that he had badly overextended himself in trying to maintain his interest at the mill. They said it was a heart attack, Colonel Willard, and it was, wasn't it?

When your partner came to you for help, for a loan to meet the expenses of the funeral, and when he asked you if you would invest some of your money in the new machinery he thought the mill ought to have, you told him you weren't in a position to make a loan to him or to spend any money on more machinery, since you were in bad shape yourself. Yet, Colonel Willard, shameful creature that you are, yet you still offered to buy out his interest in the mill at the moment.

So your partner gave in. He couldn't see anything else to do under the circumstances and he sold out to you. You immediately bought that new machinery, too. Bless your sour face, you bought that very machinery after all. Jamie knew all this, and he told me. He knew all this, and he knew you were nothing but gold-plated lead. You were never Jamie's ideal, even when you first came to Auguston and he was in high school. Jamie wanted something more than you could ever dream about as being worth anything.

You got rich, you and your mill. Then you moved to Auguston, you and your mill. The first year you were here, you accepted a few boys for summer work at your mill. By the next summer, you had been approached by nearly every teen-age boy's father in town. You paid good wages for summer work, and you became the talk of the town. Everybody wanted their boy to work at your mill, and you generously made more job opportunities available every year.

Daddy tried to get you to accept Jamie, too. He tried to make you believe you were his close friend, and when finally the summer came when Jamie could work at your mill, both you and Daddy got the shock of your lives. Jamie had already accepted a job on the "Auguston News." Newspaper

(Continued on Next Page)

jobs don't pay much, but at least Jamie was doing something he was really interested in. That hurt your pride, didn't it, Colonel Willard? That a boy would refuse a job at your mill to work on a meaningless newspaper was the height of stupidity and a severe insult to your saintly nature. That convinced you that Jamie was an irresponsible child, I guess. Because to you, anybody with any sense at all would work where the best pay is available. Right? Yes, indeed, Colonel Willard. . . .

She swallowed and closed her eyes and stretched before standing up; then she stretched again, this time trying to touch the ceiling which remained forever beyond her reach. Jamie was also forever beyond her reach now, too. The thought fell like a heavy stone upon her heart, and she shuddered under the impact. Her eyes caught sight of the big rocking chair in the corner of the room by the floor lamp, and for one single electric moment, she saw that Jamie was sitting in that chair reading, as he had so often done before. Instantly, she started towards the chair, thinking that she could pull away the veil of cloudy shadows and see Jamie more clearly, but before she reached the chair she realized that the veil had only deepened.

She threw her hand up to her mouth. Jamie was not there. Jamie was dead! Then she remembered everything. Slowly she sat on the edge of the rocking chair, slowly she leaned back in the rocking chair, and slowly she took a long, deep breath. A throaty, almost hoarse whisper followed.

. . . No, Colonel Willard. Jamie wouldn't work at your mill because he wanted to work on a job that interested him. He didn't even mean to insult you. But with your oversize saintly pride, you made it impossible for him not to hurt you. You continued about your business, but you could never let yourself speak favorably of Jamie again. You looked down on newspapers more than ever, and you looked down on Jamie as a miserable failure who would not grow up.

And pity of it all, Jamie's friends, who might have spoken up for him, never did so. They were afraid of your sour face; they worshipped your gold and goodness.

You had to build a house, of course. You had to build the most prominent house in the Green Crescent area. You had to air condition your house, too, and have the most impressive lawn and garden in the Green Crescent. You want people to know who you are, don't you, Colonel Willard. With your television set and your great big phonograph and your recordings and your library of books which you get from the "Book-of-the-Month" Club, you really make quite a show . . . and that means something. That means you are a cultured, educated, well-bred benefactor. With your three automobiles, you certainly have all the important things. . . .

Her voice faded beyond a whisper and once again a blue silence crept into the living room. Her robe was scattered on the chair. When she first tried to get up, she caught herself falling back into the chair as it rocked away from her, but reaching for one arm of the chair, she steadied herself until she got her balance. Slowly she moved away from the chair to the door, the front door, the door shielding her from the burning porch light. Without looking at the wall, she moved her hand to the light switch, only to toy with it when she had located it. Her face was pressed tight against the glass panes just to the side of the door; the burning light made her blink her eyes; she turned away, standing with her back to the door. Her restlessness died for the moment.

. . . Jamie didn't have all those things like you have, Colonel Willard. He read books all the time, but he couldn't buy them like you could. He was crazy about music. He liked all kinds of music, and you didn't much like that, did you. You can't believe a person with real class would listen to the hit songs on a radio, can you. Well, Jamie didn't have your record player or your records, but he still had as much music as you. And it meant more to him, too.

Jamie never bought a car, either. His job with the newspaper simply wasn't an African diamond mine for anybody, and Jamie always said he didn't have a chance to save much money at a time. So he never bought a car . . . not even one car! Not even an old broken-down car! Even when he had the money, he didn't buy a car.

And he had the money on one occasion. He had enough money to buy a car and lots of other things, too, but he continued to hitch-hike whenever he had to go out of town to visit somebody. I'm sure you recall the novel Jamie wrote, Colonel Willard. That novel, his first novel, won him a $5,000.00 prize from the publishing house, and you never understood what anyone saw in the story. Over and over again you ridiculed Jamie's novel because you said it was worthless. Yes, and how the publishing house agreed with you!

You called Jamie an irresponsible child. To you, the fact that he hitch-hiked proved he was not much of an adult, eh. He always said he would never hitch-hike if he didn't have to. Well, he was thumbing home to see us when the man who had picked him up had that wreck. Jamie felt like he had to thumb because it was the easiest and cheapest way to travel, and he wanted to come home and, oh Jamie, Jamie! Why didn't you go ahead and . . . why didn't you buy it when you had the chance? Why do you have to be dead? Jamie! Don't you understand? We miss you. I miss you. I don't want you to be dead! . . .

dead, Dead, DEAD! The living room held the silent echo in its dark tomb. Dead. The mist of grief covered her eyes as she leaned heavily against the door, hiding her face with her hands. When she spoke, her voice whispered its choked hoarseness, muffled in her hands.

. . . Do you know what, Jamie . . . Jamie . . . do you know what he did with the five thousand dollars he won with his novel? I want to tell you what he did with that money, Colonel Willard. You won't believe this. You won't even understand it. Jamie gave it away. I don't know why he did, but it's true. He gave it away. Five thousand dollars. The only time in his life he ever had that much money all to himself in one lump sum . . . the only time!

He gave a thousand dollars to his best friend because his best friend was getting married while he was still in graduate school. That's the only reason he had for giving away a thousand dollars. And the rest of it, the other four thousand dollars, is what he gave his younger brother. He wanted his brother to be able to go to any college he wanted to, and no one was sure anybody in the family would go to college any more. Jamie just gave that money, his prize money, away. That's what he wanted to do. And he didn't tell anybody, either.

Of course you, too, Colonel Willard, have given away money. You've done all kinds of wonderful things in your lifetime, haven't you? Your contributions to the church and the hospital and the college education you gave your daughter and your niece and all the other things you keep telling people about make you a pretty great man, they say.

The only thing is, Colonel Willard, you never miss any of the money you hand out. You certainly do give large amounts of money away, but what kind of giving is it that never means anything to the giver in the first place? What makes you so generous if you give away something that doesn't even matter to you? There was a time, Colonel Willard, when you might have given a man you knew some money. You wouldn't even have been giving it to him, in fact, because all he wanted was a temporary loan.

But you gave him nothing. You weren't the richest man in the county then. You were afraid you might miss that money sometime soon when you needed it, so you told him you couldn't make a loan. You bought him out, though. And after you bought him out, you began buying everything else under the sun. Like mansions and automobiles and minor things like that. Then, then you were able to give your money away.

And you called Jamie an irresponsible child. Jamie had his fortune once. He didn't buy a house. He didn't buy a phonograph and all the records. He didn't buy books. He didn't buy cars. He didn't even buy one single tiny car! He gave his fortune away before buying a car.

Yet he was an irresponsible child. That was your judgment of him at his own funeral, you who think you are a saint. Then tell me what a responsible man is. Tell me! God, please tell me!

"Ruthie!"

God, please tell me!

The two cries hung like static in the air of that night's hollow darkness. The first, a cry of suffering; the second, a cry of surprise. The pulsing silence that followed became a suspended echo of the ever-fading sound of those two voices. She jerked straight and threw her head back with her eyes fixed on the stairs down which her name had sounded. Tense and sensitive like a raw nerve, she stood there, her heart pounding away its fear.

Then . . . "Is that you, Ruthie?"

"Yes, ma'am." She began to relax.

"Well, what are you doing downstairs at this hour of the morning? It's after midnight, Baby."

"Yes, I know it is. I just came down to turn off the front porch light. Someone forgot to turn it off early this evening." She reached over to the wall and switched off the light. Then she took a deep breath, ran her fingers slowly through her hair, and thrust her hands into the pockets of her robe as she walked to the foot of the stairs.

"Well, turn off the light and come on to bed, now. We all need some sleep. Here, I'll turn my light on until you get up the stairs."

"All right, Mother. I'm coming right now."

She pushed her hair back into place as she climbed the stairs. The darkness seemed to follow her. When she reached the top of the stairs, she said, "OK. You can cut the light off now."

"All right. Goodnight, Ruthie."

"Goodnight, Mother."

. . . Goodnight, Colonel Willard. Bless you for your respects. Goodnight, Jamie. I love you, and I will never forget you. I miss you, my brother, my saint. . . .

Quietly, tears flowed from her eyes as the house was drowned in the river of deep night. ●

SHAKSPERE—

(Continued from Page 4)

this dissertation and yet at the same time I hope it will provide the point to clinch my argument with the more stubborn and surly readers who no doubt are curling their lips in just the beginning of a sneer. If Shakspere was born in 1548, how is the birth date of 1564 explained? Very simply: it is ignored—as sheer fabrication. *There is no birth certificate to prove he was born in 1564.*[8] What more conclusive evidence is wanted? 1564 is given as a mere cover-up. Then how can we explain the fact that he was undoubtedly sixteen years old in 1564? This is a bit more difficult but it can be done. For one thing Shakspere was small for his age (not *that* small of course). It is even suspected he was a stunte by smoking, for bills for cigars signed by him at the corner shop in Stratford have been found.[9] At any rate his presence was accepted with *vox et praeterea nihil.*

It wasn't until his 36th year or what historians would have us believe his 20th year that the next major change in the accepted version occurs. Anne Hathaway is supposed to have seduced him and forced him into marriage. All the evidence points to the contrary however. He seduced her, fled to London, and began his writing career under the name of Christopher Marlowe to escape the sleuthing of the private detectives Anne had hired to trace him.[10] One of the characteristic features of Marlowe's work is its lack of humor. Is not this

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8. C. M. W. Jones, *Reincarnation Revisited* (Charming Books Press, New York, 1917) chap. 111, p. 2.
9. K. Edward, *The Corner Cigar Store in English History* (London, 1898) p. 36.
   *Although his "Passionate Shepherd to his Love" was dedicated to her as a present on her birthday (35th) it seems that Shakspere always harbored some grudge against her by leaving her his second best bed in his will.
10. Lluwelluen, *The Marlowe Myth.* This really excellent book by Professor L. L. Lluelluen of Cornwall University has some quite original research on the fictitious Marlowe and is highly recommended. All correspondence to Prof. Lluelluen should be directed to Old Bailey, London, where he is currently serving a ten-year term for fraud and embezzlement.

TOMMY—

(Continued from Page 11)

the movie and sat baffled all through it. It was dusk when the show ended and the two left the theater.

"Man, what a cornball that was," said Midge.

"I don't think it was so bad."

"Come now, Tom, that was a lemon, and you know it."

"Yeah, I guess so."

By the time they reached the dorm it was past nine, and rain was starting to fall. Rain in June—everything was like that around this place. Tom never saw anything like this screwed-up college. It seemed like things always went wrong. Well . . .

Tom went to his room. Daly was out again. Boy, that guy had more broads than you could shake a stick at. Tom sat down and began to think, "What the hell am I doing? I don't know exactly what's up. I don't mind school. It's just that, oh what the hell, I don't know what it is. Maybe I ought to see a brain shrinker or some such. The old man is putting out good dough to send me to this place, and I'm flat as yesterday's beer. Just not the college type I guess." Sleep came hard for Tom that night.

It was Monday, the first day of finals at Clinton College. Tom and Midge were on their way to the history exam.

"Think we'll do it, Midge?"

"Who cares?"

"Maybe our folks care."

"What's eating you?"

"Nothing, skip it."

They entered the room and were given seats by the proctor. Midge got a back row seat, and Tom was placed in the middle row. Two seats away from Tom sat Foster.

"That nil," thought Tom. "He don't have to sweat this stuff. Why should he? He studies all the time."

The proctor sent the papers around and gave the word to begin the exam. Tom picked up his paper and sighed, "This is the end for me. I best pass this one." He glanced at Foster. Man, he was eating this stuff raw. The proctor was reading a newspaper, and he was not giving much attention to the immediate goings on. "It's worth it," mused Tom, and he tried for a look at Foster's paper. He had a good view of it. Tom began to copy answers, and Foster did not change the position of the paper. One answer, then two—man this was a picnic. Soon Tom was at the last four questions.

"I'll take that paper, young man!" boomed the voice of the proctor.

Tom looked up—this was it. The proctor turned to Foster and said, "You made no attempt to conceal your paper; that's as bad as cheating. You men report to the dean after the test."

Tom and Foster left the room together.

"I'm sorry, Foster."

"You are sorry. That's good, my college career shot and you are sorry!"

"I mean it."

"Shut up."

They entered the dean's office and were told to wait by the receptionist. Tom was called in first. Dean Thomas had Tom's record in his hand. He was hell on wheels according to campus chatter.

"Are you Thomas Bert?"

"No, I'm Clifton Webb."

"Look, young man, you have committed a most serious offense against the school and against yourself. It is people like you who tend to make teaching a pain in the neck. You, through your gross inconsideration of your fellow man and complete disregard of morals, have hurt not only yourself, but you have hurt a fine student. Can't you see, boy? When you misbehave, you are not the only one who suffers."

"Can it. You can feed that stuff to punks but not to me."

"If I were twenty years younger, I'd thrash you."

"If you were twenty years younger, I'd send you an invitation."

"I've tried to be patient with you, young man."

"Don't call me young man. Goddammit, I got a name! Hear that? big britches? I got a name. Tom, that's me. Tom, Tom, Tom," the boy began sobbing. The dean got up and went to Tom. "You keep your grimy mitts off me. You can take this school and jam it." Tom ran out of the office. "Midge, that's it, I'll see Midge. He'll know what to do."

Midge was in his room when Tom arrived. He seemed surprised to see Tom.

"Midge, I'm jammed."

"So?"

"So I'm in it, man. The big E, I got it."

"Fresh out of hearts and flowers, man."

"What!"

"Look, Tom, you ain't cool. A coolie would have copped answers the smart way. You don't see this kid up against it, do you?"

"But, Midge!"

"Look, is it my fault you got caught? I'm not a preacher. If it's soul soothing you want, see your preacher. I'm busy."

Tom left hurriedly. He went to his room and found Foster waiting for him.

"I said I was sorry; what else do you want?"

"I want to apologize for acting the way I did."

"You what?"

"I'm sorry I sounded off."

"Yeah, sure, now blow will you. I got things to do."

"Good luck, Tom."

"Yeah."

Tom began to pack his bags. No sense hanging around this dump any longer. He packed his suits and other belongings and went downstairs to call home. Tom got the busy signal and went back upstairs. Something the dean said kept coming to his mind, "You are not the only one who suffers." Tom sat on his bunk and thought, "That's about the size of it. Foster, he's not such a bad guy. Mom and Dad—Christ, they'll explode when they get wind of this stuff. What now? I got no place to go. So I was wrong, so what. Knowing I made a mistake ain't helping now. So I was wrong, I can't undo any of it. What am I feeling sorry for them for? What the hell did they ever do for me? The old man, nothing I did suited the bastard. Mom,

(Continued on Next Page)

she's square, kinda hate to disappoint her. What's the use?"

"Tom, your phone call," shouted a voice from downstairs.

"Right. Hello."

"Hi, Tom. What's up?" It was his father.

"I got kicked out of school for cheating, Dad."

"For Christ's sake, you goon, you come right home."

"Dad . . ."

"Never mind, here's Mom."

"What is it, son?"

"I got booted out of school, Mom."

"You come home, son. We'll talk about it then. Don't worry about it. Just come on home."

"O. K., Mom."

"Good-bye, son."

"Bye."

The train hit Beacon at ten the next morning, and Tom was home. The old burg had not changed in the least. The same niggers hanging around the station, the same people working in the coffee shop. Beacon was still Beacon. Tom hopped a cab, and in a few minutes he was in front of the modest Bert home on the outskirts of town. He paid the driver and walked to the house. Tom rapped on the door, and his mother answered.

"Come in, son. I made some coffee."

"Thanks, Ma."

"Want to tell me about it?"

"Nothing to tell. I got caught cheating, and they booted me."

"Why did you cheat, son?"

"I don't know. I swear I don't know."

"Were you prepared for the exam?"

"No."

"Tom, you must remember one thing. Nothing is gained by cheating."

"Ma, what's wrong with me?"

"You haven't learned to be a man, Tommy."

"What do you mean?"

"A man stands on his own two feet. He is an individual. A man learns right from wrong, then does right."

"Yeah, does right."

"When's Dad due?"

"Dad had to go to Belmont to a meeting. He'll be back Monday."

"What'd he say?"

"Not much."

"I'll bet."

"Well, Ma, what am I to do?"

"You must decide that for yourself, Tommy."

"I'm going upstairs, Ma."

In his room Tommy did some analyzing. "What am I? Nothing, a big fat hunk of nothing. I know that talk tore Ma's guts out. Get away, that's it. Do this for myself. Work it out alone. Alone."

Monday morning, Tom Bert, Sr., came home from Belmont. He kissed his wife on the cheek and said, "Now where is Tommy? It's time we had a little talk."

"Tommy left for the army Saturday morning, dear." ●

PLUMB BAD—

(Continued from Page 13)

the type.

After giving Judy a straight, searching look, Dad lowered his eyes to his plate. He asked a few questions, whether she had a definite job, where she would stay, how much money she'd need. Judy had all her answers ready. She had the job, almost certain, at least; she'd stay with Shirley Davis until she got settled and she had saved money from her salary to get an apartment.

Then mother took over. Straight and solid in her chair, she fixed Judy with her cold, hazel eyes, "So you've decided to become a career girl."

"Temporarily, at least," Judy said smiling.

Mother wiped her small mouth with a napkin. "Well, I suppose you know what you want. You're old enough. But I don't mind saying I'm disappointed. I'd like to see you settled in your own home, with a good husband."

A week later she left for Washington. We all went to the depot to see her off. At the same time I was conscious of a new feeling of emptiness in my heart. This was my first knowledge of what loneliness was like.

After Judy left I saw more of Patsy McCabe. Patsy was in my class at school. She was popular with everyone. The McCabe house was the regular hangout for our crowd as well as the older kids that Louis McCabe, Patsy's older brother, ran with. Mother didn't like the McCabes but she raised no objections when I started spending several evenings a week at their house.

One night, Patsy started talking about Helen Markham. The Markhams were the richest people in town. They owned a rayon mill, the Bentsville bank, and had a hand in every worthwhile enterprise in town. They lived in an old colonial home on a fenced-in acre right in the middle of the business district of town.

Helen was a year younger than I and had gone to a private school. This year she was planning to spend the summer on Wideacres, the Markham's farm near town. Patsy said she had run into Helen the day before on Main Street and that she wasn't stuck-up.

I was too busy in making plans for the big dance to care about Helen.

Two days later at the dance, I was dancing with Patsy, when Helen walked in with Johnny Shark, the captain of the football team.

We drew names to get our partners for the last dance before intermission. I drew Helen's.

I walked over, "Hello, Helen, remember me?"

"Yes, of course, but not very well."

"Let's do something about it, shall we?"

We danced slowly, and in silence, while I tried to think up a way to ask her for a date. All power of speech seemed to have deserted me. My tongue stuck to the roof of my mouth. I finally got the nerve to say, "This afternoon when you danced around the room, the sun shining on your lovely hair, I thought I was dreaming. I didn't think you could be real."

She smiled, "What a line you throw! With that kind of competition, the local wolves don't have a prayer."

"That's only my introductory sample. You should hear the whole works. How

(Continued on Next Page)

about tomorrow night?"

"Fine," she said.

Looking back over my shoulder, I stepped aside and surrendered her back to Johnny.

The rest of the night dragged by very slowly. I took Patsy home after intermission.

At breakfast the next morning I told mother I was dating Helen that night. Her reaction was all that I had expected. "So!" she gloated. "You walked off with the prize, right under their very noses! Just wait until the town hears this. My lands, the other boys will be sick with jealousy. Jack, if you could just catch Helen Markham—."

"My goodness, mother." I cried. "After all, I just asked her for a date. She'll probably date every boy in town."

"But why," she suddenly popped at me, "didn't you ask her for dinner? Go right this minute and call her. She'll appreciate it, living out there on the big farm."

"I don't want her for dinner. She'll think I'm giving her the rush!"

"Stop arguing and listen to me, young man," she said sternly. "You're acting like Judy—biggety and stuck-up. That doesn't get you anywhere with the girls." She paused for breath. "She certainly wouldn't think you were rushing her if I asked her over. It would be just a nice, friendly gesture."

Pushing back my plate I stood up. "Mother," I said, "If you call Helen, so help me, I'll go over to Patsy's and spend the whole evening."

"This is my thanks I get for trying to help you." With that parting word she went out into the hall to the telephone.

I listened. When I heard her asking for Mrs. McCabe, I relaxed. In another moment she was talking to Mrs. Andrews. Then it was Mrs. Jones. In less than fifteen minutes the whole town would know.

I left the house and started to the drug store for a coke. In Bentsville, Suber's drug store is the official hangout for the gang. I ordered a coke and carried it to the last booth in the row that ran down the rear. I sat back and rested my head against the high back of the seat. A few minutes later I heard some people come in and Patsy's voice say, "How long have you got at school?"

"I'll graduate next June."

A brief pause, the click of a lighter. Then Patsy said, "Hear you're dating Jack Houston tonight."

"News travels fast in Bentsville," Helen replied.

Patsy laughed, "You don't know his mother, Jack's all right, a nice boy. I wouldn't mind him myself if it wasn't for old lady Houston."

I scuttled out the back door as though I'd just robbed the cash register.

When I reached the front Helen had come out. She spoke first, "It's—well it's about tonight. I just feel awful about it. I mean, I simply forgot—"

"Another date?"

"That's right," she said. "I'm sorry."

"Perhaps the first of next week?"

"It—it just so happens that I'm—I'm dated up for weeks to come. Maybe later on."

June, July, and part of August, days and days went by with only an occasional glimpse of Helen, always from a distance.

I deliberately built up a reputation, doing everything I could to show people mother didn't have me under her thumb.

In a town like Bentsville it doesn't take much doing. I started smoking and drinking. I played up to the girls with bad reputations and added a few startling words to my vocabulary.

Bentsville has a country club. In the afternoon our crowd takes the place over with swimming and dancing.

One hot afternoon while swimming, I climbed upon the old weather-beaten raft. I glanced over and saw Helen. My first thoughts were to dive back into the water. Then I changed my mind. I'd have to see her sometime. It might as well be now. I walked over and joined the gang. I sat down, letting my legs hang off the raft.

I looked around, "Anybody got a damn drink?"

Tex reached back and produced a fifth of bourbon. "How will you have it?"

"Straight with ice water for a chaser."

It wasn't long till the group broke up, some strolling toward the house to dance, others making for the water. For a few minutes Helen and I were alone.

"From what I heard you've grown up quite a lot," she said after a brief silence.

"If that's a compliment, thanks," I chuckled. "Why can't we pick up that date we had in June?"

"Why not?" she said looking at me. "When?"

"Tonight, about nine o'clock?"

"That's okay by me," she answered as she dived into the water and swam toward the bank.

I didn't date Helen just that night, but the nights to follow we could always be found together.

The night before Helen was going to leave to go back to school, we went out to Sunset Lake.

I asked, "How old are you, Helen? Seventeen?"

"My goodness, I'll be eighteen in October," she answered. "But don't let that get you down. I've got grown-up ideas."

We began to walk around the edge of the lake. I leaned over, dipped my hand in the water. "Let's take a swim?"

"I haven't a suit," she answered laughingly.

"You amaze me," I replied. "Where is that free spirit of yours?"

She tossed her head. "Give me three minutes with your eyes closed."

In less than three minutes she was out of her clothes and in the water. I dived in behind her and swam at a distance until she stopped at the end of the pier and waited for me.

"You tired?" I said. "Better get up and rest for a while." I lifted myself upon the pier, turned and offered Helen my hand. She hesitated, then she let me pull her upward. "Ever swim like this before?"

She shook her head no. "The water feels like silk. It's fun and so won-

(Continued on Next Page)

derful."

I looked at Helen, she was so beautiful sitting there beside me in the moonlight. I put my arms around her and drew her close.

Her response was all I had expected or could have hoped for.

The next day she left for college. I wrote to her once a week and always received an answer.

One afternoon I was sitting in a chair reading a magazine when the telephone rang. It was Helen. "Jack, meet me at Suber's Drug Store and please hurry."

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"Just hurry!" she cried.

It didn't take me long to go the few blocks to the store. I walked through the door, looked around, and there sitting in the back at a table was Helen. I walked back trying not to look worried. "Hi, what's the matter."

"Sit down!" she said without looking up. I sat down opposite her. There was a brief period of silence. Then she looked up at me, "Jack, I'm, I'm going; I mean, Jack, I'm going to have a baby!"

"You don't mean, you can't mean, you're pregnant." I sat there wondering what to say, what to do. I finally looked up, "Have you told your parents yet?"

"No, I just got off the bus and came straight here," she answered with tears in her eyes.

I took her hand in mine, "No matter what the future may hold we will face it together. I guess the best thing for us to do is to tell my folks."

Helen, squeezed my hand, "Must we! I mean must we now?"

Without saying another word we got up and walked out of the store. We turned and started toward the house. When we reached the house, I put my arm around Helen and told her not to be afraid.

Mother and Dad were sitting in the living room. When mother saw us she jumped up, "Why Jack, Helen, how nice. Edwin, come and let the kids have the couch!"

I hesitated a moment, then said, "Wait a minute. We have something we must tell you."

Mother looked at dad. "Well, lovers, tell us."

Helen and I exchanged glances, "Mother, Dad—Helen and I are going to be married."

"I'm so happy," mother exclaimed, glowing with pride. As I looked at her I knew it was not the proudness for us getting married but with the pride for her son marrying the richest girl in town.

I looked into her glowing face, "Mother, Helen is going to have a baby."

The look of pride vanished from her face. It slowly began to turn to a terrified frown. She gasped, "After all I've sacrificed and done for you, you turn out this way. Plumb bad!" ●

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SHAKSPERE—

(Continued from Page 19)

confirming evidence? How could any man write with wit or humor when he never knew if the next rap on the door would bring the wrath of a woman betrayed down on his head? When he finally reached a reconciliation with Anne he had acquired influence in Court and otherwise and through powerful friends he managed to plant all kinds of misinformation for posterity so it would never be known he was Shakspere and Marlowe.[11] Why he did this is not certain. He has managed to leave quite a complete picture of Marlowe, giving him an humble birth and then a college education at Cambridge. He was able to fake this quite effectively in his writing because of his association with the educated classes. When he decided to get rid of Marlowe it was done in most melodramatic style; indeed Marlowe's whole fictional life was probably more original with Shakspere than any of the plots of his plays. Still he could not resist a final tribute to himself, ". . . his life was gentle, and the elements so mix'd in him that Nature might stand up and say to all the world, 'This was a man!' . . ."[12] and again, ". . . Nothing in his life did become him like the leaving it . . ."[13]

Having settled Marlowe's hash Shakspere lived out the rest of his life pretty much as less-informed scholars have pictured it.[14] Retiring to Stratford he lived the life of a country gentleman and died quietly at 68 years of age.

Thus we have finished our story and hope that the reader can appreciate the difficulties involved in putting across such a . . such an intricate and complicated research as this was. Despite the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune I am amply rewarded by the reader's attentiveness and acceptance. The snobs and critics may laugh and sneer at my work and jibe me for my lack of formal education (to be truthful I never got past the 7th grade, but lack of education is not what makes a scholar, though it helps) but the *onus probandi* rests with them. I am content to wait for that day when professional historians come around to my view (when the effects of my astounding discoveries have time to soak in) that on that day in 1603 when Elizabeth I, the "Virgin Queen" died, William Shakspere was not only the greatest writer and hoaxster of the Western world, he was also King of England. ●

11. Ibid. page 1160.
12. *Julius Caesar*, Act V, Scene 5, Line 73.
13. *Macbeth*, Act I, Sc. 4, Line 7. Both these references are recognized by an authority in the field as referring to Marlowe.
14. P. P. Putman, *The Dull Years* (Bokara, 1941), pp. 33-678.

THE MAN WHO WAS DIFFERENT—

(Continued from Page 6)

stantly, wondering what had gone wrong, but he was unable to discover his mistake, for he blamed himself, unable to see just where he had taken the wrong road in moving toward his destiny.

During the days Carl's life was filled with the ordinary routine of the hospital, a routine carefully planned, carefully made ordinary, set up to take the minds of men in it off themselves and off their particular problems. The nights were different. During the long, dreaded nights Carl would lie in his bed and live over and over every moment of his life since the revelation day, trying desperately to discover his fatal error. He had to find out why people had turned against him, why their bluntness on discovering his secret, why their shocked faces when he spoke. At the silent time early each morning when the night is the blackest and offers no hope of dawn, Carl would become so tormented by doubt that he would have to leave his room and go to talk to his friend, for he would be so filled with despair that he desperately needed the guidance and counsel that only this person could give him.

So it was that Carl walked down the hall carrying his beloved Bible, toward the silent figure of his beloved friend. When he reached him he stopped, for a moment silently going over his problem in an effort to pick the phrases that would best describe his concern. Then he began.

"You know why I am here, Eli.

(Continued on Next Page)

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Lately it's been the same thing every time I visit you. I know that I should be too strong to run to you every time I have these doubts, but I get so lonely and frightened during the nights. I start thinking that maybe I was wrong after all, doing what I did to her, and then cold sweat just breaks out all over me. I'm human, Eli. You know that. I have the same troubles, the same doubts, the same fears as the rest of the world. I guess that's the way it should be, but it binds me so. I don't know what to do any more.

"You know why I killed her. She was so young and so good and so happy. She wouldn't have stayed that way much longer. I could see her changing, just a little bit, even before I killed her, and I didn't know what else to do. She was beginning to realize the world wasn't good and kind. Like all the young, she expected everyone else to be like her, and every time she saw that they weren't she changed a little. She had to defend herself against other people, and defenses destrop hope and trust. To live in the world she would have had to be as sharp as they, as grasping as they, and if she had changed like that there wouldn't have been any good left. She would have smothered herself as all people do in time. She would have ended up not trusting anybody all the way and not completely believing in anything. She would have led the same horrible half-life as everyone else.

"You know something, Eli? Right before I did it she was completely happy. She found a butterfly coming out of its cocoon, and that was enough. That's another thing she would have lost, the ability to be completely happy. Grown-ups are not ever happy all the way like children. They know too much about misery to trust themselves enough to have complete joy. She was happy that way because she accepted things as they came, big and little, and their newness alone was enough to fill her with wonder. As she got older and smarter that would have stopped. She would have begun to label things as good or bad and better or worse. No more good in all life—just in this or that part of life. She wouldn't have been satisfied to enjoy everything anymore, just some things, and she would have stopped accepting things as they came and started to plan to get more of one kind of a thing than another.

"It's the planning that would have ended her. The endless planning ahead for a destination that would bring happiness. People don't seem to understand that you can't do that. If you sit down and figure out what it is that will make you happy today and then plan and scheme and get it tomorrow, what good will it do? The thing that makes you happy today isn't worth a damn tomorrow. Tomorrow won't do you any good today, but people don't see it that way and are never really satisfied because they're a little bit behind. They're always behind. Why won't they accept life as it comes and learn to love everything that happens just because it's a part of life. All life is good, not just sections of it.

"That's why I did it, Eli. She was good, trusting, and happy, and all that was due to pass away. I had to end her life before she ended it. I had to finish her life with joy instead of sorrow. I think that's why these people are against me. They don't like it that she escaped, and they hate me for helping her. They're always jealous of the ones that get away. The thought of the few who escape galls them, for people see the difference between their life and the other, and since they find it too hard to change their own lives, then everyone else has to change until all people are alike. People hope that if they don't have to see examples of happiness then they'll forget that there is such a thing. They hope to fool themselves into believing all the time—like they do most of the time—that life as people live it is good and proper and right. Someday they'll realize what they're doing to themselves by keeping me here and by living as they do and by refusing to listen to my message. If they only would listen, think how the world would be!

"I always feel better and stronger and more confident when I have talked

(Continued on Next Page)

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to you, Eli. I know I shouldn't be impatient. My work will be successful when the right time comes, but it makes me angry to see them living as they do. I shouldn't get angry, but after all I'm only human, so just keep listening to my troubles and keep looking after me and I'll do fine."

Carl turned and walked back to his room, entered and placed his Bible on the table beside his bed. Then he lay down on the bed with his arms stretched out on either side and closed his eyes and slept.

The new attendant watched the blonde man go back down the hall, until the man slowly entered one of the many rooms. "Who was that, Mr. Jordan?"

"That's the famous Carl Freeman, son."

"You mean the one that butchered that young girl over in Roanoke County a few years back?"

"That's the one."

"Boy, I'll surely keep an eye on that joker, 'cause my old man would hate to stand the expense of burying his only chile."

"You don't have to sweat him too much, son. He's usually pretty quiet, but he'll break bad every once in a while."

"That 'once in a while' is plenty too often for me. Tell me, though, how come he was standing there staring at the wall all that time?"

"It beats me, but he'll do it every once in a while on this shift. He just comes out to that spot, looks at the wall a few minutes, and then goes back to bed."

"It makes me nervous as hell, him standing there like that, not moving a muscle. I hope he doesn't do it again while I'm around."

"He will."

"Is he catatonic?"

"I don't think so. I believe he's what the head shrinkers call a paranoid. You remember that term from orientation?"

"That's the kind with enemies, isn't it? I mean they think everyone's against them?"

"That's right, junior. Go to the head of the class."

"I wonder why he killed that girl. If I remember right, the paper said he didn't even try to rape her."

"I couldn't tell you, but he claims to have had a perfect right to do it."

"Nobody has that kind of right."

"Oh, he does. He's different. You see, he's Jesus Christ."

And he said, while on the cross, "Eloi, Eloi, Lama Sabachthani." ●

COUNTY FAIR—

(Continued from Page 9)

all over the vast fair grounds. He really liked the ride, but it was over all too soon.

The young boy went striding along, viewing the other attractions. He had planned to ride them all, but first he was going to look around and see what was happening. As he walked along, he could hear the men at each tent yelling something, which sounded like this:

"Step right up, step right up. See the fattest lady in the world. There's no fatter lady anywhere. She can hold four men on her lap at one time. Only a dime—ten cents. Step right up."

As he walked along, John thought of all the prizes he could win. "Why, these things are easy to win," he said surprised. Then he came to a large tent that had a long sign across the front—BROADWAY REVIEWS—See The Show Girls. A smaller sign read fifty cents. That cost too much, so he walked on.

(Continued on Next Page)

FINANCIAL REPORT THE JOURNAL

STATEMENT FOR YEAR 1955-1956

INCOME			
Balance, September, 1955		$386.53	
Student Activities Fee— 1st Semester		649.45	
Student Activities Fee— 2nd Semester		613.37	
Advertising—			
Local	$477.50		
National	66.65		
	$544.15	544.15	
Total Income		$2,193.50	$2,193.50
EXPENDITURES			
Printing and Engraving—			
November		$ 258.89	
December		226.07	
February		209.12	
April		272.50	
May		262.28	
		$1,228.86	$1,228.86
Salaries—			
Editor (four issues)		$ 70.00	
Business Manager (four issues)		70.00	
		$140.00	140.00
Miscellaneous—			
S. C. Collegiate Press Association		$ 10.00	
Fred DuBard (traveling expense)		20.30	
Bohemian		90.00	
Press Convention (Wallace Culp)		5.00	
		$125.30	125.30
Total Expenditures			$1,494.16
*Balance, May 22, 1956			$ 698.34

*Before Salaries for May

FRED F. DUBARD, JR.
Business Manager

Next in line was a small, open tent. A man inside was spinning a wheel which had different colored dots on it. Several people were playing, but John noticed one man in particular that had a large pile of money before him. Most of the other people that were playing were dressed in work clothes, but this man was wearing a ready-made sport shirt.

"Round and round she goes," said the man in the booth as he gave the wheel a spin. The people that were playing placed their money on different colored circles. The wheel began to slow down so that each color became distinct. When finally the wheel stopped, the arrow indicated red. The people that had money on red circles were given more money, and the other's money was taken away.

The man in the ready-made shirt had a stack of quarters on the red circle. The operator paid him, and he added the money to the neat stack in front of him. John stood watching. The next time the man lost one small stack of quarters. But as John stood there he saw the man win four more times, and each time he must have won at least three dollars.

John thought of all the other things that he wanted to do, but he couldn't spend all his money. However, if he could win some money here, then he could ride all the things. He could even see the show that cost fifty cents.

Taking out a quarter, he placed it on a blue circle, just like the man in the sport shirt was doing; only the man placed a stack of quarters on his blue circle. John stood with his eyes fixed on the mass of spinning colors. At once the wheel stopped, and the arrow was pointing to a blue dot. The man paid him a quarter, and John was surprised at how easy it was to win money. Why, back on the farm it would have taken a lot of hard work to make that quarter.

John put one of the quarters on the yellow, just as the man with the big pile of money placed a stack of quarters on a yellow circle. When the wheel stopped again, the arrow was pointing to a yellow dot. The man in the booth gave John one quarter and the other man six.

John thought, "I have enough now to have a good time, but why not win enough to take some back home? The other man placed two stacks of quarters on the yellow for the second time. John took out his other three dollars and put them with what he had already won. He slid the money to a yellow circle as the man gave the wheel a big spin. John's eyes were fixed on the blur in front of him. Why, now he would be able to take home as much money as he had brought with him. As quick as the arrow pointed to a yellow dot he could pick up his money and be on his merry way. The wheel was slowing down, colors were passing the arrow slowly; red, blue, green, and then yellow, but the wheel was still turning. Would it turn to the next yellow? Slower and slower the wheel turned until it stopped. Yellow, it was supposed to have been yellow; nevertheless, it was blue.

With one rake the man swished all the boy's money away. John stood still for a moment. He saw the man in the booth reach up and give the wheel a spin. The man with the stack of money slid out another stack of quarters.

John turned and walked slowly back up the midway. He saw people everywhere; the rides were almost full, people were lined up to see the side shows. He reached into his pocket—fifteen cents; but he didn't want to spend it. He put the money back into his pocket and walked past the things, just like he used to do with his father. ●

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EDITORIAL

Liberal Religion In Liberal Arts

Analogies are never correct. Simply saying that P implies Q does not mean that Not P implies Not Q every time such a monster evidences itself. And the negative approach is just what we want to emphasize here, that "not religion" does not necessarily imply that a person in point does not believe in anything. Of course this is all very vague, but is not religion so? Stated in its simplest form, religion is taken to be a system of faith. Then in the human machine there can be no absence of religion.

The point being, therefore, that if man is by nature religious, then it is in the outward expression of this faith, which is also by intellectual nature systematic, that there lies either liberalism, conservativism, or combinations of both. If a man is wrought by his own psychological makeup skeptical, is he by his inherent unorthodoxy either right or wrong? He might say that there is no absolute right or wrong, that those are words which serve only to confuse people and to indoctrinate in them the ideas of the majority. He is then in the spirit of liberal arts, the spirit that permits the student dalliance with concepts, that has no inhibitions hampering the scientific view. He has passed the stage of awakening to the fact that he can now think for himself and that he can have thoughts that are original and good. Beyond the primary steps in his "education," he has gradually set up his system of observation. It would not be catchy to say that that system, in whatever form it exists, can be none other than the scientific method. We might apply logic at this point to say that if man is religious by nature and at the same time scientific by the same nature, that faith defined as the evidence of things not seen is not enough; to say also that if man is to truly educate himself he must throw off the robe of complacency and go to live with his true self, an inquisitive and sufficient scholasticism.

One may describe college as an elongated religious struggle, in which the student grapples with new theories that conflict with his own. To completely ignore anything that does not fit snugly into the grooves of one's thinking seems suicide, then, if college is to be wholesome. No longer is the liberal characterized as the person who believes anything or nothing, but he is become the man who takes all science to be his dominion. He does not eliminate until he observes, concludes and tests. He is the man thinking, with nothing to deter him in his search for fact. But he is not ideal. He is the man sitting on the left in French 101 or History 1 or the man with the green jersey in the gym; the skinny first base in the glee club, the man out of step on the drill team. He is the man who came to college to learn to think and is slowly doing so.

Liberal religion is the natural phenomenon of liberal arts when the latter is approached correctly. It is the snail-pace evolution of a set of principles which will alter themselves to include any new discovery, a philosophy that has come from common sense to cosmology.

If the analogy were correct, in defending liberal arts we would be in the same sentence defending liberal religion, then, because the two are inseparable. There is a certain air about being free to think heretically, the same spirit that has caused every major scientific discovery. Whether or not "Not Q" is implied is always the initial question that fires research.

What have we tried to say? That religion should not be organized to the point that it infringes on the dignity of the individual, on that person's sovereign right to reason for himself; and that to think is good.

—J. E. J.

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Wofford College

SPARTANBURG, SOUTH CAROLINA

FOUNDED 1854

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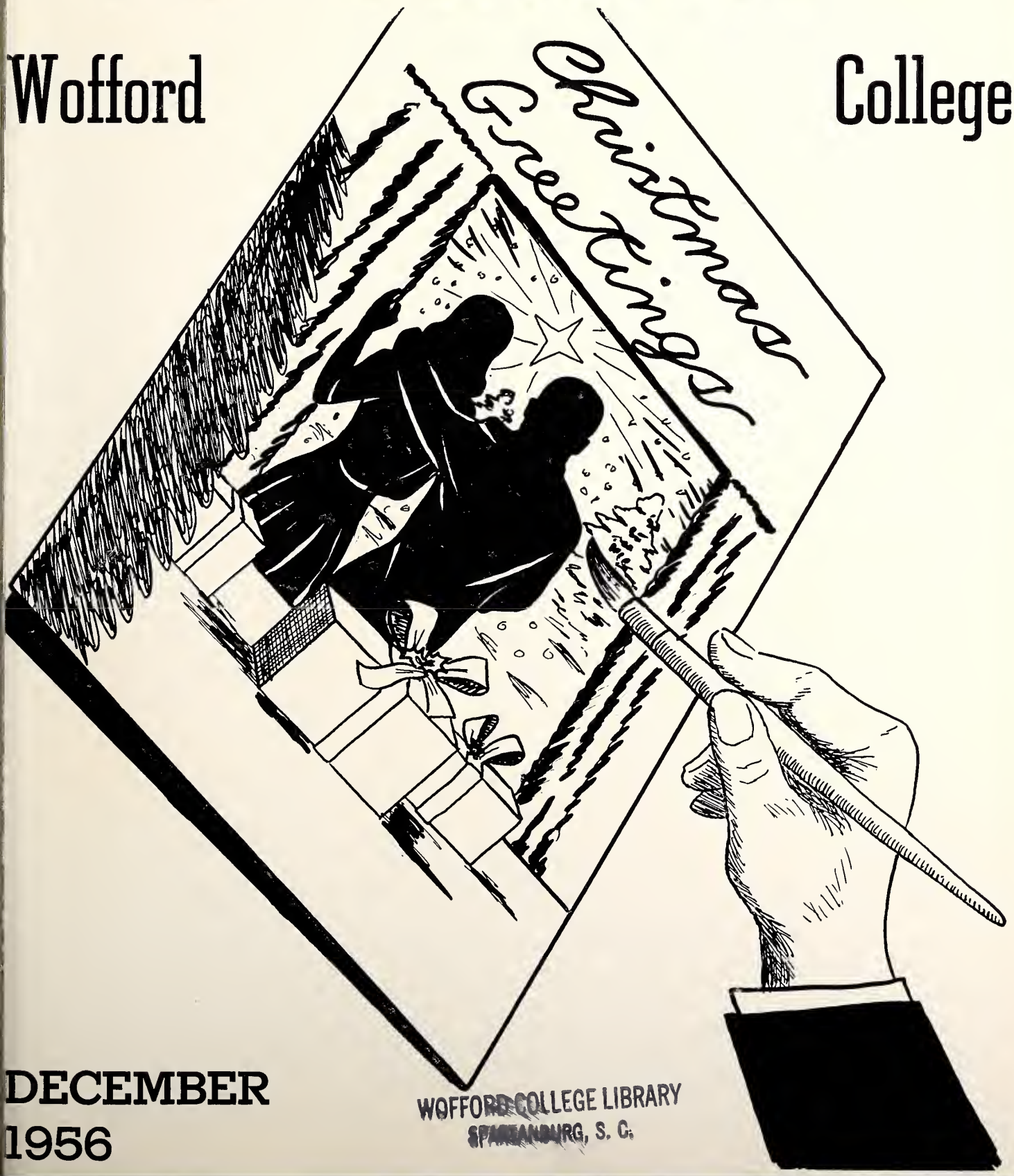

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THE JOURNAL
OF WOFFORD COLLEGE

VOLUME LXXX ★ No. 2 SPARTANBURG, SOUTH CAROLINA DECEMBER ★ 1956

ENTRIES

Number two.

In pasting together this issue of the JOURNAL we have tried to show that a college literary magazine can be functional. A lot of work and surprisingly little money paid for the publicity that the magazine and the college received as a result of our work on trying to arouse interest on the part of veterans in regard to the G. I. Bill. If we can use this organ to promote the interests of the student body we will have achieved our purpose beautifully, and at the same time we will have shown what the JOURNAL is: a publication that provides an outlet for student literature and thought. Whether or not this obligates the magazine to be "highbrow" is a point muchly argued, and the editors contend that as long as there is a remnant of people here who are capable of higher thought and creation, this book should remain literary. But when it can escape its boundaries and enter actively other fields in an effort to show what can be done there, it has enlarged its objective and increased its usefulness. *En breve,* the editorial policy is of cardinal importance: when it is narrow, there is white space.

In this issue you will find a good earthy story by Goley, whom we are going to read later in some more excellent work. Palmer's second chapter to his first novel is unique in that it is a short story complete in itself, as the first chapter was. He too will contribute more later. Kanos is consciously teaching himself to write by writing, and his story on page four is quite worth perusal. Jenkins has another fine story on page eleven. You will find Wright's episodes interesting if you read them;

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★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

There Comes a Time

By Richard Goley

Paul sat on the last step leading up to the porch that set high off the ground, looking down the red road, waiting for the first cloud of dust that would tell him his ride had come to carry him into the town nine miles away, and to another eight hours work.

He heard the screen door slam behind him, and he knew his wife was on the porch looking down on him. He heard her, heavy with child, sink into the cain-bottomed rocking chair. Now, he thought, it starts again. My god! Why can't she leave me alone?

"Paul."

"Yeah."

"Will you get off early tonight?"

"No."

"I wish you would."

"Look, Myrtle, we need the money. I just can't up and get off."

"I know that, but I don't like to stay here by myself."

"You wanted to move out here. Not me."

"I wish you would stop throwing that up to me. That was before I got—got this way."

"You knew it would happen."

"Are you mad?"

"No, I'm not mad," Paul answered, resigned to answer the same question over and over each day.

"Paul."

"Hmm."

"Let's move back to town."

Paul turned and looked at her, feeling all the pent up rage and hate that he felt the human body coulld stand. The rage soon vanished into a cold hate and repulsion, the same repulsion he had sensed every time he had looked at her for the past two months.

She seemed to feel his hate and tried to draw herself into a more compact mass. She was sprawled in the chair, her legs spread so that her protruding pouch would hang more comfortably. She pulled her legs, dotted with broken veins, together and caused her dirty housecoat to gape and expose the cotton underwear that she insisted upon wearing. She pushed at her once-luxurious hair that now hung in strings around her blotted face. She looked at the rough, once-green boards of the floor and waited.

Paul looked at her, feeling a twinge of pity at her futile efforts.

"Look, it'll be over in a month or less. It'll be O. K. then."

"Do you want the baby, Paul?"

You whining, stupid pig. I hate you and the youngun.

"You know I do."

Now please, for God's sake leave me alone. I can only take so much of this in one day, he thought, as he sat back down on the steps to watch for his cloud again. The sun was warm and the sun drew the sweat from him under the heavy shirt. If she don't quit this infernal nagging, I'm goin' crazy. Lord, I do wish she'd hush for just a little while, he thought, almost desperately to himself.

"Paul, do you still love me?"

He was saved from lying to her again by a cloud of dust rising high above the trees and the growing rattle of metal slapping against metal, jarred by the rough dirt road.

"I've gotta go."

She sat there and watched him as he snatched up the brown paper bag, and shuffled his way to the car. She twisted her bloated body to watch the car till it was out of sight. Oh, God, I wish I could go, even to the mill just to get away from here, she thought.

She sat there till the dust had died back to the road and all was quiet. There was nothing moving, and the air lay hot and dry and she could feel the dust settling, only to rise with the first breeze.

She pushed herself from the chair, twisting herself from side to side to free her body that was tightly wedged in the chair.

The screen door slipped from her hand and slammed. The noise caused four or five flies to fly from their sleeping place on the dusty furniture. She walked to the kitchen and looked at the greasy dishes piled around the room. I should do them, she thought, but not now, I just can't. Later I will.

She dragged herself to the bedroom, and eased down on the narrow bed. She lay there staring at the dust notes playing around in the sunlight that streamed in beside the drawn shade.

I'm out here miles away from anything. What would I do if the youngun started to come while Paul is at work? Ain't nobody for least a mile. Old Mrs. Harribson, so old she don't count. Lord, I do wish Paul woulld move back into town. Why did I ever marry that thing for? He ain't good for nothing. 'Sides that he don't care nothing for me or this youngun. I wish I was dead. Right now. And I wish I never had got this way. I didn't want no snotty nosed youngun around me, crying all the time. Oh God, I want to die!

The tears of self pity came to her now. She gave herself into the mood of despair, cursing every mistake she had ever made in her young life. Praying that she would die, that the child would never be born.

Then at last she was too tired to care any more. She was drained of all reason for caring. Sleep came at last and all that was to be heard in the room was the steady hum of a fly that could not find a resting place, and her slow

(Continued on Page 15)

A Message To Veterans

In Regard To Their Pay

(Editor's note: A copy of this letter was sent to seventy-eight colleges and universities in South Carolina, North Carolina, and Georgia, and to Senator Fogarty of Rhode Island.)

* * *

We have given a sizeable portion of our lives to the national defense. I feel that we have paid our obligation as American youth.

I want to discuss the reward that society has given us for our services . . . the G. I. Bill. To make a conservative statement, it is woefully inadequate for the purposes for which it was intended. A veteran, single or married, with or without children, simply can not manage on the sum he is allowed. We in the South live in what is generally considered to be the lowest actual cost of living area in the country. Yet, our monthly expenses exceed our allowance by a great deal. As a result of this deplorable condition, many of us are forced to work in order to supply the additional income needed to meet expenses. In many cases, our wives must work in order to balance the family budget.

Until now, we have had no course to follow. Now, we do. Legislation aimed at increasing the G. I. Bill is coming before Congress in the next session.

This is the time for us to let our voices be heard. If we will all take the time to sit down and write our representatives in the legislative body and ask them to seriously consider this bill, and remind them how inadequate the present allowance is, we may get some positive results.

If we remain silent, it will serve as an indication that we do not care whether the bill is made a law. If we do not show a definite interest in ourselves, we can not legitimately expect action in our behalf.

I urge every veteran at Wofford to write his representative. It is his duty to promote legislature for the common good. The success of the products of the G. I. Bill in later life proves that an increased allowance is in the common good. The G. I. Bill has produced leaders and successful citizens. An increased allowance will be for the immediate benefit of the veteran. However, the long-range effects will be to the benefit of society.

A question that will arise is: What good is one letter? Well, let us examine our political machine. Pressure, as we all know, provides impetus for political action. The increase of our allowance has no strong lobby behind it. Therefore, no pressure is being brought to bear in the proper places. That is to say that enough legislators are not being made aware of the problem. The bill failed in the last session of Congress because of one factor . . . lack of interest on the part of the veteran. Since lack of interest is a major flaw, and we are the ones who are either disinterested or uninformed, it is up to us to show interest and expert pressure.

It is quite true that a single letter will not create much interest. Multiply that letter by the number of veterans attending Wofford and you can see a sizeable block forming. A copy of this letter is being brought to the attention of the veterans at other institutions of higher learning. If each one of the veterans at these schools write their representatives, we will have substantial backing.

These letters each represent one vote. If enough of them reach the right places, we can hope for favorable action. If we abstain, even our right to hope is gone.

Wofford College
Spartanburg, S. C.
November 17, 1956

Dear Sir:

Would you kindly read the enclosed letter to your Student Body. It is for the veterans, and it pertains to an increase in veteran's allowance. Since there is no organized veterans association, I feel this is the best way to contact them.

I will appreciate your aid in this project. Thank you.

Sincerely,

Robert S. Fogarty
The Journal

Enc.

The Drowning

By Chris Kanos

It was just an ordinarily hot, smeltering day in Shannon, with the exception that little Leroy Underwood had drowned in Moore's lake three days before and the body had not been recovered. There had not been so much excitement in Shannon since Neil Hauren shot his wife for running off with that fella at the county fair dance.

Everyone had assembled at Moore's lake, speculating as to the location if the boy's body. A big black ambulance from Johnson City was parked close down on the bank. The ambulance attendants were listening intensely to the afternoon baseball game on a portable radio. The sounds of the air pumps were monotonous. The parents of the drowned boy stood down by the shore arm in arm. Both were mute, but their faces showed the torment and anxiety each was experiencing: the torment that their only son was out there—deep down—dead.

"This is a helluva job," said Tom.

"I know," answered Frank, another man assisting in the search. "I hope we'll be finished today."

Pointing to the parents, Tom said, "Look at those two just standing there, not saying a word, just waiting."

"Frank," said Tom, "I just don't understand it."

"Understand what?"

"How the hell we've missed the body. Been here two days, and not one damn idea where he is."

"What do you want me to do, drink up the lake?" answered Frank.

"Why don't we start all over?"

"And how do you suggest we start over? asked Frank.

"Why don't we use the hooks?"

"Hooks? You crazy? There's too many stumps out there."

"Well, it's not gonna surface anytime, soon," said Tom, in amazement.

At this moment both Tom and Frank turned about watching Bill Farrow, as he sluggishly climbed the dock.

"I'm beat," said Bill, breathing heavily.

"Rest awhile," remarked Frank.

"I'm tired of this job," said Bill.

"Tired of what?" asked Frank in a half sincere tone.

"Tired, damnit, of going down there," began Bill, pointing to the water. "Going down there where everything is so quiet. All you can hear is your heartbeat in your ears. It coulld drive a man crazy!"

"Yeah, I guess it could if you'd let it bother you," answered Frank.

"Let it bother you!" snapped Bill. "I might run across that boy, and you know how he's gonna look after three days?" As he said this, he walked over to get a cigarette from Tom.

Tom turning to Bill said, "Come off that stuff. It's just that you're tired."

"Uhuh, just tired, but look at those two. Ask them if they are just tired."

"What about all the others?" began Frank. "They'll get over it sooner or later."

"Just like the others, eh! He was the only child. They worshipped him," said Bill, with his face reddening.

"I'll go and check on everything," said Frank, walking away.

A yell echoed from the woods on the far side. "We've found the body!" cried an assistant.

The spectators seemed to quicken at the call. The parents grasped each other tightly, with the mother bowing her head in futile meditation. The ambulance attendants, listening to the summary of the ninth inning, hardly bothered to look around. Frank and his two assistants hurried over to the spot in an outboard boat.

"Tom," said a diver, "he's stuck between two logs. My guess is that he drifted over here, and when he floated, got stuck."

"What'll it take to get him up?" asked Frank.

"I don't know. He's peeling."

Frank acted quickly. "Tom, get the flood and drop 'em down, and use some motor oil, too."

"Okay."

"Bill, take it as easy as you can. I'll go in and tell the folks," said Frank, angling the boat to shore.

"It's gonna take a little while, ma'am," said Frank, as he explained to the mother.

"Is he . . . all right?" asked the father.

"Yes, sir, it's just gonna be a little while before we get him up."

At length Bill brought the boat to the shoreline. The body was inside the boat, wrapped in a sheet. The ambulance was wheeled into position, and the crowd huddled around, squinching their eyes in the light of the setting sun, trying to see the body. The parents hesitantly joined the throng.

"You can take him away," said Bill, placing the body on the stretcher. A putrid odor filled the air. The sheet which covered little Leroy was wet and some places stuck to his body showing everyone his bluish-black tint.

"Ain't you gonna do something?" asked the mother, wiping the tears from her eyes. "Ain't you gonna help him?"

Everyone stood silently by. The attendants started to wheel the body away, but the mother stopped them, screaming frantically. "Do something! He's my baby," she sobbed.

"Get up, honey, so we can go home," said the father, hoping to ease the pain. An elderly woman broke from the crowd and started over to where the mother was. Her husband pulled her back. The rescuers stood helplessly gazing. The ambulance attendants, as if acting on instinct, placed the body in the ambulance. The two men entered the cab and drove away, leaving a settling of dust. As they drove down the rough dirt road, the driver turned to his assistant and said, "Hurry and get the second game on the radio. This is going to be a good day for the Yankees." ●

the hubcaps

By Rhett Splawn

Frank said, "What do you care?"

I said, "I care plenty."

"Well, that doesn't matter."

"It better matter."

"Why?"

"I'll whip your tail. That's why."

"You and who else?"

"Me and nobody else."

"Well, we'll see, sometime."

"When you say that Bob took those hubcaps, that'll be the time."

"He did take them."

"You didn't see him."

"I heard he did."

"I heard you was a son-of-a-bitch."

"Well, I'm not."

"And Bob didn't take those hubcaps."

"I heard."

"You can hear anything, just as I did."

"What did you hear?"

"I just told you."

"How do you know he didn't take them?"

"I know."

"How?"

"I know."

He then smiled and fixed his shirt. I looked at him in his new car. It didn't have hubcaps. I looked at his fat, puffy face.

I said, "I wish I had taken your hubcaps. Then I wish I had beat your tail. If you get out of that car, I'll do it now."

"I have on my good clothes now."

"That's the only kind you've got."

"Dad says you all are just a bunch of gangsters. He says all of you'll be in jail in less than five years."

"Yeah."

"That's what he said."

"Well, how nice of him."

"What do you mean?"

"He's thinking of our future."

His mouth fell open and he didn't say a word. He just sat looking at me. He didn't move a muscle.

I said, "Shut your mouth."

He shut it, like a trained dog.

I said, "How come you and your old man were talking about us?"

"I told him about you hitting that man with a bottle."

"I guess you said it was a whiskey bottle."

"I told him it was a Coke bottle."

"That's what it was."

"Someone gave you a hundred dollars to hit him?"

"Yeah."

"Who?"

"He did."

"Why?"

"Stupid, we took the money."

"You robbed him."

"Yeah, Dick Tracy."

"I didn't tell Dad that."

"You better not have."

He said, "Who took my hubcaps?"

"Jessie James."

"Don't be funny."

I said, "I'll be funny when I get ready to be funny. I don't need you to tell me when I can get funny."

"I think I'll go to the police about my hubcaps."

"Just buy some more."

"They cost money."

"You've got plenty of that."

Just then Bob drove up in his car. He got out and went over and slapped Frank in the face.

I said, "Why did you do that?"

"He told my old man that I took his hubcaps."

"Did he?"

"Yeah."

While we were talking, Frank sat and rubbed his face. I looked at him and said, "Did you?"

"Yeah."

When he said that, I opened the car door and pulled him out. I then put him up against Bob's car and told Bob to open the door. When he did, I threw Frank into the car. I looked at Bob and we got in. Frank's eyes looked like those of a scared rabbit.

Frank said, "Why are you doing this?"

"I want to," I said.

He said, "What are you doing to do?"

"I'm going to beat your butt."

"Why?"

Bob said, "Shut up."

I looked at Bob and said, "Go out to the place we planned."

We drove down the highway.

Frank looked at me and said, "What are you going to do?"

I grinned and said, "Beat your butt."

"Why?"

"You talk too much to your old man about hubcaps."

I reached under the seat and took out two pairs of brass knuckles. I handed one pair to Bob. I opened my switch blade knife and closed it.

Frank's eyes were getting bigger and bigger and his heart beat louder and louder. It was beating so loud that I could hear it.

I looked at Bob and said, "I want those pretty front teeth and the tip of his ear."

Bob said, "I want his nose and big

(Continued on Next Page)

Head of an Asp

By Tommy Tiller

The young doctor held his head high as he walked down the main street of the small southern town. He seemed to want everyone to know that he was Edmund Derrick, graduate of the best medical school in the South and head of his class. He did not want to live in Chesley, but he was forced to do so, because he had received a scholarship while in med school which had stipulated that he would reap its benefits only if he promised to practice in a town of under two thousand for five years. He felt a resentment against Chesley, because he wanted to work in a larger town where the work would be lighter and where he could perhaps pick his patients.

From across the street came the yell, "Doc! Wait a minute!"

Ed turned to see Jack Lucas, a former schoolmate and a local farmer, running toward him.

"Doc, I got a sick nigger out on my place who needs looking after. Can you go out and look him over?"

Ed thought, Damn these niggers.

"I wouldn't bother you, but I'm afraid my old nigger would move off my place if I don't look after his boy," Jack said.

"All right, Jack," Ed said reluctantly, "I'll go."

After a long ride in a pick-up truck Ed and Jack pulled up in front of a shabby-looking house in the middle of a cotton field. They walked across the tidy yard and onto a rickety porch which seemed to be a trigger which would set off the disintegration of the house. They were led inside by the old Negro "Willie," who showed them to a small room which was dark and full of flies which swarmed in the heat.

Ed's eyes caught the figure of a small Negro boy lying on a cot with an old woman leaning over him with a handkerchief keeping the flies off. The body was swollen, and he had been vomiting.

After a quick investigation Ed found that he had been snakebitten.

"Willie, you didn't recognize that as a snakebite?" he asked.

"N-N-Nawsuh!" the old Negro stammered.

Ed injected snakebite serum into the little arm and sat down to wait.

"You going to stay?" Jack asked.

Ed was tempted to break a major rule of his profession and leave his patient, but his eyes met those of the family which had gathered around in the little room, and he knew that he couldn't leave.

"I have to stay," Ed stammered.

With an "I'll be damned," Jack stomped out of the room.

The heat became unbearable as did the number of flies. Also the boy began to vomit profusely. Ed injected more serum and sat back down for the long wait. There was no movement in the room except that of the old lace handkerchief, as the old mammy flitted it back and forth above the little boy's head.

At dusk came the first indication of change in the condition of the little boy. He mumbled something that was unintelligible to Ed, but which caused the old woman to grab the boy up in her arms.

"What did he say?" asked Ed.

"He say he hungry," she answered joyously.

"Well, I guess that's that," Ed said wearily as he gathered his apparatus.

As he went out of the door he turned to see expressions of appreciation which he had never seen before. Every eye was upon him with this look of gratitude as the Negro man said, "Mr. Jack'll pay you for comin' out, but any time you want any work done around your house, you jus' come and get one of us."

"Thank you, Willie," Ed answered. "You just keep that boy in the bed for a week and I'll be satisfied."

Later, when riding back into town, Ed thought, Well, I guess five years won't be so bad. ●

HUBCAPS

(Continued from Page 5)

toes."

"Bob, that would hurt," I said.

He grinned and said, "Not me."

I said, "He doesn't know it was one of his hubcaps they found at that gas station we robbed."

Bob said, "It doesn't matter about his hubcaps. He ain't gonna ride anymore after today."

"It worked just as we planned."

"Yeah. Let's hold him for money. Every day they don't pay we will cut off a toe."

"If they send the police we'll kill him."

"How?"

"Beat him to death," I said, looking at the brass knuckles.

"Like we did that bum?"

We turned off onto a dirt road that ran into the woods. Bob stopped the car. We got out.

I said, "Get the hubcaps out of the back."

Frank said, "What hubcaps?"

"Your hubcaps."

I threw Frank down and took off his shoes and socks. I tied them to his belt. I put the hubcaps and some rocks into a sack. I tied the sack around Frank's neck.

Bob said, "I'll tie his hands."

"Okay."

Bob said, "Now you have your hubcaps."

"Have a nice walk home."

Bob and I got in the car and left for town. ●

the web

By Harry Palmer

"Come on, Joe, it'll be good for lots of kicks. This doll I got for you is a real dish. When the party gets going and she gets in a mellow mood, she ain't particular about what her mama used to tell her about men, either. We'll have a ball all week-end. What do you say?"

Joe looked up from the beer he was nursing, and shook his head again. "How many times do I have to tell you I got something else to do. I don't mess around with that kind of business; you know that. Now shove off, will you? Get yourself another boy."

The short, swarthy young man with long, greasy black hair looked the disgust he felt. "I must be outta my mind to try to get you in on a good deal. You wouldn't know one if you fell over it. When you gonna get wise? That doll that gave you the shaft is shackin' with everything in town, and you too stupid to see it."

Joe turned suddenly on the stool, anger in his face. "You better lay off, before I break your stinking neck." His voice was quiet, almost soft.

"Okay, okay," the other said quickly, "don't get sore. I didn't mean anything. Honest, I didn't mean anything. I'll see you around." He left the bar, letting the door slam behind him. Mac, the bartender, came over. "What's with you and Ernie?"

"Ahh, he wised off about Nancy. Said she was a tramp."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah." He finished his beer. "Give me another one, will you, Mac?" Mac got it and one for himself, and came back. "I don't know. I just don't know. But even if it were true it would gripe Hell outta me to hear that crud say so."

"She gave you a raw deal?"

"Yeah. Shafted me for this crud I wouldn't wipe my feet on. You know the guy. Runs around with Ernie some. Pete Richards his name is. Got kicked out of Georgetown a year or so ago. Been messing around with some married woman down in Southeast, and was in here braggin' about it the other night. Tall, blond fella with a crew cut."

"Yeah, I think I remember. Say, did you watch the ball game this afternoon?" Mac's round face was suddenly alight with excitement as he prepared to discuss his favorite topic.

"No."

"Mickey Mantle hit two more! That boy's going to beat Babe. . . . What'd you say?"

"I said no, I didn't see it."

"Oh. Didn't see it."

"No, I don't care much for baseball. I had some studying to do."

"Oh." Mac finished his beer and moved down to the other end of the bar to serve other customers. Before long a lively debate was in progress about Mickey Mantle's chances of beating Babe Ruth's home run record.

Joe sat for a long time, in deep thought. There weren't many people in Mac's yet. Two young men sat in one of the corner booths discussing some of Goethe's works over beer, a lamp made from an upturned wine bottle with the bottom cut out casting a greenish glow over their animated figures. And at the other end of the narrow room sat three others at the bar, talking baseball with Mac. The only ornament on the dun colored walls, other than the odd half-dozen wine bottle lamps that illuminated the place, were row upon row of beer steins of all different colors and sizes, hanging from pegs of dark wood, and an electric clock which brightly advertised Miller High Life from the rear wall.

As he sat, Joe's mind was a tangle of disjunct thought. Nancy was always so sweet . . . loved to laugh and tease . . . so full of the essential vibrance of life . . . those times in the car when they had parked and he had gotten excited and made passes (she had let him know quickly that she didn't approve of that kind of business) . . . yet it was imagination, or had she really invited him, then squelched him when he tried . . . she had gone out with Pete, but that in itself was all right . . . they hadn't been engaged or anything . . . even if he had asked her to marry him . . . she had been so tender, so sweet that night . . . Pete—she had told him of Pete—said that he was a perfect gentleman. He had told her that Pete was no man for her—had told her why. She had been surprised and said that he had never tried anything like that with her. Had he changed? People did that sort of thing. . . . Aunt Maggie's husband had been a real hellion before he met her, everybody said. But he knew Pete—no woman could change Pete; they didn't mean that much—just a good time. He wouldn't go with a girl that didn't put out, not for long

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anyway. And it had been two months. Still, people do change, and everybody should have the benefit of the doubt . . . I don't know . . . I just don't know.

Just then the door swung open and two young men burst in. After a breezy greeting with Mac and the three at the bar, they walked toward Joe.

"Joseph, Joseph, why so glum? Are all the sorrows and the sins of this pleasantly wicked world resting on your shoulders this braw, bonnie eve? Whew! That was a speech to dry the throat. Mac, old man, be so good as to draw me a beer." The one who spoke was of medium height, with a pleasant round face lightly sprinkled with freckles, and slightly inclined to pudginess, and topped by a shock of slightly unkempt red hair. The other was tall and slender with dark hair and eyes, and somewhat more serious in demeanor, although at the moment he was grinning broadly at his companion's bombast. He nodded in response to Mac's question.

"Well, Joseph, I have just turned in my last term paper to old Suttford, and Charley and I are out to tie one on in modest celebration. If you can cast forth that cloud of despondency with which you are anathemized—how's that for a word? Good old esotericism at its best, huh? Well, as I was saying, climb out of this pit of despondency, boy, and let's be off."

"Oh, I don't know, Fred. I really don't . . ."

"Come on, Joe," Charley interrupted, "if you've got the blues, and it looks like you have, it'll do you good to forget your troubles. That is, if we can get this ass off his soapbox or whatever it is he's on, before he drives us crazy."

"Sir, I resent that deprecating remark! I feel that it is indicative only of the fact that you are relatively inarticulate and, hence, feel inferior. Furthermore—"

"If you don't shut up, I'll drown you in a malmsey butt."

"What a beautiful way to go!" Fred assumed an air of mock piety.

"Come on, Fred, cut it out. Don't you see the boy has troubles. What is it, Joe?"

"Aw nothing, I guess."

"Then come on and go with us." "Yeah, come on." They insisted.

"Well, maybe I could use a good one."

After some dispute over who would pay for the beer, they settled the bill and started for the door. Just then the telephone rang. Mac answered it and called, "Hey, Joe, your girl wants you on the phone." "Thanks, Mac."

"Hello. . . . No, I'm not mad. . . . I didn't call you because I've been busy today. I had a quiz to study for. . . . I can't help it if I sound mad. I'm not. . . . Look, Honey, I've been busy. . . . Yes, all week. To be frank, I've been letting some courses slide, and now I'm 'way behind. The dean called me in Monday and told me if I didn't get on the ball I'd flunk out. I. . . . No, I don't think it's all your fault. . . . No, I don't. I really don't. . . . No, I don't.

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Look, Honey, don't make it any tougher. . . . No, Honey, I don't think you're making it tough. What I mean was . . . Now, Honey, you know that's not true. You know I love you. . . . Yes, I do. . . . No, I haven't changed at all. I still love you. I really do. . . . He did. . . . Well, Honey, it's true that I have been coming in here from time to time, taking a break from studying. But if you've been spending so much time with Pete, what do you care? . . . Friends! I'll say friends! Real close friends—real close. . . . I think I know what you mean. And I think that you know what I mean. . . . No, it's not just because I'm jealous. I'm not in the least jealous. . . . No, it's not that I don't love you, either. . . . No, it's not—let's not go into that again. It's just that that crud just isn't worth it. You'll find out, if you haven't already, that he . . . No, Honey. I . . . Okay, okay, I apologize for insulting your friend. Anything to get off. . . . No, Honey, I can't come. . . . Yes, I do love you. . . . Yes, I do. . . Okay, okay, I'll come. . . . No, I don't feel that I've been forced into it. . . . I wanted to come. I really did want to. It was only that I thought. . . . Well, never mind. . . . Yeah, I'll come right over. . . . Umm hmm. . . . I love you, too. . . . "Bye."

Joe replaced the receiver slowly. He turned to the two other students who were waiting for him. "Look, you guys, I'm sorry, but I won't be able to make it tonight."

"Aw, come on with us, Joe. You can see this doll of yours some other time."

"No, thanks anyway, Fred. Maybe some other time."

"Well, we wish you'd come with us, Joe."

"Thanks, Charley, but you'd better give me a rain check."

"Sure thing, man. We'll see you later."

"Yeah, Joe. We'll see you later."

"Okay, men, have one for me."

During his fifteen-minute ride on the street car, Joe had been thinking how little grounds for suspicion he really had. "After all," he had said to himself, "people do change, every day. A guy meets a girl who really means something to him, and he lays off the stuff that she dislikes. A guy has respect for a girl that keeps him in check, in spite of the way he may raise hell about it to her." There was something he didn't like about the idea that Pete would improve his conduct for Nancy, in spite of the fact that the only alternative was that Nancy had lowered herself to his level. But it was a pleasant May evening, and as he left the street car and began to walk the remaining block and a half to Nancy's apartment building, he began to laugh at his senseless suspicions, and quite forgot to worry about Pete as a serious rival.

He climbed the wide, ill-lighted steps, and knocked on the door at the end of the short hallway with its faded red carpet, a little threadbare in spots, and walls covered with tan wallpaper of an indistinct pattern. Nancy came to the

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A Young Man's Fancy

By Robert Hopper

It is wonderful to be riding along with such a cute little girl beside me. For she is one of the two girls who have kept my attention for the past six months. As we are riding along I can recall the incidents that have taken place before I achieved my prize.

It began about six months ago. It was August the seventeenth when I met the first girl. She was Kay Cunningham. I was as lonely as a hermit, but Kay came up to me and spoke. It set things jumping inside me, but I felt a little timid since Kay's father was an important man in the town. But I can't deny that I was almost crazy over such a beautiful girl. To me she was the most beautiful girl I had ever met, and although I was a little unfair in my judgment, a lot of other fellows thought so too. She was short and had blue eyes. She had a slim figure and a very graceful walk. She was the first girl that I had even taken the trouble to notice what color eyes she had.

Without speaking to her again my affections seemed to grow. I was thrilled at the slightest sight of her, and when school began, I knew her complete schedule in only two weeks. I can never forget the rather abrupt meeting we had one day in the hall.

It began really in Miss Cobb's Spanish class of which I was an unfortunate member. Kay's class was in the other wing of the building. There were only two minutes left in the class. If I hurried I would be able to get in front of Kay's classroom and walk beside her to the next room, but those two minutes were terrible ones for me.

"Lea Ud. en Espanol, Sr. Collins," said Miss Cobb in her shrill, demanding voice. I wasn't sure what she said, but since every one else had his reading book open, I thought she meant for me to read. As I stood up, I clumsily dropped my book on the floor and Miss Cobb had to tell me the page number . . . in Spanish. After about five wrong answers and the help of the "A" student in the class, I found the place. On any other occasion I might have understood, but my mind was fourteen rooms down the hall and two minutes ahead of time.

The sentence began: *El hombre . . .*

"The man . . . uh-h-h . . ." I couldn't get the remaining part of the sentence, so I began for the second time. "The man . . . uh-h-h . . . " Now I had only another minute to stall and I would be saved by the bell. From the back of the room I heard the faint whisper of someone giving his version of the sentence, and so I repeated it. "The man who had been visiting my cousin lives in . . ."

"One moment," Miss Cobb's voice was like a jet breaking the sound barrier. "Robert, we have been studying the past perfect tense for two weeks now, and you have completely missed the principle of the whole lesson." I didn't know how to express my gratitude to the "brain" in the back of the room who knew less Spanish than I did. But then the bell rang and I stooped to grab the rest of my books and head for the door.

"Just a moment!" Again the sound barrier was broken. "We must get a definite comprehension of these tenses before dismissal." I should have known the old . . . Miss Cobb would keep us late as usual. She explained the sentence, and I nodded my head to show that I was perfectly sure of the tenses, although I couldn't repeat a word she had said.

"Hasta manana," said Miss Cobb finally in words that I had learned perfectly. Since it was not unusual to see people rushing late from Miss Cobb's room, I darted from the room and managed to reach the corner of the hall. I'll have to say that I did some great weaving and dodging to get there. And then as I turned the corner, there stood Kay! I turned quickly and missed hitting Kay, but I backed full speed into the lockers. The force was enough to kill a bull and thoroughly deflate the ego of anyone. Kay looked around, and so did about a thousand other people. I imagined what Kay thought of me sitting there against the locker door, but I was wrong. As our eyes met, she turned quickly and glided like a new Ford on down the hall.

My love-sick emotions reached the point where it was dangerous to be around me. One morning as I started to turn my school bus into the grammar school parking lot, I glanced through the rear-view mirror and saw Kay as her mother drove her to school. Quickly I turned on the overhead blinker-lights, I turned on my turning signal, I pushed the clutch and shifted into second gear with the greatest amount of gear-grinding and noise that I could make, and then I made a wide right turn from the middle of the road in the most noticeable manner that I knew how. As the bus entered the lot and Kay's car went on down the road, I turned to see if she had noticed the wonderful performance I had made. The bus was at liberty to go where it pleased, and it pleased to bump into the parked bus ahead of me. The sixty kids on my bus were awake for the first time that morning, and without a doubt they knew why I had bumped the bus. As they got off the bus fifthy-eight kids yelled, "Robert's got a sweetheart!" Two of them had failed to wake up in spite of the shaking.

When the last of those impudent little . . . children finally got off the bus and had turned their snickering

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faces to other things, Warren Schuler, driver of the attacked bus and my good friend (I'm glad to say), placed one foot in the door of my bus.

"What the heck is the matter with you?" he asked with a laugh. "Are you in love?"

"No!" I shouted with a voice that told him that I thought I was. Then he became serious and we began to talk. I told him how I had met the girl and how I felt toward her.

"Why don't you date her?" he asked.

"*Date* her!"

"Yes, you dope, date her!"

"Why, I couldn't date her. She's as pretty as a picture and her old man's got enough money to buy the whole town."

"Look, dope. Because she's pretty is the reason why you should date her and you ain't gonna have to play poker with her old man."

Warren seemed to have the common sense that I lacked, and so I took his suggestion. I was surprised to find that Kay seemed greatly interested in me—more than I had expected. I was as jumpy as a frog when she was around me. When we dated, I would take my foot off the clutch of the car too soon, and the car would jump. Once I even stopped for a green light and drove for two blocks with the emergency brakes on. All of these things were more embarrassing because I was a school bus driver. When I ran into her mother's flower garden, I realized that I was not becoming too popular with Kay's mother, and that Kay was slowly losing interest in me. I was afraid to even look at her straight in the face, as if I were a criminal who was trying to hide the truth. Finally I stopped dating Kay completely for I knew that soon Kay would stop dating me.

I was greatly disappointed, but Warren again gave me advice. He suggested that I not cry over spilled milk, but "pour another glass." If this failed, he suggested I try playing poker. However, I found several other girls who were lonely or crazy enough to date me, and each week-end I spent dull evenings with girls whom I didn't care a thing about and who were dating me for something to do. I was still reluctant to admit that dating Kay had been a failure. But at least I became less nervous, and I was able to stay out of the flower gardens.

After a few weeks, the second of my two major attractions came into the picture. Her name was Joyce Sherman, and while she did not make me as nervous as a cat, I felt as if she would soon erase all thoughts of Kay. We had happy times together, but one fellow seemed to offer me quite a bit of competition. Not only did he date Joyce often, but he seemed to appear at every place I went.

On one occasion, the last dance of the high school season, my shadow popped up. He gave me the "evil eye," and when we turned, I knew he was smiling at Joyce. I had to decide whether I wanted to look at him or whether I wanted him to look at Joyce. I thought that everything was becoming quite childish, and I tried to keep things as "grown-up" as possible. But I did not realize how childish I was to become before the night was over.

As suddenly as my rival had appeared, so did Kay appear. Her eyes sparkled in the colored lights, and soft shadows were cast on her face. When I saw her my hands dropped to my side, and I began to use the methods of my worthy opponent and stare.

"Well, I can see I am in the way here." Joyce interrupted my thoughts. "Excuse me while you worship your goddess." And she took only a few short steps until she was in the arms of one who had acted directly on cue. I walked from the dance floor feeling as if the ceiling were going to fall.

I walked out to what might be called the terrace. I was glad to find that I was alone. Every part of me seemed to tremble. It seemed as if there were not a soul on earth who cared or understood me. Why was I so different from all other people? Other people seemed to be happy, and yet I was miserable and had been for a long while in the midst of happy young people. I remembered the Spanish class that I was failing and the poor job I was doing as a bus driver. But most of all I realized that I was alone. I stood puzzled and tried to find answers.

Then I remembered Joyce's words—"worship your goddess." Now I knew that they were true. I had not thought of Kay as a girl; I had worshipped her, and I had felt that she was better than I was. I remembered times when I had felt inferior to other people, forgetting my beliefs and following whatever they said. Maybe all I needed was faith in myself.

Then Kay appeared again. This time she was alone. I knew that I must speak to her, but I didn't want to. However, I spoke. She returned the gesture. She seemed to sense that I was confused or that something was wrong with me.

"Say, what's the matter with you?" she asked.

For the first time it seemed that I could think in Kay's presence. And so I began to compose a story that would make Sir Lancelot look sick. I told her how I had lost my heart when a pretty little girl had spoken to me, and how I couldn't love anyone else because she had my heart. Surprisingly, she fell for it, hook, line and sinker.

I looked into her eyes for the first time, and I drew her close to me and kissed her. As I held her I realized that I didn't know the meaning of love. We were only two young people seeking happiness. And was I happy.

In my complete despair and sudden awakening to the joys about me I had forgotten about Kay's date. But he was not lost, for he came back just in time to share in my good fortune. It was as if I had awakened from a beautiful dream. Again I assumed the position of a marble statue with my hands to my side. It was one of those first round knock-outs, for I found that I could not think well in his presence either. One punch in the eye sent me falling against the wall. It was as if history was repeating itself, because once more Kay saw me as I had been

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What Happened To Willie?

By Robert Jenkins

Willie rubbed his shoes hard trying to bring out all the shine he could. When he was satisfied, he threw the cloth over a chair and hurried out of the room. He was in a hurry, but before he could get out of the door his mother caught him. "Now you wait just a minute here," she said. "Your collar needs fixing. You want to look handsome even if you don't have a girl."

At last Willie got away and made for the old school house at a fast gait. The ladies' Sunday School class was sponsoring a box supper and a square dance to help raise the money to buy a piano. The only instruments in the community were stringed instruments, and the ones who played them could not play church music. Anyway, they wouldn't sound right in the church service. All they needed now was a piano. Ned Crocker's new wife could play and could even read music a little.

Willie wanted to get there in time to see which box Betsy Mae Koon brought. She lived close to the school and would probably be early. He had been noticing her a lot lately, and she seemed to look different. Somehow, he never could get up enough courage to talk to her. He thought if he could buy her box supper, maybe he would be able to talk to her. There was to be a hayride Saturday night, and he might find enough courage to ask her to go with him. He wasn't really afraid of girls, although some of the girls did call him "bashful Willie." He just couldn't seem to find anything to talk about. He could tell boys about going coon hunting or fishing, but what could he say to girls?

Most of the other boys didn't seem to have any trouble getting along with girls. Fred Whitlock always had two or three girls. Of course, his father ran the general store and he had almost everything he wanted. He was a little older than Willie, and he even had his own horse and buggy.

As the old school house came into view, Willie saw that some people were already there. To the right side of the building there was a small bunch of trees. To some of these trees, several horses were hitched. Between the trees and the building there were several buggies and a few wagons.

Willie thought to himself, "Betsy Mae is probably already here, and I won't be able to know which box is hers. Why, I probably won't get a chance to dance with her. If I do, what will I say? I can't talk none of that love stuff that I have heard about. Ed Williams told me the other day that Betsy Mae kinda likes me, but she ain't never acted like it when I was around her. Why, I see her almost every Sunday at church. But, anyway, she does make me feel kinda funny inside when I see her."

Willie walked up the steps and into the old building. This was the only place in the community big enough to have a gathering like this. The partition between the two big rooms had been removed and all the desks had been taken up and stacked at one end.

At the other end of the big building was a table which already had a few boxes on it. They were all fixed up with fancy ribbons to make them look attractive. In the corner by the table there were a few string instruments that were to be used to furnish music for the square dance. Some people were standing around talking. Others were just coming in. The two large rooms probably wouldn't hold everyone who would come, but some of the men would stay outside most of the time and talk about farming and other things. And then, too, the jug would be passed around. That seemed to brighten things up a little for them.

Then Willie saw Betsy Mae. She was sitting over next to the pile of desks with Sue Thompson and Mary Hobbs. They were sitting there listening to Fred Whitlock as he was telling them something that seemed to be funny. Willie only looked for a moment, but he began to feel funny inside as he had lately when he saw Betsy Mae. In that short moment he noticed her lovely, long blonde hair and the new blue cotton dress she was wearing. There was a ribbon in her hair, and her face and arms were tanned from working in the field.

Willie walked over closer to a group of men. He couldn't go over and talk with the girls like Fred was doing. Fred was even making them laugh. He didn't feel right anyway.

One of the men was telling a story very similar to the ones that you could always hear down at the general store.

Then another man walked up and the one who was talking stopped and spoke to him. "Howdy, Lewis! It's a good night fer coon huntin', ain't it?"

Lewis replied, "Shore is! Jest like the night when I caught that big'un up on Hogback. I never did tell you about it, did I? Well, I took old Trouble one night about like this, and . . ."

Willie wasn't interested in the story, so he came over closer to the table and sat down. More people were there now. It looked like everyone from the little ones who could not walk up to Grandma was there.

Then Willie saw Betsy Mae get up and come toward him. Was she really coming over to where he was? She walked up to the table and re-arranged the ribbon on one of the boxes. This was probably her box, Willie thought. Then she turned and started back to the other end of the building. As she did, she smiled at Willie. He felt his

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THE URGE

By Tom Wright

"It's fast."

"How fast?"

"Fast as hell." That's how it started. John Lucius liked cars. To him they were everything. A car was not a symbol; it was the thing-in-itself. Power, prestige, and an indefinable sensation of other-worldliness when he let the clutch out on a long straight and felt himself pushed back against the seat and watched the speedometer needle climb.

"Boy, must be 4 g's." He'd said that when he had been sixteen or seventeen but he was twenty now and he didn't say that any more; he just drove with a nervous intensity, his complete attention focused on the road and the instruments in front of him.

He'd gotten his first car when he was fifteen, from money saved by working in filling stations after school and during the summer vacation. He'd thought he could snow the high school queens by having a car and he had but soon the means to an end became the end in itself and now not many girls would date him because all he could, or rather would, talk about was the new full race cam he held or the heavy duty shocks that made the car corner so well. A particularly bright and supposedly romantic moonlight night was just a chance to comment on the satin smooth finish that fourteen coats of lacquer paint gave his car.

His mother had worried about John Lucius when he'd first gotten his car and lectured him sternly on safe driving. She left articles cut out of Sunday supplements on teenage driving lying on his dresser from which he learned of exciting variations on chicken and other games designed to test the stamina of the herd instinct. He'd promised his mother solemnly and with a certain integrity within himself not to race on highways or accept challenges to drag. He didn't. It was too risky on highways so country back roads were the favorite and he never waited to be challenged; John Lucius always issued the invitations.

He and his friends had formed an unofficial club in the town he lived in and they spent most of their evenings talking about the cars they had and the kind they would live to have. They usually wound up the night by taking a fast spin through the countryside, roaring along the twisting rural lanes at 80 or 90 leaving any highway patrolman who might try to curtail their activities far behind. The highway patrol had actually given up trying to apprehend them and there existed an unwritten law that if John Lucius and his boys kept off the main highways, there'd be no trouble despite the anguished complaints of some farmers that "those damned hotrodders" were ruining the milk.

Occasionally some member of the group would modify his engine for further power output or maybe get a new car and John Lucius, to maintain his leadership, would have to put him down. There was a special section of road used for these races. It was about eight or nine miles long and very twisty and narrow. To further complicate matters it ran over a series of steep foothills, and the last two and a half miles culminated in a very badly graded and paved section popularly known as "Devil's Jumpoff." Most of the club members objected to the course John always insisted upon for match races; they would rather have had a straight level stretch to show off the power of their cars but Lucius knew the value of getting around a fast corner and won his point by an appeal to their pride—just a plain drag race wasn't a true test of an automobile's capabilities.

So John Lucius was happy within his own narrow world—and it was narrow. He wasn't happy at home. ("He was twenty and should be in college like his other friends.") He wasn't happy at work, which was infrequent anyhow. But sitting on the drugstore across the street from the main garage in the town, slipping endless cokes and chewing on toothpicks as admiring friends and awestruck little boys with dirty blue jeans and worn leather jackets who "bet he had the fastest damn car in the state" (and who turned and looked to see if he had heard them say damn right there in the drug store), hung on his every word, John Lucius was happy. That is he was until a grey autumn day when things were suddenly changed.

"Hey Johnny, hear what Kelly's got?" a bushy-haired boy who sat flattening and creasing a soda straw spoke.

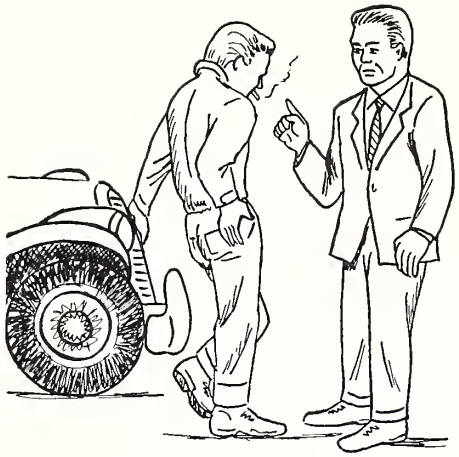
"Umm?" John rested his feet on the table railing and tilted back in his seat.

"What?"

"Umm, I said."

"He's got a caddy mill now."

TO GO



"What kind of brakes?"

"Same, juice."

"He think he can take me now?"

"Yeh, but you know Kelly. Seriously though, Johnny, it's a hauling hunk of iron. Walt's had a go in it, haven't you Walt?"

"Yeh, man, I'm telling you John boy, it's hell on a broomstick."

"Well, kiddies, old John's here to tell you, the first curve Kelly and I get to, Kelly's gonna find out he's got about four hundred pounds too much weight on his wheels, his back tires are going to slide right out from under him and his crummy little old brakes aren't gonna do him a damn bit of good."

"How you know all this, Johnny?"

"Oh, hell, I have to draw you guys a picture all of the time. Weight distribution." He held his hands out in front of him, palms up, moving them up and down as he spoke. "Weight distribution. Simple mathematics. The best way is to have as much weight on your back wheels as you do on your front. If you gotta have it unequal it would be on your back wheels, your driving wheels. Too much on the front just takes off traction in back. The power's no good if you can't use it."

"That why you got head blocks strapped in your trunk?"

"Yeh."

"I'll take a caddy mill to hunks of lead anytime."

"Go ahead," John moved his chair back and shifted the toothpick to carry on his discussion. The waitress held a glass full of warm soap suds she was midway in the process of washing. "With the added weight bad brakes are just asking for it. You increase the power you gotta increase the size of your brakes. It's no good when you can't stop."

"Maybe, maybe." The bushy-haired boy picked up another straw and began creasing it. "Johnny, what do you think of a swing axle for my coupe. I think I can work a deal over in Maynard.

"Sounds pretty good, Barney. Expensive?"

"Not too much. I got a little saved up to get it, you know." He grinned unaccountably and went back to work on his straw.

"You still run zephyr gears, Walt?"

"Yeah, best thing for drags."

"Not much for top speed though."

"I get by."

"Yeh." So the afternoon dribbled away. John Lucius was truly in his element and would have been content to stay but the demands of his stomach called him homeward. He was at the door of the drug store and planning how best to impress his audience with a dramatic tire-squealing take-off when everyone's attention was shifted to the garage across the street. Amid the battered pickup trucks and old cars sitting around on the lot beside the garage's side entrance two mechanics were pushing a very low, very aggressive-looking red sports car. The drug store crowd to whom the automobile was a kind of god on wheels were awed.

"Je . . . sus. Lookatit, Johnny."

"Johnny, what is it?"

"Foreign job for sure. Wonder what'll do?"

"What is it, Johnny?" John Lucius replied to the question from a distance, his whole being focused on the little car.

"I dunno, looks like a Maser."

"Huh, what's that?"

"A Maeserati. Italian job." And under his breath, "Fast as hell, too fast, too fast, could take me." He glanced at the crowd gathered around the storefront out of the corner of his eye. "I'll go over and see what's coming off. I'll be back in a minute." He tried to go by himself but it didn't work. Nothing would do but the whole crowd go with him and soon they were gathered around the low car pointing and gesturing and asking questions of the bewildered mechanic who understood little more about it than they did.

"Hey, what's this stick in the floor?"

"That's the gearshift."

"Do you wind it up?"

"How do you get in? With a can opener?"

"Where's the rest of it?"

They were so busy laughing they didn't notice the slim boy with a crew neck sweater that had sauntered up and started talking to the mechanic. The mechanic turned to John Lucius.

"Johnny, this fellow here . . . this is his car." John walked over with his hands in his pockets and looking first at the car and then the boy slurred an overly-casual greeting.

"Hi."

"Hello."

"This your car?"

"Yes, it is." John took a step back-

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ward as if to get a better overall view.

"Hey, Barney, get out of the way. I can't see through you." The mob around the car suddenly stopped talking and everybody turned to watch John and the boy as if they were two duelists about to challenge each other. John glanced uneasily at the faces around him.

"Nice car, yessir, nice car." He said it in a sing-song whisper, almost as if to himself. "What'll it do?"

"It's fast."

"How fast?"

"Fast as hell."

"How fast is that?"

"Oh, I dunno. I've never had a chance to really open it up but I've had it on 140." The sweatered lad pulled out a cigarette pack and offered one to John. They lit them and continued to talk almost as if there were no one else around but them while muffled whispers ran through the crowd. "Yeh, 140, sure. I bet maybe down hill with a 100-mile tailwind."

"You just passing through?"

"Yes, I've been out West to a race," the boy volunteered.

"You race this?" John squinted his eyes against the rapidly setting sun.

"Oh, no. I just drove it to the race."

"Something . . . ah something wrong with it. . . . I mean you brought it in here . . ."

"No, no just a wash and grease job, you know."

"Oh yeah." The boy seemed content to let the conversation drop. He turned and asked the mechanic something and in a minute pushed his way through the crowd and adroitly maneuvered himself into the seat. He turned the key and in a moment the sound of fifty muffled hammers tapping softly on bass drums came from under the hood. He pressed the gas a little and the sound changed to a low whine. The little car pulsated out of the yard and into the shed. The boy shifted to second with a sharp chirp of the wheels and vanished around the corner. Everyone stood around saying nothing as they watched him go and then with practically one voice:

"Johnny, you didn't ask him."

"Did you believe that crap about 140?"

"He probably thinks we're scared of him. He thinks we're a bunch of dumb hill bibs."

"You think he could beat you, Johnny?"

"This'd be a good chance to show up those foreign cars, how about it, Johnny?"

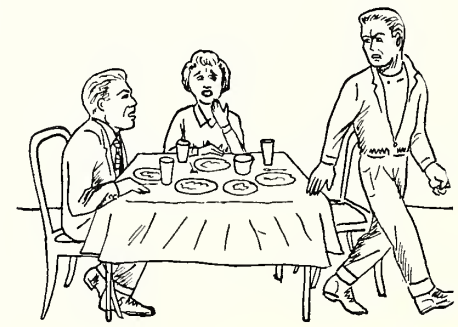
"Oh, I dunno," John Lucius pushed his way through the boys around him. "I gotta go eat supper, I'll see youall later."

"How 'bout it, Johnny."

"How about what?"

"Can you beat him?"

"Why do you ask that?"



"We just wonder."

"Okay." John turned once more to go.

"Can you, Johnny! You ain't answered yet. Can you!"

"Hell, what business is it of your's Walt? Yes, hell, I can beat him. I got the fastest car around don't I? This guy didn't even say anything about a race. I gave him his chance didn't I?"

"You didn't tell him you had a car."

"Dammit, he knew! He knew! I gotta go eat supper like I started to about a half hour ago. See youall later."

On the way home John pulled the car viciously around corners and pealed rubber at every stoplight. When he got there he went to his room and sat idly flipping the pages of a dog-eared automobile magazine in the fast fading light of the fall evening. Finally his mother called him to supper. The meal was eaten silently in the dining room with a single light hanging from the ceiling and flowered paper on the wall, now faded and streaked. The quiet was broken only by the clatter of utensils and mumbles "pass'm salt, pl'se" or "butter pl'se." At last John pushed his chair back, mustered "excuse me" and got up. He was to the archway that separated the dining room from the living room when his mother called, "John?" He felt the note in her voice. Sharp, insistent, anguished. He rolled his tongue across his lower lip.

"Hmm?" he said with his back turned to her.

"Are you going out? Right now, I mean?"

"Ah, no . . . no, not right now, I've got to check my tires."

"We—your father and I would like to talk to you a few minutes." His mother sat with her chair back from the table and her hands very daintily in her lap. His father looked at her from time to time across the top of his coffee cup as if waiting for cues.

"Okay, talk." John laughed a snorting chopped-off laugh.

"This is serious, John." His father put down his cup.

"Oh," John had never doubted that it would be.

"You're twenty now, John."

"Oh look, the supper table is no place to discuss this. Some time later on, huh?" John sensed, even as he said it, the futility and the outright fatility of his words but felt as forced to say them as he would have been to say "ouch" if jabbed with a pin. His mother picked at the table cloth frantically with her nails several times and then burst out.

"Why not at the supper table? Why not the supper table. You never want to talk about anything unpleasant. No, you just want to go on the same way, always the same." She put her face in her hands. "Oh, something's wrong, somehow."

"Oh good lord, Mother." He turned in his chair and grimaced as he felt an

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THERE COMES A TIME

(Continued from Page 2)

breathing.

The car was closed to keep out the dust, and the odor of bodies too long without fresh clothes was heavy. Paul returned the greeting of the three men in the car and leaned back and closed his eyes. He loosened his body to accept the jolts and jars of the rough red road.

He gave himself into his hate and sat there with the bitterness rising in him.

Lord, how I hate that slut. She ain't nothin' but a pig. A man can only take so much. Why did I ever marry that thing.

His mind went back to the night, less than a year ago, when he met Myrtle.

It had been one of those perfect nights when he felt that nothing could go wrong. He had had enough beer to give him that particular feeling of elation.

He had wanted noise and lights, and the skating rink was the perfect place for both. He had just got his skates fastened and got on the hardwood floor when he saw her.

She was standing with another girl of her own age and two boys. The boys were dressed in the fashion of the day, tight dungarees and loud colored shirts. Paul didn't notice the other girl, he didn't look at anyone after he saw Myrtle. She wore a full red skirt and a peasant blouse, designed to show off her figure to its best advantage.

He felt his self-made trap close in on him with a complete and utter finalness. He wanted to run, to never look at the once-white cottage that had lost all of its paint now, never to see the bloated figure of the girl that he once had a terrible passion for, to get away from the mill, to get away from it all. I've got to do something he told himself, I've got to get away.

The car stopped at the first red light outside of the town, and Paul forced himself to stay in the car and not to run. Instead he said, "George, let me out at the next light, I gotta see a fellow before work."

"O. K."

The car stopped at the next corner and Paul opened the door and got out, hoping no one would see him.

"You want us to wait?"

"Naw, I can walk on down to the mill, it ain't far."

"Naw, we'll wait on you."

"Go on, I'll see you at quitting time."

"O. K."

She awoke with a start. She couldn't be certain that she felt the pain, or if it had been a dream. Slowly, she eased herself back on the bed. There was sweat on her forehead, and a bad taste in her mouth. The sun was gone now, and the house had the particular lonesome feeling of a house that is empty when the sun is almost gone, and slowly she relaxed and dropped back into the stage of sleepiness and wakefulness. Then it came again, that pain that she had prayed that she would not feel. She jerked erect in the bed, and trembled, the sweat coming to her face. It didn't come again and soon she was able to tell herself that it had not happened at all. She laughed at herself for her fear and started to get up from the bed and the pain came again, intense now, and with a muscle-tearing fury, it passed and she eased back on the bed. It came again with even more force and then she knew that the baby was coming.

Fear took hold and she screamed, and when the sound died down there was nothing to hear but her sobs. I gotta do something, I'll die if I don't . . . Paul! Why did he have to leave me. I know, Old Mrs. Harribson, she don't live far. I can make it to her house.

She forced herself from the bed and another pain clutched her. Worse than the others. She dragged herself along the wall, into the hall and out into the living room. The screen door slammed again and she lurched across the porch and caught at the banister. She was judging the distance to the first step when the pain grabbed at her stomach. It was a stronger one than the rest and she clawed at it, trying to grab and hold the pain and keep it from spreading.

She screamed again as she hit the last step, and then the pain was gone. All the sounds that had disturbed the warm sunset were gone. A cricket in the tall weeds beside the house was all that was to be heard. ●

WILLIE

(Continued from Page 11)

face turn red, but he smiled back at her.

It was time for the sale now. Mr. Wooten would hold up a box and sell it to the highest bidder. Willie would just wait for him to hold up Betsy Mae's box; then he would buy it. Most of the boxes were selling for about fifty cents. Willie had sixty-five cents he would pay if he had to.

Then Mr. Wooten held up her box, and someone bid forty-five cents. Willie felt as if everyone looked at him as he said, "Fifty!"

"Sixty," a voice from the other side of the room said. It was Fred Whitlock.

Willie had sixty-five cents, so he said, "Sixty-five."

Almost as quick as he said it Fred said, "Seventy-five."

This was as far as Willie could bid, and then Mr. Wooten said, "Sold!" All of Willie's hopes were gone. He finally bought a box for fifty cents, which turned out to be Mrs. Hobbs'.

Willie had to eat with Mrs. Hobbs. Anyway, she knew a little bit about everybody. One time she said, "You know, Willie, I think Betsy Mae kinda likes you."

With this, Willie's face began to turn red again. But about that time the music started for the square dance. By the time two sets were over, Fred already had another girl, and Willie thought this was his chance. He could go over and ask her for a dance. He

(Continued on Page 17)

THE WEB

(Continued from Page 8)

door almost immediately.

"Oh, Joe, honey, it seems like such a long time." She kissed him, pressing her body hard against him. When they parted, she took his hand, on a seeming impulse. "Gosh, we're right here in the hall," she laughted in becoming confusion. "Come in before someone sees us." When they had closed the door, she kissed him again, hard, holding him tightly to her at first, then gently, letting her lips lie softly on his.

"My God, woman," he laughed, "you'll drive me out of my mind."

"Oh, Joe, I want to. I never want you to forget me, to go away from me. When you didn't call all week, I was afraid I'd lost you, and I felt like something good and true and beautiful had gone out of my life. Oh, Joe, that was a miserable feeling." Her voice had dropped, until now it was soft in apology. "I didn't mean to be so demanding when I talked to you on the 'phone, but I just had to see you. You do understand, don't you?" They were still standing very close together, and she looked up at him with an expression that seemed almost childlike in its wistful appeal, and the last trace of consciousness of Pete Richard's existence died within him.

He stood for a long moment, looking into her upturned face. Then suddenly conscious of something else, glanced quickly around the room. "Where's Jennie?"

"She's in the bedroom, reading, or just lying down. I don't know what's the matter, but she's been upset a lot lately. Hasn't been feeling well."

"That's too bad. Nothing serious, I hope."

"No, I think it's mostly just nerves."

"I'm sorry to hear that she isn't feeling well, but I'm not sorry we have the living room to ourselves," he said with a grin.

Nancy giggled. "Now don't you go getting any funny ideas, young man."

"Oh, sure," he began dryly, "I'm a serious threat to any young lady's honor." He leered at her. "Luring innocent young maidens to destruction is my specialty. No woman is safe! Who knows, my next victim might be you!" He gave her what he thought was a look of diabolical cunning. "Pity I don't have a mustache to twirl. I understand that every good villain has one."

Nancy grinned at him. "You do quite well in dark cars without it."

He bowed. "Your wish is my command, madam."

"Oh, you horrible thing!"

"Well, I was just trying to let you know that I try to please you."

They were sitting on the couch, and she leaned over and put her head on his shoulder. "You do please me. Did you know that the only reason I haven't succumbed to your fatal charm is that afterwards you wouldn't have any respect for me," she raised her head to look at him, "and then I wouldn't be able to get my hooks into you." She kissed him on the cheek.

"But you've already got your hooks into me."

"I mean for good."

"That's not my fault. After all, I asked you."

"Oh, Joe, let's don't joke about things like that."

"Who was joking?"

"I was, or at least I started out that way."

"Well, I wasn't. And I wasn't when I asked you to marry me, either."

"I wonder. I wonder if you really meant it, way down deep inside, where it counts. I want to believe that you did . . . but I wonder."

He laughed shortly. "To be perfectly frank, I wonder too, since you've started going out with that crud, Pete. Look, honey, I know the guy from way back. He's . . ."

"Joe, please don't get jealous and spoil this evening that started out to be so wonderful. We've been through this before, and I told you that I know what he's like when he's with me. I won't be rude to a nice boy just because of a lot of gossip that you apparently believe. Or, even if he is what you think he is, as far as other girls are concerned, he's a gentleman with me, and a friend of mine, and that's the way it'll be until he does something to make me change. Don't you see that I've got to stand up for what I think is right?"

"I guess so, honey. I guess so."

"You wouldn't care two hoots for me if I didn't."

"Yeah, yeah, I guess you're right, honey."

"Joe, believe in me. Please believe in me. We could never hope to have any kind of a marriage if you didn't."

"That's true, honey."

"Joe, when you doubt me, it just makes me sick. When have I ever done anything to make you think the things you think about me?"

"You never have done anything, honey. . . . I don't know what's the matter with me. I get to thinking, and first thing you know all sorts of ideas come into my mind. . . . I'm sorry, honey, that I've made you unhappy. All the things you said just now are true. . . . I mean, you've got your principles, and you've got to stick up for them, even if the whole world turns against you. You've got to do that. And it's true that we couldn't hope to make a go of marriage if I had no faith in you. I'll try. I swear I will." His tone and manner were so earnest that a new tenderness seemed to come over her.

"It was my fault, too. I shouldn't have been so stubborn. I should have explained better." She had sat up straight, and now put her head back on his shoulder.

"Let's don't ever fuss any more." He put his arms around her, and she nestled into them. "We won't, honey—not ever, if I can help it."

When Joe left the apartment that night, he felt better than he had in weeks. He whistled as he walked down the sidewalk to Fourteenth Street, to catch the street car. The moon had gone down, and the clear dark sky glittered with stars. A fresh night breeze sighing

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through the new leaves of the trees that bordered the street hinted of rain before morning. Joe debated with himself as he walked whether to go back to the apartment he shared with two other boys, or to go back to Mac's. Mac's won, and in a few minutes, he was on a downtown car, thinking of Nancy.

As he entered Mac's, a snatch of conversation from one of the booths caught his attention. A tall, blond boy was telling his three eager listeners in a low, confidential tone; ". . . but the best I've had in a long time is this gal Nancy Walker. I'm telling you the things—" A tide of confused emotion surged up within Joe, turning consciousness to chaos. He turned and walked slowly back into the street.

He began to walk, aimlessly. He hated her and he hated him . . . and all the rest of the filth and trash. What pure pleasure it would be to take her throat between his two hands and squeeze with all his strength . . . squeeze until the muscles in his arms would grow tighter and tighter and her convulse and claw at his hands and arms and try to hit him and her breath would begin to come in hoarse gasps and her face would begin to grow black and her movements would grow weaker and weaker and her breath would stop and she would be dead . . . dead. God, no! That kind of thinking will get you no place . . . but that kind of trash shouldn't be free to walk on this good earth . . . they should be dead, both of them . . . they deserved to die . . . to die, not to live to take people who tried to be fair, who tried to give the other fellow a break, to take them and rip their insides out and laugh while they did it . . . no boy, that self pity stuff won't go . . . you can't let yourself get to that . . . that won't do any good . . . but why . . . why do they do things like that . . why are there dirty bastards like that . . . the dirty . . . and she was so good, so sweet—what was it? Oh, yeah, 'What kind of a marriage can we hope to have unless you trust me?' Trust her! Sure, trust her. Place all your emotions in her tender care—you can trust that care to be tender—trust her to handle them gently . . . now you're pitying yourself again. You've got to cut that out . . . cut that out . . . cut that out . . . He walked on and on. Suddenly a new thought came to mind. Pete! Of course it would happen, as it had happened in the past. Pete would tire of her or she would try to tie him too closely to her, and he would break away. Then what? She would be left alone . . . in the same situation that he was in now . . . but not for long. A bitter smile came to his lips. There would be someone else like Pete, and he would leave her the same way . . . and then there would be another, and another, and with the passing years she would lose her attractiveness, and then . . . he could see the path downward very clearly, and it seemed to him that he became a little older and a little tireder with the thought. Unless, he thought quickly, unless she finds a sucker like me and marries him before he knows her . . . no—no, even then she would not be safe. For no one can be fooled for life . . . no, he, too would learn, and leave in his turn . . . it was inevitable. She was doomed . . . caught in the web that was herself. He felt suddenly sorry for her . . . and understood at the same time that the pity he felt for her was the greatest insult that he could offer her. He felt sad . . . felt that he wanted to stop it—that he wanted to warn her . . . but no, she would be scornful and angry, would laugh in his face.

Hours passed before he went to bed that night, but when he did go, he knew that somehow he must try . . . try to help her in spite of herself. ●

WHAT HAPPENED TO WILLIE?

(Continued from Page 15)

started walking over, but before he got there Mr. Williams came up and took her by the hand, and they started out onto the middle of the floor for the dance. This would probably be the last one, and he wouldn't even get to dance with her.

Then a thought came to his mind. Why couldn't he walk her home? She only lived a little way down the road. But he would have to ask her first. That was the hard part.

The dance was over, and everybody was getting ready to leave. Betsy Mae started for the door where her mother was standing. Before Willie knew it he was walking by her side. Speaking hesitantly in a voice that wasn't really his, he said, "You reckon I could wh—I mean, would it be all right if I walked you home?"

"I guess it would be all right," she said with a smile. Then she looked toward the door where her mother was standing and said, "Mom, I'm coming right home."

As they walked across the yard and into the road, Willie, in a voice that still wasn't his, said, "There's going to be a hayride Saturday night. I was wondering if . . .?" ●

YOUNG MAN'S FANCY

(Continued from Page 10)

the day I fell against the lockers.

I didn't know much boxing strategy, but I figured that my best move was not to move at all. I saw that my opponent was not tiring fast and I hoped that Kay was one who favored the under-dog. Kay offered her apologies, and the two left together. I peeped through the window and saw that Kay was one who seemed to be on my side, and feeling confident that the remainder of the night would be perfectly miserable for my sparring partner, I left happy for still having my head.

Well, that was last night. Now she is smiling at me as if she too is going over the past.

"Does your eye hurt, Bobby?" she asks.

"No, not at all. You know, I thought it was best to keep things peaceful last night, but if I had really wanted to show that guy . . ." ●

Eli Whitney:

The Greatest of Southern Philosophers

By Elton Hendricks

The South has produced many men of unquestioned greatness in various fields. In the sunny land of cotton and tobacco, leaders of great ability are not uncommon. We have had our leaders like Lee and Jackson in the military field, our great political thinkers like Jefferson and Calhoun, our great orators like Hayne, and our great patriots like George Washington. The South has also had its philosophers. Perhaps the greatest of these was not a native Southerner but a school teacher born in Massachusetts: Eli Whitney. Whitney really needs no introduction to Southerners, for he is readily recalled by most as "the man who invented the cotton gin."

That Whitney developed a usable method for mechanically removing the seed of the cotton plant from the fibers is, of course, very important not only to the South but to the entire world. But something that is not always realized is that this invention contributed more to Southern philosophy and did more to make the South a separate and distinct part of the nation than all of the philosophical writings ever penned by Southerners. Without the cotton gin there very probably never would have been a War Between the States. Slavery would probably have been discontinued in the South by the middle of the nineteenth century. There would probably be no citizens' councils or Ku Klux Klan or N. A. A. C. P. The idea that the South is separate and has a distinct "way of life" would never have evolved. In fact, I would go so far as to say that without the cotton gin there never would have been a South. Dixie would forever have been no more than the southern part of the United States.

These are, of course, very far reaching statements, but I think they can be easily supported. In the latter part of the eighteenth century many Southern leaders were beginning to question whether the institution of slavery was economically sound and even whether it was morally right. These men were beginning to say that if all men were created equal and if they were endowed by their Creator with certain rights, among which were life, *liberty,* and the pursuit of happiness, then the institution of slavery was wrong and should be abolished. In fact, at about the beginning of the nineteenth century there were more abolitionists in the South than in the North. It appeared as if slavery might be on the way out in the South.

Then in 1793, Eli Whitney invented the cotton gin.

This fact changed forever the course of history in the South and consequently the nation and world. With the cotton gin in use to remove more efficiently the seed from the cotton fibers it then became more, in fact, *very* profitable to raise cotton and therefore the institution of slavery became more desirable. In the late eighteenth century, slavery seemed to be on the way out, at least in the minds of many Southern leaders. But the rapid acceptance and widespread use of the cotton gin reversed this trend.

Not long after 1800, Southerners began to feel that they were different. There arose the consciousness that the South was a separate part of the nation. Cotton came to be referred to as King and in some places with great reverence. Southerners came to feel that they had a distinctive way of living which was Divinely ordained. Because of the widespread desirability of slavery stimulated by the invention of Whitney's gin, the South developed an entirely new philosophy of life, morality, government, and economics. This philosophy was and is the South. This idea was deeply imbedded in the Confederacy just as it is still deeply imbedded in the strains of "Dixie," the Independent Party, and Southern hospitality.

Hayne gave the South a silver voice, Calhoun gave the South statesmanship, Lee gave the South courage and pride, but Eli Whitney gave the most far reaching gift: He gave the South a philosophy.

(The source materials for this article were the *New Standard Encyclopedia* and History 113.) ●

THE URGE TO GO

(Continued from Page 14)

unaccountable revulsion in his stomach. There *was* something wrong; terribly wrong. He didn't know what but he felt things would be better if he was just suddenly . . . He looked at his father.

"John," he said without glancing at his wife. "Lately you've caused your mother and myself a great deal of worry. Ah . . . You're old enough to do something with yourself, ah . . . that is go to college. Most of your friends have; the ones that haven't have got steady jobs . . ."

"Now not all of them have. Why . . ."

"Let me finish, John . . ." His father was talking in a low steady voice now. "That's not important. What's important is you, and so . . ." He hesitated a moment. "We've decided you're entering the State University second

semester."

The room was very quiet for a few seconds. John Lucius ran his fingernails along the tablecloth, making little ski trails. He swallowed and tried to speak and then swallowed again.

"You could have told me at least."

"We're telling you now, Johnny." His mother spoke very softly and tears ran down her cheeks from the edge of her eyes. "We just want you to be something, son." He never remembered her calling him son before. His father did but not his mother and it sounded strange.

"But I am something, mother. I—I—" His voice broke off. How could he tell her he had the fastest car in the state? How could he tell her that he could drive better and faster than anybody? "There're some things you can't understand. You just don't see."

"And there're many things you don't see, John. One is the need of an education." His father tried to speak reassuringly but John drew back from the table when his father tried to put his hand on his shoulder.

"Don't draw back, son."

"Umm, I'm not. I'm . . . just thinking."

"You will think about it and see it's best."

"Umm, yeh." John spoke gently, desperately wanting to make sense out of the shirl in his brain. "Yes, I'll think about it." He wanted to go but hated to leave; there was so much unsaid yet somehow unsayable.

"Well, Johnny that's fine. I'm ah . . . we're not able to buck the financial obligation of the university, at least for this semester. By next year, of course, things will be better and we know it's a lot to ask, but . . . You could bet another one soon so if you could . . . could . . . sell . . . your . . . car . . ." John's father said the last few words very slowly and glanced intently at the boy all the while.

"John, you know that it would be better if you didn't have one your freshman year, anyway. In fact, I don't think they allow a freshman to keep a car on campus." His mother jerked her hands around in the air in short arcs.

"You know *what* that car means to me!"

"Now, John."

"Now, John, nothing! You just know, that's all, and you want me to sell it."

"We're looking at it from the standpoint of years from now. An education will be more valuable."

"But that's not the point!"

"Don't scream."

"I'm not, I'm not, I'm just trying to tell you. You don't understand *anything*."

"We do, we try."

"Don't touch me, Mother! You can't understand because you don't want to. You might just as well put a brick wall

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between us because . . ." He broke off. There was no use attempting an explanation. No use arguing because he knew no matter what, eventually he would sell his car and go to school because that was the way things had been decided. He peeled the paint off the back of the chair with his fingernail.

"That's the way things are, huh?"

"We're not *making* you sell your car, Johnny." But they were and Johnny knew it. Sooner or later he'd have to give in. In one short evening the whole world had crumbled. Somewhere the phone rang a long way off and he was aware of his mother by his side.

"For you, John."

"I don't want to answer it right now." He rested his head on the table with his chin in his arm.

"Don't be childish and pout now, Johnny. It's for you, answer it." He jumped up, knocking the chair he was in onto the floor, and strode savagely across the living room to the hall, digging his heels into the carpet.

"Hello." Short and blunt.

"Hello, Johnny? What's a matter?"

"Nothing. Nothing. What you want?"

"Look, Johnny, this is Barney."

"Yeh, I know."

"I'm down at the filling station. We got up a bet with this guy with a foreign car that you can beat him . . . Johnny?"

"Yeh. Yeh."

"You there?"

"Yeh . . . Where is this fellow? Where did you meet him?"

"He came in here, in the filling station, and we just sorta got a deal going. He's kinda cocky; don't think we're worth a crap and been telling us about what his car'll do. This is really your chance to smear one of those snooty foreigners. Come on, Johnny, you can suck this guy up your exhaust pipe. . . . Hello, Johnny, what's a matter with you?" John held the receiver up to his ear, numbly staring at his mother and father who were still sitting at the dining room table. He'd sell his car and go to school and everything like it was to be ended but he could still drive it one more time. He could prove that he could beat anybody, anytime, anywhere. There was something very necessary about all this, something he had to get back, a piece of himself he must regain before it was irretrievably lost. He shifted the receiver in his hand.

"Hello, Barney. Are you there?"

"Yeh, where have you been?"

"Look, tell that fellow I'll be right down."

"Good enough. I knew you'd come through."

"Yeh. . . . Well, so long." He hung up the phone and felt for the car keys in his pocket.

"Mother . . . eh . . . Dad. That was Barney. I think I'll go and see the boys a little bit. You know, tell 'em I'm going to school and . . . selling the car."

"You won't be long, will you, son?"

"Oh no, it won't take long. I'll make it fast."

"Okay. So long, son." His father waved his hand and his mother nodded.

Out in the night air John shook his head violently from side to side and sucked in great draughts of air. He took a pocket flashlight and carefully checked his tires. He ran his hand lovingly along the hood of his car and then lifted it to inspect the engine. He slipped off the fan belt and carefully inspected the drive belt of the supercharger nestled just behind the radiator. He looked with pride on the engine-turned valve covers and the silent efficiency of the racing-type aircleaners on the carburetor and mentally went over the performance figures he had run with a stop watch. "From zero to sixty miles an hour in seven seconds, enough to make anything in Europe set up and take notice. 0-100 in 20 seconds, not bad, not bad at all." He eased the hood down and started the engine. For a few minutes he sat watching the electric tachometer he had installed right over the steering column rev to 2,500 r.p.m. Then, satisfied everything was in proper running shape he slipped the lever of the column shift into reverse and backed out of the driveway. In a minute he was in the filling station. The only car there was Barney's.

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Where People Shop . . . To Save

"Hey, Johnny. What took you so long? Everybody's waiting out at the road. Let's go." He let Barney lead the way as he kept checking the instruments in front of him. John Lucius was proud of his car. The car he was to sell—and race for one last time. He had lavished time and money and spared no effort to make it the best. It didn't make it ride comfortably but the roughness gave him a sense of security; he knew the heavy springs, the oversize antisway bar, the air lifts in front springs, were what kept him on the road in sudden sharp turns. That, combined with the power of the engine pulled him through the curves and the oversize brake drums complete with cooling fins would have done justice to a grand prix racer. He was proud and confident of his car but scared, too. For the first time he knew he'd have a real fight on his hands if the other guy could drive at all. He kept up with all the sports car magazines and knew that the awesome reputations of such cars as the Ferraris, Maseratis, and Oscas were fully justified by their performance. He rounded a bend and saw a maze of headlights and realized he was at the starting line. Squatting on the side of the road before the headlights of three or four cars lined up side by side was the Italian car, its driver leaning easily against it, smoking a final cigarette. Johnny pulled up so as to be beside it. Practically unconscious of the crowd around him he walked over to the boy. He licked his chapped lips before he spoke.

"You know the road."

"Yeh, I took a little warm-up spin on it waiting for you." John didn't like the way he said "waiting for you" but ignored it. He noticed for the first time there were a few girls, and it vaguely puzzled him. Standing where he was out in front of the car lights with the other boy beside him it seemed like they were on a stage with the footlights blinding them and it seemed to give to their every word the importance of drama. The fall air was chilly and John shivered with his hands in his pockets waiting for what seemed some delay he couldn't understand.

"What's holding everything up?"

"I dunno. You've done this before, I haven't. I think they're checking the road."

"Oh yeh, sure." John frowned and wondered why he hadn't thought of that. They always made sure the road was clear of traffic and stationed cars at various points to give notice of the law's arrival or the presence of some unsuspecting motorist. John kept thinking of his mother and father and felt sorry for them in some undefinable way that gave him a lump in the throat.

"By the way, my name is Mack Celeste." The boy held out his hand. John looked at it blankly a moment.

"Oh, glad to know you," John smiled. "I'm John Lucius."

"Are you sure you want to go through with this thing?"

"Sure. Why not?"

"Just wondered. Here comes your friend, now. I guess it's all clear. . . . Hey, Lucius?"

"Yeh?"

"You wanna make this really interesting?"

"How?"

"My car against yours. Double or nothing."

"You mean that?"

"I wouldn't have said it if I didn't . . . well common buddy. What is it?"

"Yes. Yes, double or nothing." John climbed into his car without looking back at either Mack Celeste or the crowd. Barney came up to them.

"You all ready?" He was answered by the roar of engines. He stepped back a few paces, midway between them and held up a white handkerchief. "When I drop this, then let'em go!"

Almost in a daze John saw Barney's handkerchief floating to the ground in the glare of the harsh yellow spot lights. His neck was snapped and he realized he had let the clutch out and tromped down on the gas. Before he knew it he heard a clattering sound from under the hood and saw the tach sitting on 7,000 r.p.m. . . . (think damn it, think—the shift to second, smooth and crisp—80 and the first curve coming up and where was the Italian, yeh,

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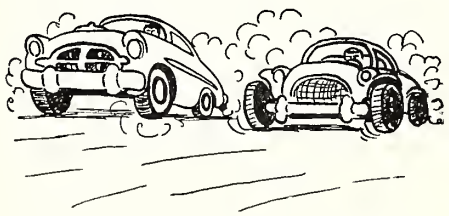
where was he? . . . Hit the brakes hard and short once, twice . . . clutch in, down shift to second . . . here comes the curve, a steep inside turn. Feel it drift right through the bend. Tug the wheel and break the back tires loose . . . let'em slide, easy now lined up for the straight, push the accelerator to the floor and stop the slide.) John's car tore through the curve, his wheels skipping delicately across the bend and then barreling down the short straight. He glanced out of the corner of his eye just in time to see a red blur come by him on the inside, seemingly with no effort. From then on John merely tried to keep on with him counting on the deceptive darkness and his thorough knowledge of the road to give him the breaks.

Swaying in his seatbelt as he doggedly pursued the sports car through the chill autumn night John was struck with the incredibility of the venture he



had gotten himself into. If he lost he not only lost the race and his prestige but also his car and if he won, he won everything. He'd already thought of how he could sell the sports car to finance his education and thus keep his own car. How he would explain his sudden landfall to his parents he hadn't gotten to. He was too busy with the mechanics of driving. Upshifting, downshifting, braking, setting the car up for drifts and powerslides. . . . He realized that he was driving better than he had ever driven before but still all he could see of Mack Celeste was a pair of red tail lights in the distance. Through a misty hollow and a particularly nasty curve and John Lucius knew they were nearing the Devil's Jumpoff and the end of the race and the end of everything . . . one way or the other. Soon they were on the section he counted on to win him the race. Badly graded and poorly-paved, it had huge potholes and sudden dips that were hell on the suspension of light cars and could break or wrench a tie rod in an instant. (Pour it on, Johnny; give Mack, the bastard, his money's worth on this stretch . . . watch that hole, damn that tach . . . much more of that and the valve'll be coming through the hood . . . S curve coming up . . . now line it up and shoot through it . . . watch the outside dip . . . steering's going bad . . . too much play in the wheel, probably dropped a pitman arm on that last dip.)

As John came out of the curve he saw his red nemesis right in front of him. It had come out of a curve too enthusiastically and gone into a spin upshifting to high, John sped by and went into the lead. Immediately the low red car was on his tail but he blocked the road so effectively it could not get by. Together they flew over the last few miles of the course, seemingly linked together flinging themselves through curves and down hills with wild abandon, their engines singing throaty roars or whining shrieks, they hurtled over the top of Devil's Jumpoff and John saw the sharp bend at the bottom of the hill and knew around the bend was the end of the race. (Oh God in Heaven, let me win, let me win. Just this curve, one more . . . I can't lose, I can't.) This was it, the culmination of everything. He slid his sweating hands along the wheel. His right went to the column shift. He hit brakes hard once . . . twice, double clutched it to second and———and the steering responded lazily, seemingly not aware of John Lucius' great need of it. The curve right in front of him, John tugged the wheel frantically and the car finally began to come around. But not enough . . . not quite enough. As John Lucius watched with the detached fascination of a movie-goer the car, his car, sailed serenely out into space and John Lucius knew he was dead. In the final instant when it was too late to cry out but only time to watch the earth coming up to meet him, John Lucius felt desperately sorry about a great many things but most of all he was terribly sorry he had to die. ●

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ENTRIES

(Continued from Page 1)

"The Urge To Go" is a good example of what he will do in the next three issues.

No poetry again. That is obvious, but the thing about it is that we are hoping to receive a plurality of poems in January for the contest. Might it be added that these will be judged anonymously by Messrs. Hunter, Coates, Franz, Loomis, and Covington. For their benefit, we ask that the name of the poem and the name of the author be included on a separate sheet. Of course, the name of the poem should appear with the text of the poetry.

Poetry cannot be argued about until it is defined, and there has never been a workable definition written. Poetry is all things to all men. Why is there no great literature being written today? At least one qualified observer has speculated that possibly the reason is that there are no great myths today as there once were. An interesting thought. Is this an age only good to write about and not in, or is it an age of technical expression? Probably the greatest literature is that which has never been written down, that simply *exists* in the minds of the greats. There is a greater need for poetry today than at any other time in the history of the world, when man is so hurried and perplexed.

Sadly enough, the only poetry written today that is not "verse" (there is a difference) is written in prose: it is the profound and awe-ful last page of a best novel. One finds there the ingredients basic to classical poetry, a deep feeling of pathos, a sublime joy, polished form, and an originality of expression. It may flow spontaneously, it may be contrived, it may be ugly, it may be vacuous, but it is poetry.

Christmas and our cover. This season has been corrupted by commercialism, paganism, and shaky tenors singing "Comfort Ye" for so long it truly is a wonder that it has retained its primary purpose, that of commemoration. Maybe we need that sort of thing to show us how real Christmas could be. But it remains a matter of simple fact that this was not intended, that the futile effort of ad men and hack writers to treat this quaint custom originally has brought into association with this season many, many vexing images. And the child, too, soon learns to write letters to his father. Christmas and its connotations remain vastly different from the first one. The inebriated mass or the annually-pious crowd griping over gifts are hardly aware of what it all means, and probably they could care no less.

What is the absurd ultimate of all this? That would be heresy, but it is easily imagined that as Thanksgiving is more and more played down in favor of early shopping it will cease to rival the present joyous events. There are just not enough champions of thanksgiving, and too many November advertising parades. Soon collards and peas will disappear, but Times Square will always be packed.

And the "spirit" of Christmas, what of that? The antithetical point is that this spirit is still around to be achieved. Every year some scrooge is saved. The fortunate are the ones who learn again each Christmas that there is a certain joy in giving with little thought of return. More especially happy are the ones who can see through this smog of tinsel and capture the image of the one who is commemorated. Everyone *has* to admire unselfishness in God's nature and, in corrupted form, in mankind.

The Lyceum Committee, or Lectures Committee, has the problem every year of "feeling out" the student body's reaction to a proposed event. That group wants to know if the students would appreciate having one "big gun" more than several speakers of slightly lesser note. Of course the plans of such a committee must be long-range, but there is the possibility of having one of several famous men here in the spring, or any number of interesting people to give variety. It is a difficult choice, but it has to be made, and the committee feels that it should have some of the opinions of the student body members. That is expedient.

Number two is functional. Noel.

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EDITORIAL

Politics And The Three-Cent Stamp

Veterans, Money, and Lobbying

Democratic government is given its impetus for action by pressure groups who are seeking to have certain legislation enacted. Not always does this system work in the best interest of the majority, but it is in this way that ideas become bills and, more important, bills become laws.

There are many kinds of these "interest groups," among them being management, labor, farm, church, racial, and veteran. It is with this latter group that we shall be concerned here: why veterans organize, why veteran undergraduates here have not, and what can be done in the way of achieving fulfillment of the Wofford veteran's interests.

Veterans have many reasons for organization — the memory of common experiences, the getting-together at the post, the feeling for a right to speak out on the subject of patriotism. Most important, however, is the fact that they have a common economic interest. The simple desire for more money has led many veterans to band together. And this has worked—in effecting legislation on pensions, education, bonuses, loans and insurance, taxes, and many other financial interests. The largest organizations operating in the interest of veterans today are the American Legion, the Veterans of Foreign Wars, Amvets, and the Disabled American Veterans. Membership is in the millions, and these lobbies are among the most influential in Washington today.

In trying to explain why undergraduate veterans do not organize, one might cite the obvious factors of lack of time, insufficient funds, lack of faith in the opinion of the individual. (We are not crusading for the establishment of a veterans' group here, but are trying to show the value of the considered voice in government.) Probably the most significant reason for the absence of a veteran's group here is the simple fact that the veteran who is trying for a sheepskin, at the same time supporting a wife and often one to three children, keeping himself clothed, and spending a small part of his allotment for entertainment does not have enough income to do justice to all these phases of his life.

What can the veteran who is not affiliated with national groups of his kind do to see that his pecuniary plight is recognized and acted upon? The most effective instrument in his case is the letter. He, in conjunction with thousands of other veterans, can put considerable force behind a three-cent stamp.

The man who takes fifteen minutes to write a letter to his national representatives has invested only three cents that can bring him many dollars in return. How else can the congressman or senator know that he has backing from his constituents when he considers the situation?

A copy of the letter found on page two has been sent to seventy-eight colleges and universities in this state, North Carolina, and Georgia, where veterans are attending under the G. I. Bill.

The man who has had a hand in saving the country in time of war has deserved remuneration, but he may not get it if he chooses to be passive. The need for active participation may result in victory for the opposition. ●

—J. E. J.

THE JOURNAL

Sixty-seven Years Deep in Wofford College Tradition

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The JOURNAL

MARCH, 1957

WOFFORD COLLEGE -:- POETRY ISSUE

THE JOURNAL
OF WOFFORD COLLEGE

VOLUME LXXX ★ No. 3 SPARTANBURG, SOUTH CAROLINA MARCH ★ 1957

ENTRIES

Whether you agree that poetry is the "spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings, "or whether you accept the attitude that that literary form might better be contrived or better lost, every man who has been contacted by the wonder of verse must admit that at some time he felt the better or stranger for it.

There are people who insist that the poem is an inherent form which arose quite naturally because of man's yearning to try his hand at compressed form; others feel that poetry can be explained from the standpoint that man, in his highest moments, sputters out the iambic line. Of course, arguing why poetry exists is futile unless the word is defined, and there are as many definitions of poetry as there are kinds of liver pills.

There are several ways of reading or studying poetry: one can look at it as it attempts to duplicate nature, and judge it on the basis of how realistic it is; it can be studied in relation to the author, and in one can often read autobiographical overtones; or it can be considered solely for its intrinsic worth. Probably, when one reads a poem he, consciously or not, judges and interprets it on a combination of these three premises. In any case, the fact remains that he will derive much more than he deemed possible from his study if he knows something of the limitations of the form, the tools of the poet.

This issue is devoted primarily to poetry. The contest winners will be announced by the eidtors after the spring holidays. We thought that emphasis on this form in one given issue might stimulate interest in poetry and show that this sort of thing is not dead—yet.

We heard rumors that several professors were leaving Wofford this year, and along with that talk we heard a lot

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The Big Smile

By Donnie Burnett

Benny Gillespi's life had always been one of upsets and disappointments. From the day he was born, when his father had given up to dismay at finding he was a boy, which is logical because he could never be a girl, to the day at hand some twenty-four years later, Benny had been a chump. Of course everyone was too polite to come right out and say so, but Benny knew. He may have been the most unlucky duckling ever hatched out of a brooder, but he was not the stupidest. At least Benny liked to think he wasn't.

But on that point there were some who could have swayed a team of debaters in favor of the positive answer. For instance, his top sargeant in the Infantry, who could have swayed John C. Calhoun, Daniel Webster, and a corpse of mother-in-laws all put together. The Sarge depended, not so much on logic or reason, as on pure oratory. But we must give the devil his dues. Benny was not so dumb as to join the Infantry. Could he help it if they were the only ones who would take him?

The Sarge very likely had a legitimate beef. It's a historical fact that Benny spent more time peeling potatoes and shining the pretty tin bottoms of garbage buckets than he did handling a rifle. But he saw plenty of guns while he was in the army. Usually though, it was from the small end first. He happened to be one of the few who got thirty days off. That is, thirty days off the original sixty for good behavior.

Benny's fortune was not all bad. He had been able to pull one of the slickest tricks ever pulled by man, wooing a regular Miss America. Sylvia was a petite little blonde about five feet four and the best looker in the little town of Hilltop. This was quite an accomplishment for Benny, considering the fact that he wasn't exactly Casanova. He wasn't too bad looking if you stretched the point, but even the most generous agreed he leaned more to the Abe Lincoln type. Now Sylvia was the crowning glory of his life and he was prouder than a banty rooster at five in the morning.

There were those who were skeptical. They looked back on his fabulous luck, fabulous because it had been consistently bad, and shook their heads. It would not last, they said. In truth, Benny had had a somewhat meteoric series of rises and falls. There was the time, for instance, back in junior high school, when he had been chosen to make a speech on Patrick Henry, John Adams, and the American Revolution, in a speech contest. He had written one of the fanciest speeches ever memorized in anybody's head and then the day came. Benny stood confidently up, leaned back, and somewhere in between got Patrick Adams, John Henry, and the French Revolution twisted in his mind, and forgot the whole speech.

Then there was the time of the big land sale, where the big drawing for a fine, trained Shetland pony was held. Benny was the second in line and so he got the second number, which was one hundred-one. Then the little boy with the skinned knees reached in and pulled the number, which was one hundred-one. Benny jumped and ran to the platform to get his pony, only he didn't get it. It seems he lost his number somewhere and so to be fair and square they had to have another drawing.

But all this was past and Benny was living on present glory, namely Sylvia. Then came the day when he proudly went down to the Post Office to enlist, for he'd heard the draft call was coming out the next month. First the Navy, then the Air Force, next the Marines, and finally the good old Infantry took him. Before leaving, he had meant to marry Sylvia, but just two days before the marriage, she suddenly came down with the mumps. She recovered in time to see him off, but not in time to marry. So off to the army he went. Shortly after he was sent abroad and the letters, scented so sweetly, followed him, all by air mail. Then one day, about six months later, he got one that wasn't by air mail and it wasn't scented. Everyone had thought his luck would change and it did.

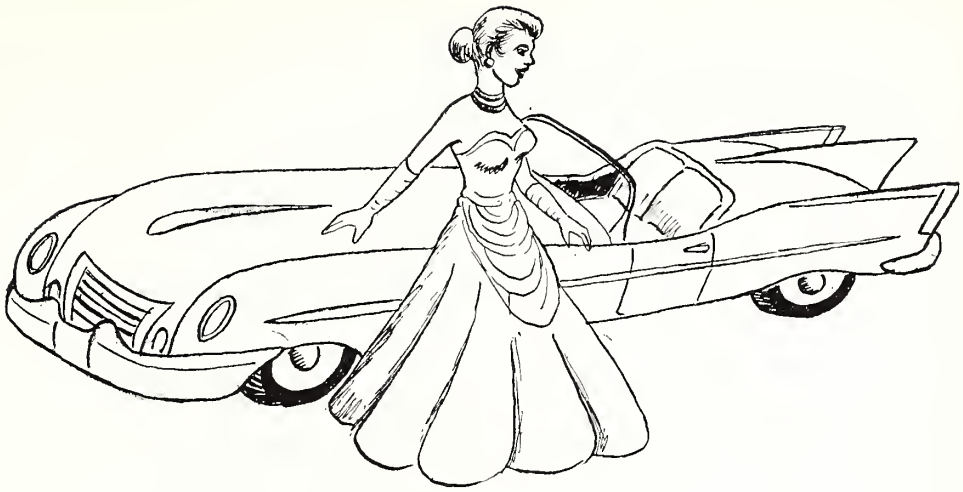
This last stroke of luck almost floored poor Benny. He moped around like a faithful dog who had lost his master. It wouldn't have been so bad had she not been so beautiful. Especially since he had shown her picture and bragged on her to all the boys in the barracks. Even the Sarge scratched his head in amazement.

The following sixteen months were pretty hard on Benny, especially the thirty days "vacation." But the thing which Benny dreaded most was having to go home and face everyone. When he got home though, things were not as expected. There were no wisecracks from the boys down at the livery stable nor snickers in the barber shop. That seemed strange to Benny. He'd been in town two days and hadn't seen Sylvia yet. He didn't want to see her face to face, but he did want to see her from a distance. He learned where she was living with her husband and drove out the next afternoon and parked across the street under a large shade tree. He sat there about an hour and kept seeing a fat, untidy woman who resembled a large block of Jello, sitting on the hood of a model A on a gravel road.

Surely this was the wrong house, so he got out and went to the door of a nearby house and asked who lived in the house with the red shingles. The kind lady told him, and sure enough it was Sylvia's house. But who could the fat lady be? Why, she had said, that's Sylvia Blackstone. Benny laughed. Then he laughed again. Then he laughed some more. ●

By

Tom Wright



The Mysterious Advertisement,

or I Getcha, Baby, But . . .

Whatever happened or, to be more correct, whatever happens to the girl in the red convertible? Every year when the new automobiles are unveiled to the eyes of a wondering public this ephemeral lass is to be found in all our national magazines (almost all, *New Republic* still constitutes a stout bastion against the Madison Avenue version of the feminist movement) and daily newspapers, draping herself, chic and sophisticated, in the front seat of her convertible. The backgrounds vary of course, from the campus of Bryn Mawr to the leading country club of some ambiguous Gotham, but no matter if it be ski lodge, beach resort, or Virgin Island golf club, the implication is that there, but for the grace of a few technicalities to be cleared up at your local auto-dealers, go you.

Now I have no quarrel with these ads. I think they are very clever, a little horrible perhaps, but almost invaribly humorous. However, I am puzzled somewhat by some aspects of them. I've long had the habit of looking at a picture and then trying to reconstruct all that has gone on before and after the picture captures that particular moment in time. In the third and fourth grade I reconstructed the whole life of Dick and Jane and Sally or Baby or whoever the character in our reader happened to be just from looking at the illustrations in the book. I was particularly fond of the panoramic scenes from the top of some hill showing the rolling hills and cultivated farmlands and conjured up an idealistic picture of the pastoral life.

Getting back to the doll sitting in her convertible: it's immediately noticeable that everybody in these automobile advertisements is delirious with joy. The most obvious reason why the blonde is so devastating and why all the well-groomed, well-heeled people are so happy and lovable leaning nonchalantly on their ski poles, or golf clubs, or polo mallets ("the NEW Whammy Eight is SO Pukkah") is the car she is in. "The car of tomorrow" with its "Look of leadership" may resemble nothing more than a pregnant hippo in a suit of armor, yet it is the fountain of all her joy, the balm of her sorrow and, by implication, it can be yours too.

Somehow I feel though that the whole story does not lie in just that one illustration. Picture the same girl a few years later. Her self-evident charms have worked and she's got a husband. She gets up at five in the morning to feed the baby and drive hubby to the train station to wait for his commuter. Say this particular morning she's had a fight with hubby. On the way home she runs out of gas. She gets out of the car and looks at what was once her heart's delight reproachfully. The weather is cold and foggy. She is sleepy . . . her hair is stringy . . . no coffee yet . . . the car is dusty and the front fender is dented. Carefully she steps back and measures her distance and takes one quick step forward and kicks in the door panel and says in a tense, disillusioned voice, "you damn sonofabitch."

There are variations of the straight sex lure which, though it has overtones of it, still does not pack the punch of the super sophisticated ads combining the promise of sexual happiness *with* success in the inner conclaves of the mighty. The best examples of these latter are probably found in the *New Yorker* or *Holiday*. In these the elegant young matron emerges from her El Dorado Eight parked in front of the white columned antebellum home. On

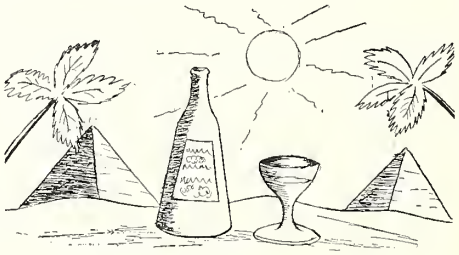
(Continued on Next Page)

one side of the picture magnolias hung with Spanish moss are just visible. It is evening, the house is brightly lit, and it is evident that a high falut'ng shing-dig is going on inside. She pauses a moment at the door of her admiral's barge, radiant in ermine and diamonds and gold lame gown which the credit line says belongs to Jacques Faith. An equally elegant though somewhat faceless male stands at her back, attired in black tie. She looks out from the pages of *Holiday* for a moment, for just a moment, before she enters the portals of aristocratic hedonism, at you, the reader. That's right, at you, mae—and the people at the El Dorado Eight Corporation dearly hope you've had it. You saw the caption, didn't you? In discreet 40 point, "El Dorado Eight—for people who matter." So you arrange weekly payments for the next three years but that doesn't matter, you've got your ear now; bring on the girls.

Naturally there are endless variations on the central theme which makes ad perusing such an interesting sport. Perhaps the bizzarest pitches are made by the firms which have rather off-beat or prosaic merchandise to sell and are determined to work in the sex angle somehow. You may not think a teasingly veiled nude could sell doorknobs or ball bearings, but she obviously does, as she appears invariably in those type ads.

Probably the hardest ad to construct a past and future for the model was the one I ran across in *Ladies Home Journal.* The *Journal* must number among its readers a great many men too, for this one featured a lean, but well built, brunette with a sort of shaggy dog haircut. This voluptuous seductress flaunts her decolleté and says alluringly, "My constipation worries are over now." Milk of Magnesia never had it so good. The nearest I can come to constructing any sort of life for this poor girl is to assume she's a communist spy, and that she's talking code. I just can't imagine the lovely creature, dressed as she was and looking like she did, coming out with a line like that.

The ultimate in the abstruse in the ad man's world which seems in itself to be abstruse by definition is a far cry from our doll parked on the green at hole six at the country club. Indeed these virtually border on art and employ a form of dadaism to get their point across. Dadaistic treatment of subjects seems to be used more and more in the entertainment and advertising field which are closely connected anyway. The foremost proponents of dadaism in the entertainment field are Bob and Ray, who have a program on a major network five days a week. They typically underplay their skits, giving the whole show a very serious or "straight" tone, yet injecting utterly ridiculous statements every now and then but still retaining their complete unawareness that anything is amiss. This type of appeal is carried over in the advertising world with the kind of ad that might want to sell you an expensive



set of china. The typical pitch in the run-of-the-mill ad that would run in *Woman's Day* would show a dewy-eyed bride, radiant with inexpressible delight over her new china. All the plates and cups, etc., would be stacked up in front of her, the groom lingering fondly at her side and the crowd at the wedding, milling around in the background. Not so our dadaistic ad. An average example would show an Edwardian dandy dressed in houndstooth knickerbockers and norfolk jacket holding a raised umbrella with one hand and a china cup filled with coffee sitting in a saucer held with the other hand. Possibly a girl in late Victorian dress would be draped over his shoulder. This would be photographed against an absolutely white background with a few props such as a low table with a coffee pot

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ENTRIES

(Continued from Page One)

of people saying some shady things about the school, and we wrote the editorial on page sixteen. First impression may have it that it is a bribe to the higher echelons, but we think that it is a logical argument.

Tom Wright, who is accepting articles for the next issue, has come up with another gem in "The Mysterious Advertisement." He will be included in the next two JOURNALS. Harry Palmer's "People" is a humorous personal essay worth perusal, and he has four poems in this book. Esoteric erotism, "An Assay of the Stuff of Life," page six, is the soul of wit. "Clyde," by Spencer Graham, is a rather original thing which bears commending.

As fanciful as spring, Ann Morrison, Peggy Eratt, and Butler Freeman grace our cover, and young men who think that that is strange in a men's school might be examined by a head-shrinker. Obviously, the most poetic subject is the opposite sex, so it is fitting that these young ladies should appear here. Post-humous valentine?

At the convention of the South Carolina Collegiate Press Association, which will meet at Wofford, April 12-13, the winners of the magazine contest will be announced. Your magazine will be entered, along with entries in several categories, such as editorials, short stories, poems, etc. An honest appraisal of the rest of the group seems to give host Wofford's JOURNAL a slight edge over other contenders. This magazine won the contest in 1954, when Neil Bonds and William Tucker edited the centennial issue and four others. We like to think that we have hit on an acceptable mean for a literary JOURNAL, and we also like to believe—in fact, we must believe—that this is the state's best as far as college literary magazines go.

So number three is poetry. You will see at least two entries in the dramatic form in the next issue. Art Dupre will blossom forth for the first time this year with a work of dialogue.

Number three is aesthetic. Happy holidays.

The Green Ribbon

By Chris Kanos

It was a quiet, windless day that seemed to magnify the fervent beauty of springtime upon the surrounding hills of the valley. The majesty of the towering mountains against the cloudless sky, the blossoming peach trees which lined the dusty road added delight to the valley. A brook, a fury all its own, echoed chattering, prattling voices into the air. A squirrel, resting upon its hind-legs, feverishly gnawed on a nut shell.

A soft brown eyed, bushy haired boy of about twelve years, wearily tugging a red wagon, walked the pebbled covered road. In the wagon wrapped in a burlap, tied with a green ribbon, was the boy's dog . . . His white tee shirt, spotted with dirt, was half tucked in and out of his faded dungarees. He paused, wiping his backhand across the small indentation of his pug, cinnamon spotted nose.

Laboriously, the boy, his worn sneakers pressing down the pebbles on the road, giving a cracking tone, made his way down the valley road. His destination . . . the family plot . . . the small cemetery at the base of Eagle mountain.

The boy reached the plot; an obscure place of burial ground, which had in its turn long since died. He came to a stop. The area was enclosed within an iron fence, which had corroded through the years losing its original black luster. He released the handle of the wagon allowing it to fall to the ground. Gently, he pushed the old rusty gate. Unwillingly, it opened. The boy pulled the wagon into the enclosure of the fence. The graves were unkept. Weeds, bending with their own weight, concealed the plots. The monuments, covered with a moss-like growth, could not be read. Carefully, he removed the bag and placed it upon the ground.

He approached a monument. Kneeling, he began brushing his hand against the stone to remove the age-old dirt. He heard a faint murmur . . . a dog's murmur. Instantaneously, he wheeled around, a dog, a vagabound mixbreed, was sniffing at the bag. Momentarily he froze, then lurching forward, he screamed frantically: "Go 'way, go 'way!" The vagabound did not heed the command. He kicked the dog. The dog with its tail between its hind-legs ran through the open gate. The boy, with a sigh of relief, knelt beside the bag.

He found an appropriate place for the dog. Upon his hands and knees, he feverishly dug fist full after fist full of damp, sticky earth. Reaching what he thought sufficient depth, he placed the burlap within the hole. He looked down. Tears appeared in his eyes. He sat by the side of the hole and untied the green ribbon.

He stared at the dog. A slight movement of his leg caused a little dirt to fall upon the open eye of the dog. The death of the dog was laughably clear now. For a moment he was completely numb. He had no thoughts at all. Tears ran down his cheeks.

He refilled the hole as quickly as he had prepared it. He smoothed the surface of the mound with a branch from a tree. He stood up. Straight up. His eyes, half closed, filled with tears, as they looked to the cloudless sky. Folding his hands crosswise on his chest, he made his plea.

"God up in the sky . . . my Pa's and Ma's God. Why'd my hound hav' to dy? He was a good hound. He did'un pull up Ma's flowers . . . they want pretty anyhow . . . he could smell a rabbit anywhere in da' hills . . . he's a good huntin' hound . . . be good to ma' hound . . . 'cause . . . ah . . . he can hep you track anything . . . by, boy . . . be a good hound . . . God gonna be good to ya . . . he has to be . . . don't you go an' fergit me now . . . 'cause I ain't never gonna fergit you . . . I gotta go . . . Ma's gonna hav' my breeches if'in I'm late agin . . ."

Night was drawing near. A blanket of mist was sweeping down over the valley. He left the place, hesitating only to pull the gate to a close. The boy tugging his wagon, walked slowly homeward down the road, with the green ribbon tucked in his back pocket.

An Assay Of The Stuff Of Life

Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of their country. Now, that's an absurd statement. Which serves to introduce the first point, namely that Education *per se* should not only indoctrinate the individual in the arts but show him that thought—really original thought, like setting Sapphic odes to polyphonic melodies with conga backups—is not interested in showing seventeen dollars coinings of words but is more concerned with the immediate expediences of daly living (sic).

In order not to lose the order of this thing, may we orient ourselves to the second point, which is that the imperfections of the universe may be likened to that which results from the game of solitaire in the shadows of the prison-house. The allusion to Wordsworth was intended to show how the marvelous invention of education can be contrived to warp one's mind and make him think that there is something positively *therapeutic* in that sort of snobbery. This thing, of course, can be carried to extremes, as evidenced in all telephone directories, preferably those of the Southern Belle System. The Yellow Pages read like Bartlett's.

I read in a Lebanese song book that "A little while, a little rest upon the wind, and another woman shall bear me." Even in my naiveté I supposed that this prophet could only be saying that hell is on earth; that is, until Florence Spellman made that simply *awful* edict against baby doll stories, and I immediately surmised that something more splendiferous than this life must be. Third point: Hell is not in earth, unless one is going to say that wawr (FDR hates wawr; his wife Eleanor hates wawr; his dog Tray hates wawr) is hell.

A fellow named Szamek, Louella Parsons, Noel Coward (in the shower), Ike Himself, Carmine de Sapio, Abelard & Héloise (in a history text—shades of Dunc Wallace!), and D. Crockett in that dreadful cap—they all did it, or are doing it, or are rehearsing for it, as are occupied such eccentrics as Liberace (an assumption), E. Allan Poe, ho ho ho, who did it in verse, Ella Fitzgerald in a candy box, a nympho in the Reynolds family, a fellow who calls himself Aloysius, a champion of Mississippi who writes long, vexing sentences and makes a great deal of money with obvious shockers such as *Sankatary* (97% morphine free), *The Book, Rook's Gamble, Obsolete, Obsolete!, The Sands and the Furies,* and numerous contributions to *The Baptist Courier,* Tom Woof in Tryon, Florence among the Nightingales (not to be confused with Ophelia among the Flowers), a partridge in a pear tree, and your humble scribe: freudulent (a pun on *fraudulent,* if you please) conquests, whether on a garbled lawn or in a connubial setting, provide tasty material for the Bantam writer.

Middle-Aged people, who had a fetish for tabulation, always arrived at odd numbers; hence, the fifth paragraph and the fifth point, this point being: "Life is short. Bottoms up."

This is the new realism, that:

(1) Education surely means *something,* but to say that you-know-what-kind- of Education makes men Good is Platonic, hence, heretical.

(2) Be the cards stacked, the odds are even.

(3) W. Tecumseh Sherman's point was well taken.

(4) Other things conjugate besides verbs, and syncopation is no aid to procreation.

(5) Rather than eulogize John Longbottom (generically, Homo Arlslonga), we should instead apply ourselves to bursting Joy's grape, gathering nutgrass, sucking rabbit tobacco.

This voids all previous realism and affords the thesis for my departmental research paper.

Moral: A little rest upon the wind never hurt anybody. ●

—J. E. J.

ADVERTISEMENT

(Continued from Page Four)

beside him and on what would normally be the wall, a plaque, carved and ornamented, that read, "Home, Sweet Home." For the caption he would simply be saying, probably in a balloon like a comic strip character talks, "The coffee is terrible, but the cups are DIVINE,"—and if you cared to notice you would undoubtedly see it was an ad by Divine China Ltd.

Now these ads I give up entirely trying to figure out. How are you going to fathom the inner meanings of an advertisement that shows a couple of martinis resting on the sands of the desert with the pyramids in the background? Though dadistic ads most often employ irony or satire at their own expense, don't be misled, buddy—they want your money just as badly as the cruder type; they're just aimed at a different kind of audience. It all boils down to: you too can be successful. *You* can play polo if you drink this imported ginger ale or at least you can give the impression you're the polo type, *because* you drink this brand of ginger ale. You can be charming, witty, a heller with the women, anything you need to assuage your ravished ego if only you will use this or that product designed with *you* in mind. Nirvana beckons just on the other side of that power lawnmower or $500 camera or it's in the seat (power operated, of course) of that new car—yeh, that's right. That's right, the one with the blonde in the toreador pants. I getcha baby, but somehow I think you're giving me a line. I keep seeing you with those floppy slippers, beating hell out of that beau . . . tiful convertible ●

People

By Harry Palmer

A writer should choose a broad topic for a work of this kind, and even if I were limited only to broad people, or merely broads, it seems that there would be enough of those to go around, in fact who do go around with any male, or with some to spare, or both, depending on the way you look at it, or whether, but I'm getting off the train of thought in the wrong station.

Back to the broad people. I maintain that the broad people are the most important people in our society today. Why, if there were no broad people around, especially broad women, our economy would collapse. The girdle industry would go quickly to pot, leaving millions of makers of curve-curbing garments unemployed and destitute; there would be board meetings hurriedly called at Goodyear, Goodrich, U. S. Royal, and all the other good, noble, and rich rubber refiners to decide how the crisis could best be met. Of course they would have to reduce production, leaving unemployed workers and disappointed expecters of dividends all over the nation; dock workers and shipping tycoons alike would feel the pinch to the bottoms of their pocketbooks; embittered labor union members would riot in the streets of our cities, endangering our wives and children, and on a South American plantation the peons would lay down their machetes and go back to sleep . . . all because some women's fannies lost their tendency to wiggle when their owners took a walk. And, of course, the effect on the girdle industry is only an infinitesimal part of the total impact that a reduction in the breadth of large numbers of citizens would have on our society. The diet purveyors would dry up and blow away; the cloth manufacturers would have to reef their sails; the Turkish bath business would lose its steam, and, as I said before, a general shrinkage would be felt to the bottom of American economy.

As I have been sitting here before my typewriter thinking of people, I have come to the conclusion that the morning after a large evening of riotious living is not the best time to probe the imponderables of people's behavior. That is to say that peering out of bloodshot eyes set in a head as large as the previous evening isn't perhaps the best perspective — except, as my repentant stomach urges, for gaining insight into the folly of man. Any human being too foolish as to treat so shamefully an honest, serviceable digestive tract rightfully should reap a revolt as the harvest of his tyranny. Josh Billings was right when he said that a good set of bowels was better than a good set of brains, and a man's brains couldn't be very good if they would permit him to try to poison a good, serviceable set of bowels. However, masochistic man always seems to consider the abuse of his carcass as pleasure. He fries his skin on the beaches, blisters his hands and tortures his back muscles on the golf courses, batters the lower part of his spine on horseback, gives himself pneumonia shooting innocent ducks, breaks as many bones as is possible on skis, and this, he says, is fun.

The ways in which our man enjoys himself are all very well, but it is in connection with a machine that he really outdoes himself, particularly when that machine happens to be an automobile. The average man is a decent chap — not too bright, but a good fellow at heart. That is, except when he gets behind the wheel of an automobile. Then, if you approach him (especially from the front of the car) he will kill you as nonchalantly as he would say "Good morning." He is a psychopathic fiend infatuated with his machine, and the slave of power and speed. All veneer of civilization has slipped from him. His Neanderthal brother could understand him much better than we. Also, paradoxically, although he is going somewhere, he will frequently choose to kill himself and all his family, rather than arrive at his destination ten minutes later.

So, in these few lines we have taken a trip to the zoo. We have seen the hippopotamus, the monkey, and the tiger—mostly we have watched the monkey and the hippo. I like them. I like, too, the giraffe, who holds himself aloof, with unapproachable dignity. His natural habitat is the exclusive club, the boxes at the opera, T. S. Elliot, or any other rarified atmosphere where only such fragile, delicate things as Amy Vanderbilt, white ties, Continental Mark II automobiles and other bloodless forms can survive. I like the giraffe most of all, I think, because of his long, beautiful, stiff neck, which is so fallible.

I suppose I should end this beautiful tale with a Jayne Mansfield, or one equally beautiful and well endowed for pointing a moral, or immoral, or, in fact, anything she chooses, but I don't believe I can turn a phrase well enough to leave a well turned end, except the above mentioned. ●

CLYDE

By Spencer Graham

•

The cab pulled up in front of Terminal Station in Atlanta. My father and I quickly got out and stepped up on the curb.

"You have a few minutes before train time," he said. "Let's go in the drug store here and have a coke. . . ."

" . . . Wish I could go with you," my father said as we drank our cokes. "I'd like to go up and see how everything is now."

"Well, there isn't much going on up there during registration," I said. "Maybe you and mother can make it to the first football game."

"Well, yes, we may be able to. We'll write for tickets when we decide. By the way," he said, "one thing. When you get to school, just don't stick close to your old friends. Make some new ones. And don't think that coming from prep school makes you special. It doesn't anymore."

"It doesn't?"

"No, but it used to. Why, when I went to school at Duke from Darlington, we had our own close group. But it's not much use looking for that type of clique now. It's old tradition. Just like Clyde."

Clyde was something I had heard about all my life. He was a hero of sorts. He had a sandy crew-cut and green eyes, and drove a fast Ford convertible. From what I could gather, he was a pretty romatic fellow. He was liked by everyone. He seemed to have some mysterious glow inside him that attracted people to him. They watched him walk, crowded around him at parties, and the girls actually begged to be introduced to him.

Clyde possessed all the golden qualities of Rock Hudson and Jerry Lewis put together. All his clothes, even his underwear, came from Brooks Brothers in New York.

The funny thing about Clyde was that no one ever got close enough to him to know him. Clyde was just there; he just was. He went to England in the summer and Cuba in the spring. Usually, during the fall, you could find him at the beach.

What did he do exactly? Well, he drank beer for breakfast, Old Grand Dad for lunch, and champagne with his dinner. He loved to play jokes on people. He liked to put goldfish in toilets. His sophomore year in college, he and his date rode to the homecoming game on a beautiful white horse. His junior year, he gave a dance on the bottom of the school swimming pool. It had been drained, of course. His senior year, he let his feet be strapped to the wings of an airplane, and the plane few over Durham upside down. He did this just to entertain his friends. Yes sir, he was a real hero.

"You just won't find anyone like him at Duke today," my father said. "You boys today just don't have what it takes. You worry and go too much for your own good. But nobody blames you. That's the way things are now. People just don't know how to have a good time anymore, and if they did they couldn't."

. . . The train pulled into Durham about four o'clock. I took a cab up to the Duke campus. It was raining and cold. The buildings looked sad and grey, and the sky was grey, and the streets were grey. Even the people I saw looked tired and grey.

I picked up my room key at the office and walked over to the dorm. There was nobody around. No one was in my room. John, my roommate, who went to Darlington, had not arrived. Neither had my other two suitemates. I went into one of the small rooms off the study room and put my things on one of the beds. I took off my overcoat and stretched out on the other iron bed. I read a magazine for a little while and then went to sleep.

When I woke up, it was dark; and I heard someone humming. I went out to the study room. I realized that the humming was coming from the other bedroom. I saw a large steamer trunk with steamship stickers on it. Two unopened cans of beer sat on top of the trunk. A framed picture of a good looking girl, sitting on a white horse with a young man, was on the table.

The humming stopped and I turned around. There stood one of my new roommates with a goldfish bowl in his hands. A goldfish was in the bowl. He had green eyes and a sandy crew-cut.

"Hello," he said, "I'm Clyde." ●

Droll Tales Of Gods And Men

When the world was dumped from the trash cans of the rich men who had grown sick of it, there was made to live in it such things as would have the chore to clean it and make it fit for a god to want back. But what the rich men did not do was to tell these "men" that they should make it fit for a god to want back. And so came the wrath of god.

One of these men was born with a tongue, and his speech moved the hearts of his folk so that they thought that he was a spy from hell. But not all of the men near this sweet threat thought that he was a spy from hell, and they asked him if he were. "I am the son of god," he said. Each of us has his cross to bear, and the poor man was slain by the folk. The sad point of it all was that not a soul could be found who could say where hell was.

A man grew tired of his chore (he had to clean up a soiled race track in France), and he said, "The day of wrath came; then came the spy from hell. This does not make sense. Why did god send his wrath first?" And not a soul could be found who could say why, and soon not a man knew that the day of ire had been in the first place. The one who had asked was slain. And so came the purge of the church.

Now it is plain to know that if a man gets up and says that things are wrong he is slain. All is for the best in this best of all worlds, and if the men had to clean up trash they did not have time to think too, or they could not do their work right. That is the way of things.

When a king was bored with his wife, he took one from the streets, and the church fell from a great wall and broke in half, the two parts of which were to fall in their due time and to break. All the King's men could not glue them back to make one piece. That was the fall of man, part three of his tale.

All good plays now have three acts, but man's strut on the stage is bad: it is in five acts and lasts a long time on its round stage. One scene that I like is the one in which the gods lose all note of their men and sing odes to bald domes. On the near side of the stage are stools where the ones who can pay for them can sit, and I can hear but not see what passes on the far side. Once in a while I could hear Zeus as he scorned Love, but I had to leave when the fourth trope was through. As well as I could tell, it was a good play. (Fear checks me when I think that I should climb up to see the sights or to say that that verb was wrong.)

One of the men in the ale house said that since I did not see the last act he would tell it to me. I said, "Good. Since I did not see the last act, tell it to me." It was set among the mounts, and a mad man who would rant and beat his chest gave shouts that war would come. And he had not got off the round good 'till on came men to fight. The gore made my friend sick, and as he thought of it he soon gave me his glass of ale and ran out of the place in a fit. "Who won?" I asked, and not a soul could be found who could say who won. I did not ask again.

What we should learn from this good play was told us by the man who wrote it, as he pulled aside the shades:

"God is a man with blood like that
which will flow here:
In heav'n he rests.
Those who might think that that is
wrong ne'er will go there:
All's for the best."

Good acts will earn good deeds. Or, if you sit and ask why a pie will rise, it will not rise and you will die of ire. ●

By John Jones

Soliloquy At Midnight

By Frederick B. Hayes

I had seen her before, and thought she
was meant to be
The one and only, the one God made
for me.
I saw her face as clear as the sky;
I saw her as she passed me by.
My heart grew weak, and I wondered
why
She had left me as though to die.
She was beautiful, with lips a flaming
red;
Her blonde curls looked like an orna-
ment for her head,
Her waist was medium and eyebrows
light;
How well I remember, her dress was
white!
I watched her as she sang her songs
of praise
To God on high for her happy days.
My heart felt something it had never
witnessed in a thrill,
That something that raptures down the
valley and up the hill.
I knew that me, a boy with no society,
Could not accomplish what she did at
three.
I knew that she must ever remain to me
Just a beautiful girl, Just a memory!

DAMNED

By Harry Palmer

Sirens scream in the night; blue coats,
fast moving.
Angry vengeful fingers,
Pointing, stabbing
Toward clay once white, now filth,
sewer's ooze.

The hand descends and the change is
made,
Warm for cold.

Clay near-pressed by time's mold into
a creature
Steel-strong and standing straight.
Truth and honor,
Strength, courage, and ambition form
a stalwart young body,
Graceful and proud.
How come these God-given graces to
rot?
Cannot hunger, with his slow-gripping
talons,
Torture truth 'til he is a whining
thing?
Cannot brutality throw honor into this
stinking mud of reality?
Cannot immorality hamstring strength
and courage
With dainty perfumed dagger?
Cannot frustration flay ambition
'Til he sinks to his haunches and be-
comes an animal
Watchful, greedy and cunning?

I'm Agin' It

By Lonnie Cook

I'm set against new-fangled ways
Because they're roads untrod
Inventions were not meant to be
For they aren't decreed by God.

I have no use for sentimental
Customs quaint and old.
Can't stand to swelter in the heat
Or shiver in the cold.

I hate a shy, demuring face
Of innocence and bliss
I loath a flashing eye too bold
Or lips too quick to kiss.

I hate a muddy backwoods farm
The smells, the sounds, the sight
Can't stand the city's busy streets
The noise, the rush, the light.

A sloppy dress I most abhor
An unclean face I loath
Fastidious attire detests me
Can't stand neatness in one's clothes.

Won't ride in cars of any kind
And a horse or mule will balk
So I never travel
For it's only fools who walk.

Distrust a man who won't say much
Still waters do run deep.
I avoid a lengthy talker.
He a confidence can't keep.

As for reward when death arrives
Some lose, and some do win it.
But be it good, or bad, or none
Personally, why I'm agin' it.

The Regeneration

By Harry Palmer

●

No sound, no light, no time;
Intangebility without change; Nothingness never ending—Void.

And in this void, Mind—
Active, infinite, yet live, finite. . . .
All energy massed in pure potential force.
Energy visualised, thought projected as molten matter,

But formless.
Explode the mass in form!
So there were masses hurtling in pattern in space.
From masses came masses

Circling, cooling, solidifying.
Came a new image—
Matter with volition.
So life appeared, weak and groping,
And so was the spark of each reassimilated by the Mind
And reprojected in the next.
Until in man it is carried to new levels.

From those to new levels,
And thence, successively to perfection—
To the Mind,
For that is its cycle.

Man On A Bridge

By Harry Palmer

●

The water, cool and dark below the bridge
Brings back those distant years of childhood joy.
Unfettered fancy's dreams lie there entombed,
Far from their high and shining dwelling place.
Of futile plodding death revering streets,
Of touch of grim reality they died,
Never finding solace's soft repair.

There was no velvet surface for their touch
When all was jagged, broken rock.
There was no spot of sweet, forgetful gloom
When all was searing, blinding glare.
There was no note of kindness' tender tone
When all was shrieking, clashing din.

The spirit thrust itself on sharded hearts. . . .
The dice are thrown and stare in dumb reproach. . .
It is decreed that I am Ishmael,
For man must be a beast if he can live.

The water, cool and dark below the bridge
Awaits this instant's work, my final arc.

I Remember Idle Talk

By Bob Chamblee

●

I Remember idle talk
That hinted pain and fear,
With haunted eyes, so out of place
In one then very young.
Her hair was blonde and neat and she
Smiled a careful smile,
That gleamed cold fire, too cold to burn
In this bright, violent age.
There seemed to be a formless dread
Drifting round the scene
As she sat and talked, in her nervous voice
Of her philosophy.
She said she had hoped for kindness
But found it too dear,
Her hopes too cheap,
The market was glutted with hopes.
She reached for life,
It dodged her hands,
She quit the hunt and tried
To make her soul a citadel,
Where she could sit and rest.
She hid herself in a thicket of pride
And licked her hurts in peace.
She washed herself in a sea full of pride
That soothed her raw, chafed nerves.
She dressed herself in an armour of pride
That guarded her tender skin,
And sat aloof, cool and safe
Her only scar, her smile.
You ask why, then, the pain and fear?
And why the listless eyes?
I think she built her walls too strong
And found herself locked in
A perfect trap
Designed too well
For her to ever break.
Self crippled, she limped through life,
Cried bitter tears within
On seeing others gain the things
That she had scorned to try.
A wounded tiger rips its gut
In suicidal rage,
She, self tormentor, clawed and tore
Her own scared, crying soul.
And don't all have
Their own furies,
Their own watchdogs,
Their individual Inquisitors?

Optimism And The Species

By Harry Palmer

●

Ever rising stands the ladder
Leading upward from the abyss
Into distant regions
Of warm white light.

Far below the teeming masses struggle.
Rising each for a little while
To gain, to hold, weaken and fall
Not to rise again.
Anon one strikes the ladder
And tracing its lines,
Lifts his gaze
And perceives a distant glimmer.

"Upward lies the course," he shouts,
"for there is the light!"
"Madman!" "Lunatic!"
Come the cries.
"There is no other way!"
And he is swept from the ladder
To fall and not to rise.

But he is heard.
One strong with the strength of understanding
Lifts himself
One rung,
Then two.
How sharp the edges!
How they tear the hands and feet!

He grasps a third, and exhausted falls back.
But not so far.

Another begins the climb
And the edges, worn a little,
Bite not so deeply.
It is enough,
For many have seen and heard
And though they perceive not the light
They understand that to climb is good.

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"Seek And Ye Shall Find"

By Frederick B. Hayes

How can you face another day,
When your dreams have passed away?
The life you spend so wastefully
Seems to go by so hastily.
Like a star that seems to last on and on,
With the turn of another day, 'tis gone.
So is life, it seems to last so long;
But it ends like every song.
So when your life has been spent,
It is judged by a Man who went
From shore to shore, tent to tent,
And sky to sky to keep you in his sight;
Because he knew that you might
Take the wrong turn on the road of life.
When you let go of his hand,
You lost the promised land.
At first you thought you were happy and gay,
Then with the turn of another day,
You knew you were lost and gone astray.
You searched the sky, the forests and the sea,
You looked everywhere you thought he might be.
Days passed and maybe years,
With them heartaches and tears;
Then a ragged child of about two
Asked you to tie his shoe.
The child looking up with pleading eyes
Seemed to be looking at the skies.
You bent down and found the string had broken,
You tie it back, just as a token.
As you raised your head and turned to leave,
A voice spoke up and seemed to cleave
Your woeful heart and make it sing;
Because happiness to you it seemed to bring.
You turned your head to see a child
But instead you saw a mild,
Meek man with light so bright it made you blind.
Then you heard a voice say "Seek and ye shall find."
You opened your arms and lifted your head,
You felt as though your soul had been fed
The Bread of Life!
After a while you felt no strife,
No aches, no pains, and no jears;
You even felt younger in years.
You had searched the skies, the seas,
Rivers, the cities, the schools and trees.
You never bothered to look behind
Because on up front you had set your mind.
And when a child's voice made you turn
You found happiness that made your heart burn.
Yes, you found the God you had turned away
But you paid the price by regretting to live . . . another day.

Love Eternal

By John Way

Recall the day we ran away
And wed. We thought of it as play.
We did not take the time to see
If I loved you or you did me.
We just jumped in and took a chance,
It all looked harmless at a glance,
But then the children came along.
We learned life wasn't one big song.
Then scenes of life went changing past,
And life has flown away too fast.
But you stayed by me to the end,
Not only a wife but my friend.
I realize late that God above
Must have meant for us to love,
And if He gives to me new life,
I'll ask for you to be my wife.
Then in the spans of time that flow,
And in God's sight no griefs to know,
We'll be together by His throne,
And praise Him then for making known
A way to turn our griefs to song
And for someone to make me strong.

SORROW NOT

By Lonnie Cook

We don't weep at the sunset
When the sun sinks in the sky,
Nor when the clouds blot out the stars
Or when the rose doth die.

We cry not when the ice and cold
A forest barren make.
We weep not for a waterfall
That plunges to a lake.

We sorrow not for dandelions
When March winds take them far
But thank God for His kindness
That we have them as they are.

So if our master deems it right
To call a loved one home
Let's sorrow not for those we've lost.
Tread not on tearful loam.

While mortal plans oft go astray
And we wander from life's plot.
The plan of God can never fail
And he bids you — sorrow not.

A Bright Awakening

By John Way

The clock has ticked away the past,
And years have flown by me too fast.
I did not own enough of life
To have you as my cherished wife,
But even though it's time to part,
I think of you as my sweetheart.
And then someday with God we'll share
Not only love but His good care.
Forever I will walk with you,
And never more will we be blue,
Because He'll never let us cry
And that with His you'll never die.
I think that death is not so bad.
I even feel a little glad.
So lay me down to my sweet rest,
And let me wake when He thinks best.

Mutual Admiration

By Lonnie Cook

Fair rose that graces yonder garden wall
And glows with beauty for the world
to see.
The happy robin doesn't know at all
How such a thing of beauty came to be
And yet in admiration joins he me
To pay respects to beauty such as yours.
And we pay homage from our chair
and tree
When nature from her wonder pitcher
pours.
Fair rose, with equal magic both allures
The common man and gaily feathered
bird
For if they walk or fly, or creep on
fours
Their heart within them by your sight
is stirred.
For beauty touches all, who care to see
Both bird and man on beauty do agree.

THE LESS FORTUNATE

By Lonnie Cook

I wept because I had no shoes
Until I chanced to meet,
A beggar by the roadside
Who, I saw, did have no feet.

I cursed the powers that tossed me
Upon life's stormy sea
Until I happened on a man
Less fortunate than me.

I bemoaned my rocky path.
I thought the world unkind.
But the sights that most offended me
Are most welcome to the blind.

The lame, the halt, the homeless,
The forgotten and the lost
Have no regard for the price of place
But would gladly pay the cost.

Life when weighed upon the balance
Of the many — and the few
Always gives the shortest weighing
To less fortunate than you.

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What Then

By Lonnie Cook

When the final curtain closes
And we play the part no more,
When the final ballot's counted
And they post the final score.

What is waiting over yonder
When we breathe our last faint breath?
What shall we find on the other side,
When on the side find we—death?

And when we step through the final door
To a house where we've never dwelt
What matters then to the petty pain
That in this life we have felt?

When the final seconds of the final hours
Are gone ne're to come again
When we have to account for a lifetime
When the Judgement's made — what then?

Just The Same

By Lonnie Cook

It's just the eight of January
And too soon I must confess
The untangled ways resolved for
Are again in quite a mess.

The fool's dreams that possessed me
But a wee short week ago,
Have fled before the wind of truth
As all dreams must, you know.

The new start that I promised me
Has ended all too soon
And the twilight's half-truth faded
In reality's bright noon.

For life doesn't change in a minute
And our wishing can't make it so.
A promise is like a candle
With no fire to make it glow.

So this finds me the same as always
Full of doubts, regret, and fear.
Bright tomorrows and new beginnings
Must wait again for another year.

EDITORIAL

On Slamming Wofford

What Wofford means to some people is a place where one voluntarily submits himself to a course of study he would not ordinarily undertake. To others it is a vehicle for social functions. Many are sincere in attending Wofford to gain that information that will aid him in acquiring more money later. All these men admire Wofford for what is is doing for them, and they are getting more for their money by doing so.

But there is an enormous number of people who do not like many of the petty details of life at this school, and it is with this group that we are here concerned.

It is somewhat of a tragedy that the ability to see beyond details, like the power of generalization, appears so late in our college careers. If that man who is so concerned with how the food tastes in the cafeteria could see that is relatively minor in comparison with how well he is doing in Physics 101 or Religion 12, he would probably learn soon that many of the things he has been railing upon during his four years here were in actuality quite trivial.

But more important, he would see that remaining taciturn about the whole question would not only help him to enjoy his stay, but it would eventually show him that he cannot be entirely selfish about his relationships with Wofford, that he must consider the fact that he will one day be an alumnus of this school, and that he has the responsibility to face the fact that he owes Wofford's good name to her graduates. He has no right to deride the school, because it happens to have one of the best faculties in the Southeast, certainly in the state, size considered. He only earns that right by proving that the college is not successfully fulfilling its primary purpose, that of educating men. Of course, a negative argument on that would be unthinkable.

There are men on our faculty who have been offered lucrative positions at other places, but they are still here. Why? Because they see in Wofford something more than a pay check or a friendship: they like the place for what it is worth. And do you think that they are disturbed about how the main building needs renovating? They are *concerned,* yes, but they do not think that that is as important as the almighty training of the mind. And it is not. Indeed, there are men who teach us who make one dollar a year.

We say that the man who does not like Wofford has no place here, that he should leave, and that the school would profit by his departure. That is the man who can not see where Wofford is going, who is not interested in who will be here teaching next year, who cares not that he will soon be a "Wofford Man," whose very character suffers when his alma mater is scorned, whose judgement is opened to abuse by some unthinking sophomore who says that Wofford is doomed to failure unless the S. C. A. is abolished. The person who adopts that attitude cannot hope to succeed in college, because he is seen as he is, and he is not admired for being so.

We are not interested in seeing that man censored; rather, we want him to learn to think before he speaks. We are not crusading; rather, we are crusading against those crusaders and revolutionists. It would not be trite to say that he should raise his sights, that he should look above those few weak spots and see the clean white shine of the things he should be learning. And they shine from use by his own friends who know that that glint alone is meaningful.

Maybe these men are few, but there is much idle talk which concerns itself with Wofford, and in conversation many of these attributes are exemplified. Casual statements aimed at our school are not advantageous to anyone, and they become a mild form of suicide. J. E. J.

THE JOURNAL

Sixty-seven Years Deep in Wofford College Tradition

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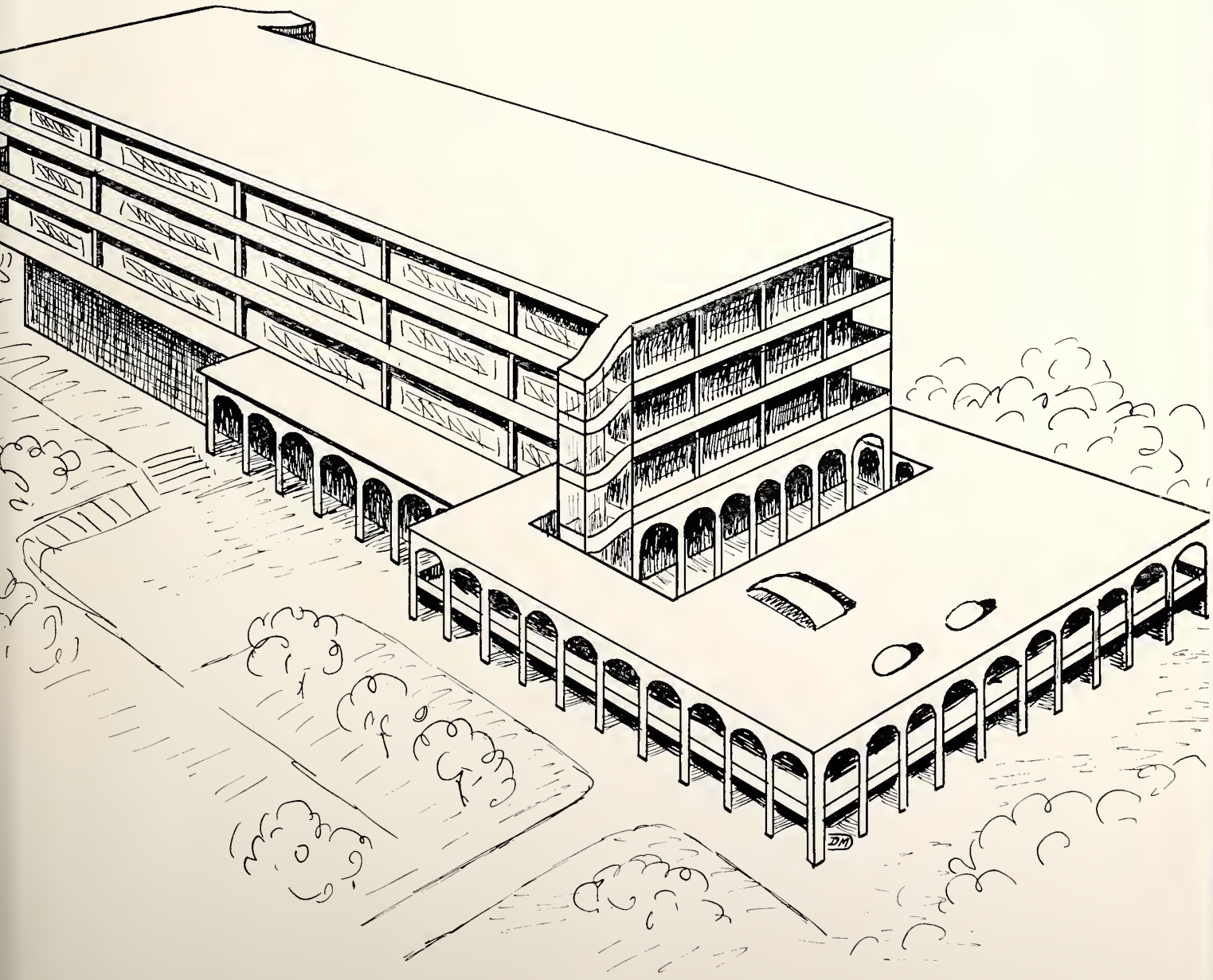

THE JOURNAL
OF WOFFORD COLLEGE

VOLUME LXXX ★ No. 4 SPARTANBURG, SOUTH CAROLINA APRIL ★ 1957

ENTRIES

April not only is the cruelest month, and one whose showers soothe the drought of March, but it is a time when students at Wofford see the campus fill up with greenery and the faces of aesthetes suddenly become wild with wonder. (O, to be a romantic again!) But this particular April witnessed a remarkable change in the visage of Wofford, because we began to see signs of the new order over where the old "Ice Palace," or Rec Hall once stood. Dan MacMillan has sketched this latest addition to the family of edifices rather well on the cover, and he will come up with something just as brilliant on the one remaining issue of this magazine.

Tom Wright, who will edit THE JOURNAL next year, has come up with another original work in "A Fantastic Morality Play." He gathered all the material for this issue, and he is to be commended for that.

The poetry contest proved quite beneficial to Harry Palmer, who won both first and second prizes, a total of thirty-five dollars. The winning poems, in order, were, "The Regeneration," and "Optimism and the Species."

"The Dying of a Son" is a good showing for Elton Hendricks, and he will have a poem in the May issue. That May JOURNAL promises to be a fitting climax to a new high in JOURNAL volumes.

Art Dupre has made his debut this issue in Volume LXXX, and his "Reward" has more than the usual in it. Or maybe you know Art.

On page nine appears a parody by Frank Mann. Frank just doesn't ordinarily sit around and write poetry, but his sophomore lit professor, Mr. Coates, is giving extra credit for parodies, other poetry, and recitations of the same. We think that that is a brilliant idea.

Goley's spread on pages 10-12 *et seq.* is quite interesting, and it prophesies the mood of a piece of his that will be in the next *Journal.* Goley is the kind of writer who is at his best when he sits down and whips out a story, and he has proved here that his best is good. We are looking forward to that last issue.

Number Four is literary. Read it.

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THE LOSER

by D. D.

Willie was sitting in Charlie Wilson's Bar with a can of Budweiser in his hand listening to the juke box wail its sad notes. There was nothing unusual about Willie's being here; he had come in almost every night for the past couple of years, had drunk the same kind of beer, had listened to the same type of sad music, and had told the same old story night after night to anyone who was drunk enough to listen to him.

The reason Willie was there could be found in this story that he told every time he had a listener. And on this particular night John Percy, the only friend Willie had left in the world, was Willie's victim. He was telling it to John Percy . . . the man who knew it better than anyone else! Willie was drunk and his best friend was his victim.

"John," Willie began, "do you know why I get drunk like this?"

John, the respectable lawyer, candidate for the state legislature, sat there sipping a can of beer listening to Willie and wishing like hell that he didn't have to listen. But Willie and John were friends, so John always listened.

"It all started back in April of 1950 when I was on leave from Camp Gordon." Willie was talking slowly and extraordinarily softly for a drunk man. "Yes, God damn it, that's when it all started. That's when I ruined my life."

"You remember Theresa, don't you, John?"

Yes, John remembered Theresa, the little Spanish girl who had ruined three lives . . . her own, Willie's, and John's. Hell, yes, John remembered.

"Well John, I was in love with Theresa and, by God, she was in love with me, John." Willie was slurring his consonants the way that drunks do.

It was the same old story, the same old beer hall, the same old songs ("Hey, Little Fool" and "Rock City Blues") playing on the same old juke box. But tonight there was a different note in Willie's story, and John had begun to detect it. In the first place, John, in the twenty-three years he had known Willie, had never seen him cry. But tonight, as he spoke, the tears were beginning to well in Willie's eyes. In the second place, Willie's tone of voice was more frank tonight than it had been in two years. John detected this, and therefore, he listened to Willie as attentively as if it were the first time he had heard the story of this poor fool's destruction.

So they drank the same beer, and listened to the juke box playing "Hey, Little Fool" and Willie, the fool, talked on, with a peculiar drunken frankness. He told of that night when he was on leave, the last night before he was shipped out to Korea. He told of how, in a moment of passion, he had laid Theresa, the woman he loved, thinking that they might never see each other again.

The tears were streaming down his face as he said, "She became pregnant, and, John, I was in Korea and didn't know a God damn thing about it. Not a God damn thing! That's why she didn't write me . . . because she was pregnant and didn't want to worry me." Then he added a new sentence to the same old story; a sentence that amazed and horrified John Percy. Willie said, "That's what I thought till tonight, anyway!"

"Wha— What do you mean, Willie?" John was stumbling through his words, unable to conceal his surprise.

"Theresa was a whore, John! Old man Wilson got teed off at me tonight just because I was trying to tell him why I was drinkin' beer in his lousy joint. The bastard told me I was a fool and I talked too much. He said that he and half the other son-of-a-bitches in town had laid Theresa. Then he told me to shut up, John. *He* told *me* to shut up!"

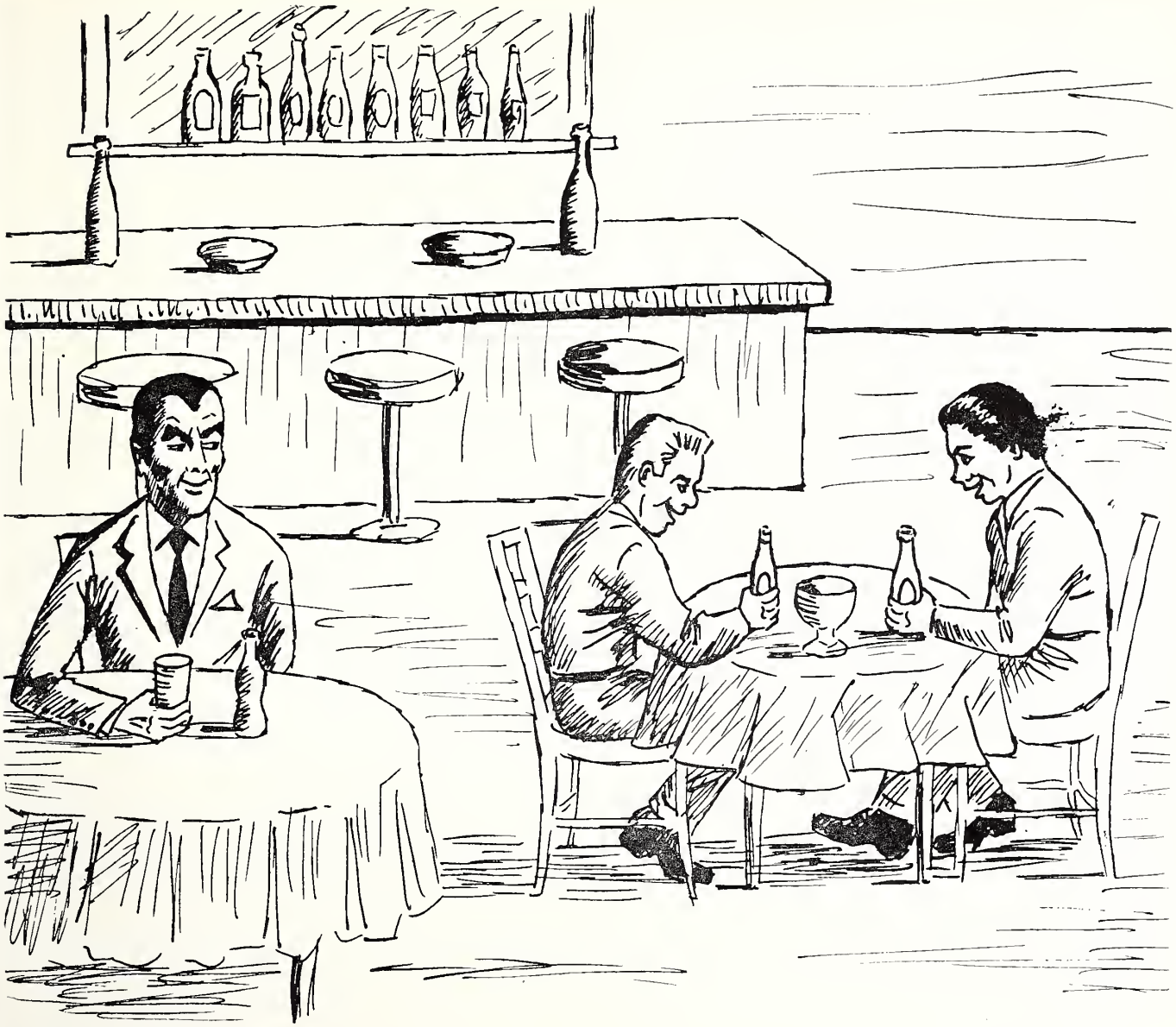
Willie was crying. His head was on the table and he was crying like a baby. And the room stunk with odors of salty pretzels and warm beer and sweat.

And John Percy, the suave lawyer, candidate for the state legislature, Willie's only "friend," sat there with about the same expression on his face as he would have had if someone had just told him that his wife had just died. Only his wife hadn't just died; John Percy had just died a little and would continue to do so for the rest of his life. John Percy was in a daze. The calm was over and the storm had begun . . . the storm that occurs when a man's conscience revolts against the rest of his faculties.

Willie didn't finish the story. He cried a while longer, muttered a few broken statements about "bastards," and passed out. No, Willie didn't finish that story, but he didn't have to. John knew the rest of the story better than anyone else in the world, even better than Willie knew it.

If Willie hadn't passed out, he would have told John Percy about how he was wounded at Heartbreak Ridge, about how he had been shipped back to the States, clear back to Staston, North Carolina, back to a warm reception from the people of the little village,

(Continued on Page Six)



by Tom Wright

A Fantastic Morality Play

Time: Present.
Scene: Smitty's Drive-In Restaurant.
Characters (or Dramatis Personae, if you prefer): Two college students, a waitress (of no importance to the story), and Satan.

ACT ONE AND ONLY

(It's 11:30 on Saturday night at Smitty's. The two students and Satan are the only ones in the place except for some couples in the other room where they can dance and maybe pretend they are in a real nightclub. It's rather dark as Smitty cuts off the overhead lights that aren't in use. There are a couple of empty fishbowls on the table in front of the boys. They have just ordered another apiece. It's obvious they have consumed more beer than the visual evidence would indicate.)

1st Student. We could be in Heidelberg. . . .

2nd Student. . . . or maybe Tascosa . . . old Tascosa . . . no, Tascosa would be dirty and I don't like horses. Still, Tascosa has a nice ring to it. . . . I like to choose words like that . . . you know, with a nice sound to them . . . so many dull people insist on them having a meaning. . . . Heidelberg would be all right, I suppose . . . (he peers wisely into the bottom of his empty fishbowl, looking carefully at the foamy

(Continued Overleaf)

sides) . . . Germany's a little stuffy you know. First thing you know there would be the Old Boys and those silly duels. . . . Acapulco is really to my taste. . . . Did you ever notice these glasses? (He picks one up in one hand and tries to hold it to the light; he nearly drops it. He puts both hands around it tenderly as if it were a big egg, and lifts it to the light overhead.) They're big on the outside and little, little by God, on the inside. . . .

1st Stu. We could be free souls! Free souls . . . lifted into the etheral ecstacy of Heaven's archéd vault. . . .

2nd Stu. Terrible stuff . . . who are you quoting?

1st Stu. Me . . . don't be pedestrian and cloddish . . . (shifting into Irish dialect). Shure and it is I'm giving ye an opportunity to scale the highlands with me. . . .

2nd Stu. The helands (imitating his pronunciation) are located in Scotland, Paddy. (The waitress comes to the table with two fishbowls.)

Waitress. That'll be 31 . . . 62 altogether.

2nd Stu. It was thirty last time.

Wait. No, it wadn't . . . it's always been 31.

1st Stu. Here's the money. (The waitress looks a little hurt. She stays around for a moment and then stalks off.)

2nd Stu. You give in too easily. I was prepared to chastise the wench. (He looks absently about the room.)

1st Stu. I don't think you have the qualifications.

2nd Stu. (puzzled) For what?

1st Stu. To become a free soul . . . to roam the hidden nooks of fancy . . . to . . .

2nd Stu. After five fishbowls my soul is as free as anybody's.

1st Stu. Oh no, to become free, really free, other qualifications are necessary . . . imagination, passionate intensity . . . (Satan, sitting at another table very deliberately finishes off the Coca-Cola he is drinking and strolls to the table where the two boys are sitting. He is a most sterotyped Satan. Though clean-shaven he still manages to convey the Mephistophelean air a goatee would give him. He is dressed in a grey-flannel suit and, contrary to popular superstition, casts a substantial-looking shadow.)

Satan. Hello (he sits downs) . . . do you mind if I join you? (He looks from one to the other. Neither boy says anything for a moment.)

1st Stu. No, no I guess not . . . (and then with irony) It's too late to retract the invitation now . . .

Satan. I overheard your conversation on free souls and I thought I'd join you. I didn't think college boys discussed things like free souls now . . . and . . . well, I have a certain vested interest in the subject.

2nd Stu. (interrupting) Well, you see we're drunk.

Satan. Is that the only reason you're discussing such a subject?

2nd Stu. (dismally) I'm afraid so.

1st Stu. Ah . . . let me clear this up a little before things get too muddled . . . after a certain amount of beer an imaginative mind is freed from the inhibiting restrictions of the sober life. . . .

2nd Stu. (interrupting) Liquid Milltowns!

1st Stu. (continuing) . . . and is free . . . free to . . . well, free to project itself . . . so we were deciding places we would project ourselves to when this free soul idea came up . . . you know, free to roam the Elysian fields and . . . all that sort of stuff. (His hands are outstretched, his descriptive powers fail him.)

Satan. Uh-huh . . . that's very interesting. They're really nice, quite nice.

2nd Stu. (puzzled) What's nice?

Satan. (With the air of having carefully measured the impact of his reply) The Elysian fields . . .

2nd Stu. (with a glance at the first student) Oh.

1st Stu. You've played polo there I suppose?

Satan. (Silence for a moment as he carefully examines the fabric of the tablecloth and notes the mustard and ketchup stains. He makes a sign of distaste.) You know I really hate to bring it up, but that reply practically forces me to. Throughout your entire conversation I couldn't help but note the . . . well . . . the . . . the absolute banality of it all.

1st Stu. Now just a moment . . .

Satan. Don't, don't interrupt me . . . the apex, the epitome of your conversational art seems to be the studied insult, the slashing *bon mot.* . . . It hate to say it, you know, but it seems indicative of an effete society . . . you're incapable of doing anything worthwhile or constructive so you batter out your creative energies in verbal encounters . . .

2nd Stu. You don't think that's a little unkind?

Satan. Oh yes, of course, but I'm just wanting to establish my position. I sat down with the intention of discussing right and wrong. To do that . . . ah . . . adequately, we have to know what terms the discussion will be on. (He smiles serenely as he leans back in the chair.)

1st Stu. You sat down to discuss right and wrong? Pray tell have you descended from Olympus?

Satan. Quite the contrary.

2nd Stu. (a little awed; *just* a little) We don't want to be rude but . . . well, who are you to . . . bring us the inside dope on the Good, the True, and the Beautiful? After all, a worn-out used car salesman can expound like Socrates after a few beers.

Satan. I could resent that; but I won't. I'll explain instead. (with the air of having done this many times) Frankly, I'm Satan . . . (Noting the expression on the two boys' faces) . . . don't make this so tiring . . . it really gets quite dull, you know, all this explaining. I'm Satan and I'm here to discuss the subject of right and wrong . . . don't think it's a limited one, it has endless implications, now why don't we get down to it without any further waste of time? (The boys sit dumbly for a moment.)

1st Stu. Ah . . . I think we better go . . . it's getting late and . . . you know. See you out here again sometime . . .

2nd Stu. Yeah, fellow . . . it's been pleasant but you've . . .

1st Stu. (grabbing his arm) Come on . . . (to Satan) He means it's been nice and we'll see you sometime.

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The Dying Of A Son

by Elton Hendricks

In the Land of Learning there were many estates. There was the Land-Beside-the-Sea, the Land of the Blowing Wind (sometimes called the Land of Much Water), the Land of the preacher-of-the-street, and many other estates. Now the two great estates of the Land of Learning were the Land of the Rooster and the Land of the Dog. It was the custom in the Land of Learning to have one of the estates as a champion, a leader that the others followed, an estate to hold high the flag of the Land of Learning.

Now in the first year of the second reign of Ike there was much dissension in the Land of Learning for the Land was without a champion. The old ruling estate had grown weak while the new had grown strong; but neither had the power to rise up and seize the throne. The Land was without a champion and the people were sore distressed.

The nobles of the Land did gather themselves together that they might choose from their assembly a leading house, a champion. The lords sat in a great assembly and heard the pleas from the princes of the estates that sought to rule the land. And the princes who spoke were from the Land of the Rooster and the Land of the Dog.

Now the ruler of the Land of the Rooster was a prince of the House of Donald. He ruled over a mighty fief, a large and wealthy estate. The number of its children were legion and its generals were many. The cries of those who shouted for its gladiators did cause the Dome itself to quake and the number who received its paper and bowed down before its rooster seemed endless.

The Land of the Dog is ruled by a Son of Benjamin. This Land was small but its produce was Liberal. The fief was first envisioned by a Follower of the Way who left it far more than his name. Its princes have been few but they have been great, though some of its children felt that the gains of the present house had not equaled those of the past. The children of this fief are not many but they have fought well for the Land of Learning. The number of generals who serve the fief was not great but they were able.

Now the prince of the House of Donald, ruling house in the Land of the Rooster, did address the assembly first. He was a man of great experience, an able man. He had studied long at the feet of the noble James the Burnt, and the children of the Land of Donald did greatly love their prince.

The prince opened his mouth and said, "The Land of Learning needeth a strong and mighty estate to be its champion, a house that knows how to build strong forts even as are built by my mighty fief. It needs a leader that can pierce the sky with mighty buildings and raise a strong wall around the country, a ruling house that can furnish the generals of our armies with the materials and finances to launch a strong attack on the enemy. The Land of Learning needs a champion that can make the store house full, that can make the Stacks burst with the weight of the implements of war. And my lords, the Land of the Rooster, under the House of Donald, is that champion. What say ye to my plea?"

For not a short while the nobles were silent then finally a great noble of much wealth rose up and with an uncertain voice did speak:

"What you say, O Prince, is true, the Land of the Rooster can build better forts than anyone else and the walls built by the House of Donald will be strong indeed. But the Land of Learning must have more than just strong walls and forts. It must have strong men. In the past our great Land of Learning has possessed men who were great in spirit, as are the walls you would build. We need men who will fight on for the Land when buildings have crumbled, as buildings must; men who will hold on when the walls have fallen, as walls always fall; men who fight not for themselves, but for the Land. O noble prince, the Land of the Rooster can give us the walls, the provisions for our generals, the mighty forts, but can it give our young men the spirit that they must have if the Land of Learning is to endure? Can it give us the ideals that gave us our land? Good men are more important than walls and ideals more important than buildings. Can the Land of the Rooster promise us these?"

And the prince of the House of Donald bent over his blueprints and was silent.

It was then that the prince of the Sons of Benjamin, ruling house in the Land of the Dog did arise to speak. He was a tall and a handsome man, and for his plea the nobles did listen.

(Continued Overleaf)

Dying Of A Son

(Continued from Page Five)

"O mighty nobles, for many years now passed your champion has been from the Land of the Dog, and from this small estate has come the leadership and the spirit that you say we need. Even today in our small fief is found a spirit that none can equal, a spirit that the great estates do not claim. If the Land of the Dog were chosen as champion, it would give to the Land of Learning that spirit which is found now only in the land ruled by the Sons of Benjamin."

The handsome prince continued saying that the Land of the Dog could build new forts and strong walls. In fact, even at the instant that he was speaking, he said, the servants of the Sons of Benjamin were out among the people gathering gold which was being brought to the store house that forts and castles might be built.

The Prince cried, "If chosen champion, the Land of the Dog will give to the Land of Learning the spirit that you say we need. What say ye to my plea?"

At his question a young noble sprang up. He was the youngest noble in the Land.

He shouted, "O mighty nobles, for four years just passed, I was a sojourner in the Land of the Dog ruled by the Sons of Benjamin. I knew of its noble past—that is the reason I stopped there—and in my four years there I saw not the noble spirit that this handsome prince claims. It is true that they are building new forts there and they have planned a new castle that will be a credit to our land, but this I know, their forts will never be as strong as those of the land ruled by the House of Donald, nor their walls as high. And yea, the spirit that the handsome prince claims for his estate is not there. Perhaps it was in the past but it is not as strong in the present. We know that we would rather have a grand spirit that stands than mighty walls which crumble, but our choice is not between these. The House of Donald can give us the walls but the Sons of Benjamin cannot give us the spirit. We have no choice; the Land of the Rooster must be our leader."

It was the custom in this Land when the nobles must choose a champion that, before they chose the leading estate, they must hear the cry of the common people in the matter. The common people did choose an ancient man to speak for them.

The Voice of the people opened his mouth and cried unto the assembly, "My Lords, for many long years now I have lived in this the fertile Land of Learning, I have seen good champions and bad, and I say unto you that the best have been those from the Land of the Dog. But the Land ruled by the Sons of Benjamin is not the land that gave us great leadership. The Land of the Dog of today is weak. The spirit of the Land of the Dog today is not the spirit that made it the champion in the Land of Learning for so long. This great fief once built great men, but I fear that like so many estates it is building only buildings now."

The speaking was done and the nobles had to choose the fief that would be their leader to hold high the flag of the Land of Learning. For many long days they sat and talked, thought, seeking the wisdom of men and the guidance of the Almighty. They could not choose a champion. Finally, they did select a noble to speak for the group.

With a loud voice he read their statement: "We the mighty nobles of the Land of Learning have not yet reached the extremity of choosing walls and large stacks when we know there is something better to be had, so we cannot choose the Land of the Rooster to lead us. We cannot though, choose the Land of the Dog to be our champion for it is no longer worthy to lead us. Therefore, we postpone our choice until such time as we can find a worthy estate. We make this final commission though, to the Sons of Benjamin, rulers in the Land of the Dog: go back to your small fief and make it worthy of our allegiance and we will again pay it homage and make it our champion as it was for so long in the past. ●

THE LOSER

(Continued from Page Two)

and, especially, back to Theresa. Then Willie would have continued telling about how, when he got home, there was no crowd of people to give him a warm welcome, and no Theresa standing with open arms. Then Willie would have reminded John Percy of how it had been John himself who had been Willie's lone welcoming party, and how when Willie had asked, "Why?" John had told him with many well-chosen words of how Theresa had died in giving birth to Willie's illegal son, who had been born premature and had lived only a few hours longer than his mother. Then he would have, had he not passed out, thanked John, his "friend," for breaking the news to him. And after that Willie would have drunk more beer, and finally he would have passed out and would have been carried back to his dingy little two-room apartment by "good ole John."

"Good ole John" did carry Willie back to his apartment, put him to bed, and went home himself. And Willie kept on getting drunk, and John was always around to carry him home.

And John Percy, respected lawyer, was elected to the state legislature. But was it John Percy, or just the shell of the man that once was?

And John Percy kept forever the secret in his heart. John Percy had been the father of Theresa's child! Funny that Willie never checked the birth certificate. The child had been born thirteen months after Willie was sent to Korea.

John Percy was the loser in the long run, for Willie died quickly, but John died a little every day of his life. He could not ruin the life and honor of his best friend, and still live with himself. ●

by art dupre

REWARD

Hello?

Hello. Is this S. B. Milton?

Yes, that's right.

Well, I'm C. T. Johnson, private lawyer. I'd like to see you in my office at your earliest convenience.

Oh? Something important?

Yes, very. How about tomorrow noon?

That'll be fine. That's C. T. Johnson?

Right. Be expecting you. So long.

So long.

* * *

Come in.

Hello. I'm S. B. Milton.

Yes, Mr. Milton. Been expecting you. Sit down right here.

Thank you. Now just exactly what did you want to see me about?

You had a very rich uncle, Mr. Milton. Did you know that?

No, I didn't.

Well, yesterday I received his will in the mail, indicating you as his heir and me to handle the legalities involved.

What exactly do I inherit?

A million dollars.

I'm to receive this?

Yes. But conditionally. There are twelve moral standards you will be obliged to keep. First, you must abstain from liquor. Second, from smoking. Third, . . . and twelfth, from any type of sexual indulgence.

If I keep these standards, when will I get the million dollars?

At your retirement age, whatever it happens to be at the time. No retiring early, you understand.

* * *

No, I can't. Not if I'm to get the million dollars.

Aw, S. B., nobody'll know.

No, I can't.

* * *

I'm sleepy.

Would you like me to take you home now?

Sure, honey. Let's go home.

I have to get up early tomorrow. I won't be able to drop in tonight.

You can come on. We'll get up early tomorrow.

No, I can't. I told you why.

You don't want to?

It's not that. I just can't. Goodnight.

And I'm to carry on where Mr. Johnson left off. We'll make a few changes, of course. We won't eliminate the twelve standards. We'll just consider one over-all standard more important.

What standard is that?

You must like people. That's the most important standard.

That sounds relieving.

* * *

Well, you did have the right motive, anyway. But it's still a breach of the twelfth standard.

I did it only because I liked her.

Then that's all right, Mr. Milton. If you keep on as you have then I'm certain you'll have the million.

I sincerely hope so. You have a much more mature viewpoint than Mr. Johnson did. Good-bye and thank you.

* * *

Now start off sorta slow so I can get up on the skis!

Okay! Ready?

Ready!

That's good . . . come up slow . . . take it easy . . . you're up!

Finally!

Okay, hold on! We'll go by the swamp!

Great!

Hey! Watch out for that log!

What? Go . . .

Did you know him?

Yeah. Used to work with him. Really tough.

Would've got a million bucks, wouldn't he?

Yeah.

* * *

Suicide?

Yeah. He was that guy Milton's lawyer. Would've got a quarter million bucks for taking care of the will.

Why'd he do it?

He retired and wasn't getting any money. Just waitin' around for the quarter million.

Yeah?

Then he found out.

What?

Some guy played a joke on him and sent him a fake will.

Poor fella. ●

the idol

The lock turns slowly. Then he slips through the door, opened hesitantly.

This was the first time.

He hadn't wanted to do it. But he had to.

Where was the money? The bedroom? The basement?

Look! Over there! Something sparkling!

Jewels? No, it couldn't be! Just a fishbowl catching the light of the moon.

But he wanted money. Money to pay the doctor.

He was afraid to light his way. So he started jerking drawers open at random. There must be money somewhere! There! Bills! Five, fifteen, sixteen . . .

The lights clicked on unexpectedly.

Where was out?

The kitchen! There must be a back door!

There was. But it was locked.

He panicked.

"Who's that?"

He opened the window and clambered over the back porch railing.

"Wait!"

He ran. And ran. There was no one calling him now. He was safe. And he had money.

How much? He finished counting. Forty-seven dollars.

And he needed five thousand. He needed it so he could live. And only Dr. Martin could operate on him. Dr. Martin could do it. He was the best, most proficient doctor in the state, the south, the . . .

"You can't do it any cheaper? It's not that I don't think the operation is worth that much or you don't deserve that much. In fact, I'd pay you any price if I had it."

"You can get it, can't you? I certainly want you to have the operation. In fact you have no other choice."

"Can't I wait and have the operation this summer? I'd have no trouble then."

"Not if you're interested in living."

"Oh."

He almost got caught last time. The first time. He couldn't keep on risking the chance of losing his freedom. Then he couldn't get any more money. He had to get it all this next time.

The doctor could do it. He was the best . . .

Where?

Brinks? No, he wasn't that smart or daring. A bank? A department store?

A house? He'd tried that. And got forty-seven dollars. No, not that. What if he got caught? But it was still the easiest way to get money. He didn't have to see people. There were other houses. But he had to get all the money this time. There must be a better house to rob. A richer one. The mansions on Hawthorne Boulevard. If he could just get money from one good

(Continued on Page 16)

by jim shimkus

You Ask Me Why I Sit And Gaze

A Parody by Frank Mann

●

You ask me why I sit and gaze
  Within this class of English Lit,
  With tho'ts abroad the gist of it,
And versify the foggy maze.

It is the course that seniors failed,
  That juniors take the second time,
  The course that teaches dirt and rime,
Where men may snore and laugh and rail.

A room of snobbish ignorance
  Limp-wristed smellers of the rose,
  Unthinking browness of the nose,
Where final grades may fall by chance.

Where moves for cuts can scarce avail,
  But, by degrees, the drowsy head
  Puts thought upon a downy bed,
Behind a post, to sleep and fail.

Should Lit professors interrupt
  Our rest, and pass a rule,
  "No snoring in this school,"
When rest is rest is rest corrupt.

Although the information gained
  Should yet my dormant soul elate,
  And though discussion should abate
My leadened body remains.

Yet still ignore, my Soul, the text!
  And seek a drowsy gander's keep,
  And let the literature sleep,
Until you fail and take it next.

LITTLE JOE

By John Way

●

Our home is full of heartfelt woe.
It once shone forth a childish glow,
But we didn't take the time to pay
Attention to his childish play.
We loved him but we didn't show
Affection for him, little Joe.
He was so dear to all of us.
A playful child with all his fuss.
And when he'd kiss us all goodnight
I'd blush and growl, "Turn out the light."
I was ashamed myself to seem
Held up so high in his esteem
After fussing at the lad.
He hadn't really been so bad.
Then came the day he went away
To stay with God 'til Judgment Day.
And when God tucks Joe into bed,
Pillows a cloud beneath his head,
I feel that He who lives above,
And shows to all His gentle love,
Will say to him, "They loved you, Joe,
But don't you mind, the years will go,
And then someday they'll come, You'll see,
To spend with us eternity."

SONNET III

By Jerry O. Cook

●

Along the formless footpaths of my mind
A troop of spirits trudges; and down the damp
And dismal marshes of the swelling swamp
Within, their weary, endless way they wind.
Cold Agony, which comes and will not pass,
Is followed fast by unbelieving Fear;
Then Judgment, listening with a deafened ear,
And Darkness, Pain, and pale Despair, in mass.
Next hungry Lust, quite happy in the mire,
Drags dark-eyed, panting Passion, born his twin;
Then Faithlessness, Anxiety, and Sin,
And Broken Promise, of this line—the sire.
When love is dead, there's no more dying then:
For life is death; torn is the vail between.

S T

by Ric

The sun was almost gone and the room was dark except for the last rays of the sun that did not really light, but, rather gave the area around the windows a dull rose glow. The particular quietness of an almost empty house hung over the room.

Henry sat in the winged-back chair before the window, a new book on the economy of the Middle Ages open in his lap, but he was not reading. He was chilly but he did not want to hear the noise his moving would cause in the house. He sat there for a moment and tried to remember what he had been thinking a few moments before, and he could not remember. All that came to his mind was the chill that had settled on the house as the sun went down and the quietness and emptiness of the house without Martha or the children.

At once it came to him that he was lonesome and that he had been thinking of his wife.

Good, sweet, kind, Martha—motherly Martha, he thought. A regular gem, but God what a bore. If she could get out of those damn music and bridge clubs, that might help, but I doubt it. Bridge, music, music and bridge. What one great waste! She's getting fat, as well as sloppy. She has one great problem to overcome—stupidity. I don't think she can make it. She's as bad as those so-called students, "Professor, just what was the Feudal System? Professor, why did they do that way? You know what I mean?"

Janet isn't coming I guess. Robbie's cold must not be any better. Now, *there* is an intelligent child.

I'm cold.

His thoughts left his wife, daughter, and grandchild and he got up and twisted the knobs on the thermostat, and in the basement there was a whine and a slight roar and then the warm air started from the vent beneath the window. Henry crossed the room and flicked the light switch and the objects of the room stood out in harsh lines. He decided that he liked it better without the lights and turned them off and the room seemed darker than before, but more pleasant.

Henry crossed the room again and turned on the small television set. The screen glowed and the sound came on; he recognized the voice of a news commentator and quickly turned the set off before the picture came through.

Lord, he thought, this is terrible.

Again he crossed the room and sat down in the chair before the window. Lights were coming on over the campus and he considered going to the library and doing some work for his first period lecture. He decided that it was no use. The students would not know if the lecture was good or bad. They don't care, why should I? he thought.

I've got to do something. I can't just sit here until Martha comes home, although listening to the minutes of the Music Club wouldn't be an improvement over this grind, he thought. He watched a car piled with students swing wide, with tires equealing around the curve in front of his home.

Then at once he decided what he would do. He decided to go out to eat. The thought had not entered his mind before that very minute. He decided not to go to any of the usual places where it was probable that he would encounter people he knew, perhaps faculty members.

He jumped up, straightened his tie, grabbed his coat and went out, not bothering to lock the door behind him.

He pulled into the gravel parking lot and turned off the motor. Already he regretted his choice of restaurants. It was a low, long frame building. Across the front were small, lighted signs advertising food and beer. A larger sign proclaimed that it was Sam Porter's Place.

The windows along the front were fogged and he could not see inside. There was the steady hum of voices and music and occasional laughter. It sounded pleasant and warm. Almost timidly Henry opened the door and slipped inside.

There was little light except from the lighted juke box and the beer signs that glowed on the wall. A small crowd was gathered around a pin-ball machine in the corner and each time a bell sounded there were squeals of delight.

Henry moved quietly into the booth next to the door. He slid across the seat into the far corner, hoping no one would notice him.

One of the women pulled herself from the crowd at the pin-ball machine and came up to the booth and slapped her yellow pad down and took a stub of a pencil from behind her ear.

"What for you?"

The question took Henry by surprise. He knew he had to order. He knew that when the woman came to the booth, but it shocked him. He didn't know what to answer. Had he been in an ordinary restaurant he would have been at no disadvantage, but this

R Y

Goley

was a new experience. For a moment he was not able to cope with it. Then he remembered the signs. Beer, you must be expected to order beer and a sandwich.

"A beer and a pimiento cheese sandwich, please."

"What kind of beer?"

Desperately Henry tried to remember the advertisement on television; then he recalled the signs on the wall, Millers. It was the first name he saw.

The woman picked up her pad and placed her pencil behind her ear. She moved away, stopped at another booth, nodded again and moved away.

Henry watched the group at the machine and then he remembered where he had heard of Porter's Place before. He had been a member of the committee that had placed it on the "Off Limits" list after a student had been badly cut and torn with a beer can opener in a fight with a drunken sailor. The boy, graduated only recently, was still marked around his face with the scars.

The waitress was returning from across the room. She had a tray in each hand. She slid one on the table of the other booth and sat the other tray in front of Henry.

"Thank you."

"You're suppose to pay now."

"Oh, I'm sorry." Henry fumbled in his pocket for his money and finally gave her a dollar bill. She went back across the room to the cash register beside the pin-ball machine.

Henry poured the beer into the glass and watched it foam. He wondered just what made him come to this place; then the memories of the lonesome, empty house came back to him. At least there is life and sound here, he thought. Maybe I've missed something all along. Perhaps I should have come here before. Dean Hollarow would go into hysterics if he could see me now. Well, what's wrong with it? I've taught economic history for twenty-four years and I've achieved nothing. Henry Robertson, professor, found drunk in Sam Porter's Place. Well, well, they would notice me then. My God, Martha would be completely humiliated. She'd be thrown out of her bridge club. That would be something. I really shouldn't be here. I should be in the library. I'd better leave now.

Henry finished his sandwich, washed it down with the beer and was just sliding out when a woman came up to the booth.

"Shoot you the pin-ball machine once for a beer."

Henry looked up, surprised. He had not noticed her before.

"I'm sorry, I didn't hear you."

"Said I'd shoot you the pin-ball once for a beer."

"I'm sorry I don't play, but may I buy you one?"

"Yes."

She sat down and smiled at him, and Henry was frightened. He had not planned on this, and he didn't know what to do. The girl, who was in her late twenties, caught the eye of the waitress and held up two fingers.

She was a small girl. Short and thin. Her hair was cropped off much too short and she was wearing too much make-up. She beat on the table with her unnaturally long fingernails and Henry could see they were painted a bright red.

"I ain't seen you around before."

"No, well, this is my first visit."

"It's not a bad place. It's early. It'll come alive later."

"Yes." Henry answered, he could think of nothing else to say.

The waitress came, set the beer on the table and Henry paid her. They drank beer until she came back with the change. The girl waited for him to speak. He couldn't, and then she asked, "Wanta dance?"

"I'm sorry, I don't dance."

"Well, that's OK. Nobody else does either."

Henry felt he had to say something.

"Do you come here often?" He asked.

"Sure, almost every night."

"Is there always such a large crowd?"

"This ain't big. It'll fill up later."

Again he fished for something to say and nothing came.

"I'm sorry. I have to leave now," he said.

"Better stick around. Things liven up later."

"Thank you, but I must go."

"Well, look. If you don't want to hang around here, I gotta room over on Moarse Street. We can have a drink there."

Henry felt his pulse beat faster. He knew what was coming and he was again at a loss for a decision. The empty house came back to him and he knew Martha was not home yet and it would be as quiet and as lonesome as before. He thought of his lecture and knew he couldn't care less for preparing it. Why bother with that, he thought.

"I would enjoy that."

(Continued Overleaf)

The girl slid out of the booth, walked over to the group at the pin-ball machine and said something to one of the girls squealing at the lights and bells. They both turned and looked at Henry, and he stood up, raking his change into his hand. He decided to leave half a dollar tip.

The girl came back and said, "You ready?"

"Yes," Henry answered.

"Let's go then."

Henry held the door open and she passed out into the almost dark gravel yard. Henry saw her body move under her tight skirt, and again he was undecided.

Henry opened the door and she slid across the seat until she was in the middle, sitting right above the hump in the floor. He went around, got in and she gave him directions. The car pulled into the empty road and Henry felt better.

"My name's Judy."

"Oh, mine is Robert Hollarow," Henry answered and immediately wondered why he had given the Dean's name.

"Do you have a cigarette?"

"Yes, I'm sorry." He handed her the pack and she lighted two from the dash lighter. She gave one to Henry. He didn't want to smoke it. He was afraid of smoking after her, but he didn't want to hurt her feelings, and he realized that the thought was very stupid.

"Where do you work, Robert?"

"Oh, well, I sell insurance."

"Here in town?"

"No, out of Riley." The story was falling into place in his mind.

"That's why I ain't seen you around?"

"Yes. What do you do?"

She looked at him for a moment and answered. "I work at Sam's part time."

"I see."

"Turn here."

"Sam's place does a good business. Perhaps I could sell him a policy," Henry said because he felt he must say something.

"He does alright, but I don't see him buying any insurance. He's too damn tight."

"Is this the Street?"

"Yeah, third house."

Henry stopped in front of the large house, built around the turn of the century and gone down now. But judging from the ornate decorations it must have been a fashionable home, he thought.

He got out of the car and started around to open her door. She met him in the rear of the car and slipped her arm around his waist.

"Let's go in," she said.

"Alright."

Henry felt the excitement mounting inside himself. He was undecided. He wanted to get back in the car and leave, but he knew he had to go into the house.

The door was unlocked and they passed into a long dark hallway with many doors on each side and a stairway at the end.

Judy took his hand and led him down the dark hallway beside the doors and he could hear people talking, a blaring radio, smell the stale smells of the old dusty house. Each step of the stairs squeaked under foot and Henry expected at each step someone to shout and ask him where he was going and why he was here.

At the top of the stairs the girl turned into the first room at the right. She stepped in and turned on a light and threw her coat across a chair. Henry saw the small cross on the wall first and then the bed.

"Come on in."

"Thank you," he said as he entered the room and closed the door behind him.

"Will you be at Sam's tomorrow?' Henry asked as he opened the door.

"I don't know. I may be or I might be busy."

"I want to—to see you again."

"All right, come to Sam's at eight. I'll be there and I'll try not to be busy."

"Could I — Well, I've got some extra—"

"Not till then."

"All right. Eight."

There was a strange calm over Henry as he walked back down the groaning stairs. There was no feeling of guilt as he had experienced before, and he was at peace with his own small world.

He walked through the long dark hall and out the door, then he stopped in the yard and looked up at the second floor and he could not see a light. He didn't know if the girl's room was on the front of the house or not.

He drove slowly through the street, and at last he pulled into the drive of his home. There he thought of Martha. A feeling of almost panic ran through his body. There will be no way of keeping it from Martha, and I don't want to, he thought as he put the car in the garage.

He stopped on the stoop and looked through the crack in the blind into the living room. Martha was lying on the couch reading a magazine, and then Henry was scared, scared that his life would drop back into the same pattern he had know a few hours before. All that was changed now. He didn't have to be bored again.

"Hello, Martha."

"Henry, where have you been? It's after ten."

"I went out to eat."

"My goodness, I've been home for ages. Did you go to the library?"

"No, I went—"

"Well, where did you go, Henry?"

Henry climbed the first few steps of the stairs and looked at Martha and thought, I'll have to tell her some day, why not now? No, I can't stand the noise she will make. But, I can't let things go as they have been. Bored, Bored, Bored! Martha, I don't really hate you. I hate our surroundings. The whole boring existence.

"Well, are you going to tell me, Henry?"

"Res, I'll tell you Martha. I've been out to eat. While I was eating I was picked up by a young lady. We went to her room and, well,— I paid her ten dollars, five more than she asked. She was a whore, Martha, and I'm going back to see her tomorrow night and perhaps the night after." Then he turned and walked up the stairs and

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MORALITY PLAY

(Continued from Page Four)

Satan. (laughing) The first time. Oh ho, the first time and you run . . . not up to it? Not up to the intellectual challenge? You're going to dull after all? Believe me drunk then and listen to my argument.

1st Stu. Who are you?

Satan. Hmmm. Even of Christ they demanded proof. Very well. (He waves his hand in an airy gesture. Immediately the background of Smitty's disappears, replaced by vacuous light—blue nothingness suggesting tranquility and a cool melancholy. In the immediate foreground are three chairs and a low coffee table that resembles sophisticated furniture in *New Yorker* ads. The boys stop, completely bewildered. Satan luxuriously stretches his legs.)

Satan. (mockingly) How now brown cow?

2nd Stu. I suppose you're going to try to win our souls?

Satan. (meditating, replys soothingly) Oh, I don't know. I don't know if I want them. I'm not sure . . . and I don't mean this as an insult. . . . I'm simply not sure that you've got one.

1st Stu. Everyone has a soul.

Satan. (Acidly) Don't you think *I* would know more about that than you? This may come as a shock but not *everybody* has a soul, only the more worthwhile.

2nd Stu. Worthwhile?

Satan. We'll get to that later. Right now though . . .

1st Stu. (interrupting) Where are we? I mean we're in Smitty's one moment and the next . . . boom! You can't help a little natural curiosity you know.

Satan. To satisfy you: we're everywhere and nowhere. We're just HERE. You'll probably notice it's quite nice. Quiet and all . . .

2nd Stu. (apprehensively, as he looks around) Yes, it is. (under his breath) Like a science-fiction movie.

Satan. (expansively) In short this place, which is noplace, has all the virtues a first-class residential site demands . . . (reflectively) pity no real estate man could get hold of it . . . terribly exclusive—but no bus connections . . .

1st Stu. I thought . . . ah . . . that . . . well, you *are* what you say you are aren't you?

Satan. Oh yes, quite definitely. And you're *not* in Hell—if that's what's worrying you. . . .

2nd Stu. Then where is . . . the establishment?

Satan. Frankly there's not . . . or rather it's not out here. It's back at Smitty's . . .

2nd Stu. (frantically) And, and Heaven?

Satan. No. Not here. Not out here in nothingness. Where there's neither time, nor space. What kind of heaven could there be out here? It would be an impossible place. Heaven's in the same place Hell is: Smitty's . . .

1st Stu. You say you're not trying to win our souls but you're destroying our moral values . . . (Satan attempts to interrupt, but the boy continues talking, Satan subsides.) By telling us there's no heaven and hell you're destroying one of the major precepts of religion: the reward of eternal life and the threat of eternal damnation. Therefore . . . therefore leaving us free of moral restrictions, supposedly, and thereby eventually falling into your hands again—and on a more permanent basis. (He ends his speech entirely aware of his own eloquence.)

Satan. (silent for a moment) You overwhelm me. You credit me with a duplicity I never intended . . . would not be capable of . . . except of course when the occasion demanded it. But that's neither here nor there. To refute your diatribe, point by point: I have simply put heaven and hell in different locations than they are usually thought of. By the way, qualify your use of the word religion by *my* or *our* will you? There are several in the world today. If your religion is so . . . so primitive as to need to rely heavily on reward and punishment like a backward child . . . well don't blame me. *I* didn't *make* it you know . . . that, by the way, brings me to my point; the reason I brought you here.

2nd Stu. Could we get down to the discussion of right and wrong? I've got an 8:30 class in the morning.

Satan. (half-amused, half irritated) There's no *time* here. It's still 11:45 at Smitty's . . . and will be as long as we talk here. . . .

1st Stu. Why does right *and* wrong concern *you* so much? Having once established *wrong*, why bother about it again? And as for *right*, why does that worry you at all?

Satan. (a little shocked by his naiveté) Why it's the utmost concern to me. Right and Wrong, Good and Evil aren't stationary abstractions off in the blue. Surely you realize that? What's good one time, in one situation, might quite possibly be utterly wrong in another situation. I have to constantly keep up with the changing moral standard. . . .

1st Stu. (depressed and a little shaken) Wait a minute . . . just a minute. (pompously) *What* about the Eternal Verities?

Satan. (with an intentionally bored look on his face) What about them?

2nd Stu. You know you're a radical.

1st Stu. (worried) Hush! Go ahead . . . what about them . . . where do they figure into all this?

Satan. (thinking a minute) I'm not quite sure I know what you mean. . . . The Eternal Verities (imitating his pompous tone) don't enter into my problem. They're there, if that's what you mean . . . but that's all . . . there have always been some things good and some things evil. The problem is to determine what they are. The one sure thing is that there is Good *and* Evil.

2nd Stu. You know you ought to talk in our Chapel.

Satan. (with gracious condescension) They've never asked me.

1st. Stu. You admit there are Eternal Verities and then turn around and deny it.

Satan. (a little cross) I didn't deny there were; I just re-

(Continued Overleaf)

vised your previous conception. (sarcastically) Assuming you *had* a previous conception.

1st Stu. (ignoring his sarcasm) Okay, there's nothing that's always bad—so what about murder?

Satan. Of course . . . that's always wrong . . . at least for the murdered party. . . .

1st Stu. Don't be facetious.

Satan. Sorry. I could play dirty and mention war and capital punishment and vendettas and even Mosaic Law . . . you know, an eye for an eye . . .?

1st Stu. That's killing; but it's not necessarily murder. There *is* a difference. (seeing he has made a point and rather proud of himself)

Satan. (reflectively) Hmmm . . . there's a difference, but a fine one. Giving the world the benefit of the doubt, we'll agree with you and say, however hesitatingly, murder is always wrong. Now what have we proved?

1st Stu. If murder, why not others?

Satan. (deciding to exert his strength a little) *What* others? I think you're being deliberately ambiguous. You're determined that there are graven tablets out yonder somewhere (he waves his arm in a sweeping motion) that say in very specific terms: Thou Shalt Not Murder, Thou Shalt Not Jaywalk, Thou Shalt Love Thy Fellowmen And All The Little Bluejays In The Park. . . .

2nd Stu. (unconsciously facetious) Give'um Hell.

Satan. (ignoring him and noticeably heated up) You want clear certain directions to live by. You want a rule book to look up if this or that is cricket. You die in the hope that, having played the game according to the rules, you'll get your just reward. You never stop to figure out that to get rewarded you have to *win* the game. Losers can play by the rules, too, you know. Hell is full of *the* most righteous, *the* most *dull* people . . . (he shakes his head in wonderment)

2nd Stu. Hell is back at Smitty's, remember? I can't imagine what righteous people would be doing there.

Satan. (impatient to continue his main discussion, replys acidly) I meant, my little Duns the Scot, that Hell is not a single geographic location . . . it exists everywhere . . . the capacity to experience the pangs of hell is just as great in a Saint, of which there are precious few these days, as it is in a condemned criminal. . . .

2nd Stu. (interrupting) Then how can Hell be full of people if it doesn't exist?

Satan. (smiling patronizingly and slyly aware of his own wit) Perhaps I was in error then. Shall we say . . . ah . . . people are full of hell? (quickly shifting his attention, he turns again to the first student.)

1st Stu. By saying good people go to hell . . . or . . . ah . . . exist in a state of hell or what have you, then you're denying . . . the . . . the . . .

Satan. (hopefully) Reason for being good?

1st Stu. (seeing the trap) No . . . not exactly, not the way you mean it? That's too mercenary. . . . But you are denying the ultimate hope, mercenary or not, all of us has. It all seems so futile somehow.

Satan. (with a smile of satisfaction) Ah, my very point, at long last. It *is* futile. It's pathetically futile. It's hilariously futile. Being good by rote isn't worth anything. Being *good* because a minister advises you to—*what* good is that? What's *good* for him is perhaps *not* good for you. Where he may turn the other cheek and thereby avoid some ticklish situation, you may do the same thing and get beaten to death. Your beloved Eternal Verities exist only insofar as they symbolize an eternal good and an eternal evil. Granted that some things, like murder, seem to be held in perpetual disesteem, the actual application of the standards of good and evil must necessarily, if they are to be just, vary from situation to situation. I don't negate the actual practice of *being* good. But inspired awareness of what constitutes actual good is necessary to the winning of the game, to return to the metaphor I used a moment ago.

1st Stu. I understand, but it seems . . . too . . . well, too indefinite.

Satan. It's very indefinite.

2nd Stu. And confusing.

Satan. And confusing. That's why it is not particularly popular. Your society has, as one of its bases, a unique blend of watered down puritanism and pseudo-science that demands that everything, *absolutely* everything when you consider Kinsey, be studied as a cold, objective, completely rational fact, whose behavior can be explained, predicted, and "adjusted" to the *n*th degree. When a particular phenomenon refuses or is unable to meet the demands of this system it is the phenomenon that suffers, not the system. Man is studied as though he were a rat in a maze. His reactions are catalogued, analyzed, and explained—explained away, oftimes. And the most irritating thing is that there remains an unexplainable quality that cannot be patly defined with ponderous declarations. It is usually called a soul, I believe, but what ever it is, the "X" factor that cannot be filed away in a cubbyhole to be examined at length with a dispassionate interest.

2nd Stu. You said not everyone had a soul, remember? (anxious to get in a point since his last rebuff)

Satan. Yes, I did, didn't I? I fear I was being a little *too* idealistic when I said that and *wrongly* assumed you would follow me. To explain more fully: Everyone *has* a soul, if you want to dignify that shriveled up little object with that name. But some people have more soul than others.

2nd Stu. It sounds pretty weak.

Satan. Oh come now, you don't expect me to be consistent, too. You really insist on bringing this conversation down to such a dull level.

2nd Stu. I'm just interested in facts, that's all.

Satan. You're a child of your time. . . .

1st Stu. Wait a minute, this getting away from the main discussion. . . .

Satan. Which is?

1st Stu. Right and wrong as you define it, is purely a matter

of time and place. There are no definite clear-cut rules that state beforehand what will be done and will not be done. Right?

Satan. Perfectly—with qualifications, of course. I'm proud of you.

1st Stu. I didn't say I agreed with you.

2nd Stu. It sounds rather dangerous.

Satan. Dangerous, pooh. All I have done is to be frank with you. Your society is based on absolute moral standards, all stable societies are, when a few moments of earnest thought considering your own actions and the actions of others would show such a thing couldn't possibly exist. Not that upon the discovery of this rather obvious fact are you going to run out decrying the very existence of all the staid old institutions that are based upon the erroneous conclusion. On the contrary, it is well, even wise, to acknowledge them but leaving leeway for yourself to work out what you would consider a fair and equitable solution to any particular problem.

1st Stu. Why, that's just hypocrisy.

Satan. (thoughtfully) Why, yes, I suppose it is. You know, a conscious hypocrisy is practically necessary to get through the world with any degree of outward success and inward satisfaction.

2nd Stu. Now you're being cynical.

Satan. (clapping his hand to his forehead) Oh! All right, I admit to cynicism if it will further the discussion. I suppose you feel that's the most appalling charge you can level against me.

1st Stu. Being a cynical, carping, hypocrite isn't the most admirable combination.

Satan. (with a gesture of pride) Well, after all, I *am* Satan, you know.

1st Stu. (standing up) This whole talk has been . . . been . . . most unsatisfactory. There are still too many questions left unanswered . . . too many questions you've hedged and backtracked on . . . you haven't helped, you've confused.

Satan. (not at all hurt) Well, if I knew everything I wouldn't be content with being Satan. If I haven't enlightened I certainly think I've . . . ah . . . provoked. I never said I would help; my words were, I believe, discuss. And we have—through our limitations, mine and yours—have left many sides of the question untouched.

2nd Stu. (standing up) Can we get gack to Smitty's?

Satan. Yes, of course. You should come back sometime, though. It's really been an interesting argument.

1st Stu. (hitting the palm of his hand with his fist) But it didn't *settle* anything!

Satan. Ho, ho. I can see the kind of "argument" you're used to. The question is presented, various sides are debated, and the "right" answer is arrived at. This is really the best kind —where you're thoroughly confused. It's the only kind that you will ever learn anything from. (He waves his arm and they are back in Smitty's. The scene is the same with nothing changed. The two boys suddenly look around them, a little dazed.)

Satan. Well, good-bye. (he gets up from the table)

1st Stu. Wait a minute. You haven't answered one question. One big question: What part do you play? *What* are you?

Satan. Ah yes, that's the question most people forget to ask. The source . . . the essence of my evil is tempting people to think.

1st Stu. To think? Oh no . . .

Satan. Oh, yes. Ever since the Garden of Eden my particular specialty has been the Sin of Knowledge.

1st Stu. But how can that be when . . . when . . .

Satan. All the really good things that exist in the world have come from rational thought. I said my evil was tempting people to think; I meant to *start* them thinking. Where they wind up in the process is beyond my control. That's where God comes in. I'm necessary in the process of what is commonly called "salvation," I believe, though I dislike that particular word because of the . . . ah . . . sawdust trail connotations it may carry. Without evil you would have nothing to differentiate good, understand?

1st Stu. Not too much . . . but enough for the discussion. Go ahead.

Satan. Furthermore, man truly appreciates nothing that is not earned. The problem is: after having been tempted, can you reach the "right" conclusion? The conclusion that will lead to "salvation"—and by that I certainly don't mean the pearly gates.

1st Stu. You mean the ability to lead a purposeful life?

Satan. Well, that's vague, but I think you understand.

2nd Stu. It sounds . . . sounds pompous to me.

Satan. (with a weary air) Of course it does—to you.

1st Stu. I still don't understand why you're so willing to explain all this.

Satan. Well, I'm a sort of junior partner you might say. I don't get commissions on souls, you know. I've really been misrepresented for far too long. You might say, in view of the variety of my accomplishments, that . . . ah . . . (he pauses for emphasis) . . . I'm a devil of a fellow. (He waits for laughter at this studied remark. Seeing that none is forthcoming he laughs a little self-consciously and turns

(Continued Overleaf)

THE IDOL

(Continued from Page Eight)

house. Then he could stop. He could have the operation.

Dr. Martin would save him. He wouldn't let him die. Dr. Martin . . .

There was nobody at home. There was nobody at home every night at the same time. At least for the last week.

There would be nobody at home there tomorrow.

If there was . . .

He wouldn't have much trouble getting in the house. The people were naive and trusting. Unduly naive and trusting. They left their front door key under the welcome mat.

They wouldn't any more after tomorrow night.

Dr. Martin wouldn't know. But he'd get the money.

It was tomorrow night. There was nobody at home. The lawn was glistening in the moonlight. It was peaceful. He wanted to stay here and look at the moon and the house and the lawn for a while. For a long while.

Now he climbed the steps. They were long and narrow and steep. It would be easy. He would open the door with the key under the doormat and then get the money. And then he could have his operation on his hypo-something in his brain. He would live. He would come through because Dr. Martin would operate on him. He's the best man for the job. The only man for the job. The . . .

There was the doormat. He lifted it. The key wasn't there! Then he lifted the other corner and clutched the shining key. His key to life.

It opened the door easily. Should he turn a light on? No, better not. He'd use his flashlight.

The room was sprinkled with extravagant furnishings and trinkets. A golden bear holding a table. A pair of jeweled peacocks holding a set of an encyclopedia.

Yes, this was the right house. He could get the money here. If they kept it here. And even if they didn't, he could always grab five thousand dollars worth of valuables in the living room.

He started in the bedroom. He searched for a valuable or jewelry box.

He tore the room apart and finally found the jewels. They didn't even bother to lock them up. This was too easy. A feeling of regret came over him. What if this had been his parents? Of course they wouldn't have all this money, but he would be stealing from them.

He didn't let it run through his fingers. He stuck it in his pocket and hunted for more. He didn't find more. He had enough. This would bring him five thousand dollars. But he might need that gold lace tablecloth. And those jeweled bookends. And . . .

No, he'd just take enough. Enough to pay Dr. Martin. Dr. Martin . . .

He drove to the city. It wasn't easy. At first, he thought he'd have no trouble at all in getting the money he wanted. But as the day wore on, and the treasure grew smaller, he was beginning to see that he wouldn't reach his goal.

He didn't. He got four thousand and eight hundred dollars, though. And forty-seven.

He didn't want to steal any more money. He had to, though. He had to live. Dr. Martin . . .

"But you haven't got all the money."

"You can operate and then let me pay you, can't you?"

"If I did, my business would go blooey."

"Well, I can get the money by tomorrow night, so be ready to operate."

"I'll be ready."

Why couldn't Dr. Martin operate first? Other doctors . . . other doctors? But there are no other doctors that can operate with assurance and precision as well as Dr. Martin. But why couldn't he operate?

How would he yet the other hundred and fifty-three dollars? Steal? He didn't feel like it. He'd hated every moment of his burglaries.

He hadn't wanted to get rid of his car. He knew that even if he'd hocked everything, he could still get only two or three thousand dollars at the most. So if he had to steal three thousand, he might as well steal five thousand and save his car, clothes, and watch.

He would steal the hundred and fifty-three, too. From a private home, too.

Four hundred and thirty-seven dollars! He would live now! Dr. Martin . . .

"Dr. Martin, the great brain surgeon, was found dead in his home last night. The exact cause of death is unknown at the present but it is thought that it was caused by a cancerous tumor of some kind."

"My God!" he whispers almost incoherently as he clicks off the television. He walks to the basement . . .

That night an ambulance rushed to the Huntington Apartments and carried a man from the basement. Then it left much more slowly on its return trip to the hospital.

The autopsy showed that he had been a fairly healthy man of thirty-three except for a tumor of the hypothalamus, which is, and most doctors say will continue to be, entirely incurable. Though a few unscrupulous surgeons attempt the operation. ●

MORALITY PLAY

(Continued from Page 15)

around and walks away. The students are hardly aware he's gone until he is.)

1st Stu. Wait, there's something else . . . (he stops in mid-sentence. He doesn't get up.)

2nd Stu. Ah, let the crazy bastard go.

1st Stu. Crazy! Crazy, hell! You were there with me.

2nd Stu. I've been drunk. I wasn't anywhere. . . . Now I'm sober. Let's go. Smitty's closing up.

1st Stu. (with great effort) No, you've *been* drunk—or asleep. *Tonight,* just now, however reluctantly, you were awake. (getting up from the table) Oh, well, let's get back to reality and 8:30 classes. It doesn't matter. Nothing's going to change. For just a minute though, for just a minute. . . . (The two students walk out as the waitress turns out the light over their table.) ●

by
tucker
mc cravy

Judge, O You Gods

". . . I really loved her and I wouldn't hurt her for the world. But she hurt me first. She laughed in my face in front of all those people and said I was a fool to think she loved me. I wanted to hit her then, but I waited because I knew all those people would jump on me if I hit her there. All those people would hurt me.

I waited 'til she was in bed that night and I went into her room and held a pillow over her face. I walked real quiet like a cat and nobody woke up. I wasn't sure she wouldn't holler and I was scared when I sneaked in her room. She didn't make no noise and I felt big when she was dead for what she did to me.

I ran 'til I was tired and I slept in the woods. It was real warm with all the pretty stars and I had a good sleep in the woods. I wanted to run some more the next day, but they found me and put me in the jail.

The old man at the jail was daddy's cousin and he liked me. He told me jokes and I laughed with him. He said if I needed anything just let him know. I told him how 'bout some cigarettes. Lots of people in town brought me cigarettes.

I didn't like the damn food at the jail and they moved me to another jail in the big city. Those men that moved me were afraid of me 'cause they put iron on me — on my wrists. One sat on one side of me — one sat on the other. They wouldn't even give me a cigarette. I didn't like them as much as I liked Homer at the first jail.

The men at the new jail were not afraid of me. One of them laughed at me and said I was as dumb as a old hillbilly. I tried to break his neck but he broke my nose. I got blood on him though. We rolled in the dirt a good time before his knee hit my nose and I tasted blood. It was good but it scared him. I laughed at him and hollered, "You are the hillbilly. You are the hillbilly. You are the hillbilly."

Then I was in a white bed. But I couldn't stay there long because a few men in nice suits wanted me in court—about the girl.

Court was fun 'cause I got to see lots of nice suits and people. Lots of them looked at me scared and I felt big—even if I did have on bad clothes.

I saw people sit up in that chair and say I was a crazy killer so many times I just about believed them after a while. They made me sit in the chair—after I touched the Bible and held me hand pointing to God—and tell my story. I tried to tell about the jails and the fight and all the scared people but the man stopped me every time. He said, "Now, Vance, tell the court where you were on the night of July third nineteen hundred and fifty four." I didn't know what day he meant and said I wanted a calendar. People laughed and I jumped out of the chair but the police grabbed me before I could break any necks.

Court lasted a long time and I was a big man. People came to see me in jail and look at my nose which was most well. They wrote and flashed cameras and I smiled.

Soon the men at the jail liked me a lot 'cause they gave me cigarettes and magazines and things. I was the friend of the man that broke my nose even.

I was good at the jail—the only thing

(Continued Overleaf)

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JUDGE, O YOU GODS

(Continued from Page 17)

I did bad was to cuss at the niggers some time and the other men couldn't sleep. So the guards would cut on all the lights and holler for me to shut up. I did 'cause they hit me if I kept on—it took four of 'em to hold me though.

They told me the trial was most over and I would know the verdict soon—the verdict is what they do to you when you strangle a girl. But I wasn't scared. In the last day of court they wanted me to say something to 'em but I told 'em, "No."

I was wondering when they were going to let me out of jail—and they did soon. I even rode home on the train with the money they gave me. I went back home to Daddy and Homer and picking cotton with the niggers.

But I learned a lot from those men in nice suits. I ain't never gonna strangle another nigger as long as I live — I ain't even gonna mess with 'em no more . . ."

STORY

(Continued from Page 12)

into the bedroom.

Martha could feel the vast awareness of a great helplessness rise over her. Her small world had just whirled away. She knew that she could talk Henry out of his trips back to the girl, but they were not important. There would be no more order, regulation or happy boredom to their lives. She would have to try to make him happy again or he would carry on this senseless escape, and eventually tear down his life and thereby mess up hers. All these things crossed her mind as she put away the magazine and emptied the ashtray.

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REQUIESCAT

A Parody on Arnold
By Frank Mann

Scatter on her posies, posies,
And never a spray of dew!
In quiet she composes
Things that I ne'er would do!

Her wrath on me conspired;
To make life hell for me.
Her heart was fired, fired,
She ne'er would let me free.

Her thoughts toward me returning,
My future to confound
A woman's dread of spurning
She'd fix the faithless hound!

Her plan had reached its goal,
She'd make him wish for death!
Tonight she would unfold
The horror of her bad breath.

THE CHOICEST

By Lonnie Cook

When upon a blooming garden,
Casually the eye does fall
It will spot among the others
The choicest flower of them all.

In the heavens brightly gleaming
God has placed His countless lights
But of all that glowing brightness
Just the choicest catch our sight.

People, too are God's creations.
Multitudes of formful clay.
All are actors in life's drama.
Just the choicest lead the play.

So let's try to be the choicest
Be the few that stand apart.
Be a pusher, not a leaner
Help the slower ones to start.

And when God above is judging
Here the many, there the few
He will have no trouble seeing
That the choicest one, is you.

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EDITORIAL

Why Not Mid-Term Grades For Upperclassmen?

About the middle of the first term of the junior year the student at Wofford becomes somewhat dismayed at the fact that he is denied mid-term grades, and probably were he to be given those grades he would be much better off in conscientiously planning the rest of the semester.

What we want to do here is to consider the advantages of having mid-term grades for upperclassmen at Wofford, and to investigate why they have been withheld until now.

Obviously, the major benefit of being issued grades at the middle of the semester would be to give the upperclassman some knowledge of how he is doing in a given subject, and to show him where he is lax, where he must concentrate. Seniors need to know that especially, since there is a rule that a "C" average must be made during the senior year, and often seniors are not taking all of their courses in their major department, where they may know better how well they are showing themselves. The junior needs to know how he is faring just as badly as do the freshman and the sophomore, who are given this favor because they supposedly aren't capable of judging their progress. Neither is the junior, and neither is the senior.

We might add here that one of the reasons students in general need this service is to surmise somewhat just how arbitrarily a given professor gives the almighty "A". And grades are too often given whimsically.

Another benefit of being graded at mid-term would be that this would serve as a kind of reward for the student who has worked hard, but who may slack off about December or April. It would be an added impetus for scholarship, a shot-in-the-brain to stimulate more rigorous effort in the stretch. We have seen encouragement work wonders with the finite mind, that sensitive organ which needs a measure of dessert for even its malfunctions.

So at the middle of the term that marks one as a new upperclassman, the student will have an intelligent understanding of how his efforts are expressing themselves, and he will be able to discriminatingly anticipate a crop of respectable reports. Not to mention the fact that he may also be rewarded by showers of blessings from home.

Why have upperclassmen not been granted this common pelf in the past? It is common, because one has only to become familiar with the other colleges and universities in South Carolina to know that it is done in too many places for it to be considered impractical. Behold USC, and the expense there of issuing grades four times during the regular session.

Must Wofford compete? Certainly. We suffered the blight of having our fees raised, and what special benefits followed? Would the added cost of filling out and mailing these forms to upperclassmen be so great as to warrant their absence? Instead, we know many juniors and seniors who would gladly pay for such a service were it to be offered.

Blue slips are a help, even though they are curious. But they would insult staid adults.

We think that if mid-term grades were issued to the upperclassmen at Wofford, the whole school would see good fruit issue from it. Grades would certainly be generally ameliorated, and the natural state would be abated. The man who has successfully endured two years here deserves some measure of recognition, and what better than information about his progress could be offered him?

Not only would the student gain from knowing his exact status, but the professors who never test their classes until they issue an unbearable exam would be obliged to mark the student's participation.

The advantages in issuing mid-term grades to upperclassmen far outweigh—in fact they make insignificant—any drawback.

—J. E. J.

THE JOURNAL

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Wofford College

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The JOURNAL

WOFFORD COLLEGE -:- May, 1957

THE JOURNAL
OF WOFFORD COLLEGE

VOLUME LXXX ★ No. 5 SPARTANBURG, SOUTH CAROLINA MAY ★ 1957

ENTRIES

Number Five precedes exams barely, and it is hoped that after these turbulent days are over somebody will get around to reading this issue. If that happens, the reader will notice several policy changes subtly introduced by the scissors and red pencil. We were handed a list of rules and guidance principles several days ago which we would like to publish here.

"To the editors of all student publications:

"It is the policy of Wofford College to allow to student publications the maximum liberty consistent with Christian morals and principles. So that editors may have some guidance in achieving these objectives and complying with the College's concept of good taste, the following are offered as guidance and regulations:

1. Student publications shall not contain profanity, blasphemy, or obscenity.
2. No member of the board of trustees, administration, faculty, staff, or student body of the College may be subjected to personal criticism or ridicule.
3. All written or pictorial material, except news stories, must be signed by the author.
4. The editor of a student publication is responsible, together with the authors, for all material contained therein.
5. Violators of these regulations shall be subject to discipline by the Dean of Students and the Discipline Committee of the College.

"Editors should remember that their publications represent Wofford College to its constituency, and that materials contained therein should conform to accepted standards of decency and propriety.

"May 9, 1957."

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The Scabby's Plea

by Chris Kanos

The strike had closed the mills in Pickney. The narrow streets, lined with matchbox framed houses, once blurred and spotted with people rushing to and from work, were now empty and desolate. A gentle haze of rain settled down upon the cracked pavement. Two Negro boys, their glittering white teeth reflecting against a cocoa complexion, boyishly pushed a home-made cart loaded with stolen coal from the idle train cars. A small boy, his pants dangling to his knees, saturated with the putrid odor of urine, sat beneath a house meekly playing with a kitten.

Then there was the church in Pickney. Every town has a church, or a place where people, simply and humbly, come to worship God; or glorify Satan.

The church was old. The four towering columns were shedding the aged paint in flakes. The fan shaped windows, with broken panes, reflected the light from within. The porch, set in ordinary red brick, was spotted with tiny white stains. A pigeon, resting within a nest in the rafters, gently cooed to its mate.

The interior of the church was of simple design. The pews were crudely finished in a mahogany stain. The main floor sagged. The altar, covered with a white linen cloth with stringy edges, paramounted a cross of white pine. Below the pulpit was an old piano that when played toned as a young man playing his hair comb. A rope lingered down from the bell tower. A fire bucket resting upon the stove was half filled with water dripping from the rain soaked roof.

The service was filled to capacity. The minister standing in the pulpit, raising his voice above the hypnotic droning of the electric fans on the walls, waved his arms in an emotional clamour. The door slammed shut. A few people turned to check the noise. A man, his face unshaven, his clothes soiled with machine grease and soaked with rain, stood in the aisle facing the altar. The whole congregation turned and stared. The man, his eyes nervously skimping the room, started for a seat. The minister sensing an air of indifference in the church sang out with his melodious sermon more forceful than ever. The people continued to stare. The man, sitting with elbows on his knees, head down, awkwardly fingered his rain soaked cap. A man, John Maxwell, stood up. His voice bellowed over the congregation: "We don't want no scabby in this church." The minister, as if his feet were upon hot coals, quickly stepped down from the pulpit.

"This is a tabernacle of God . . . let every man keep silence before him."

"It ain't right," began John Maxwell, "having that no good son of . . . gun sittin' in here with decent folk worshippin' the God Almighty after he went ahead and worked in the mills when everybody else was on strike. Preacher, this might 'na be a tabernacle of God, but it sure ain't gonna be a den for a Satan."

"I ain't come here to start no trouble," said the man, glancing over the group. "My wife 's sick . . . I come to pray for her."

"Then the wrath of God done struck your household, Emit Morrow. The wrath of God done struck you . . . Amen", cried an old woman, standing with her hands tightly gripped to her woven shawl. The congregation joined in a throng, "Amen".

"You'd best give yourself to the good Lord and ask him to forgive your sins and iniquities, Emit Morrow," cried the old woman, raising her arms to the altar and shouting, "Amen".

"Leave this man be," shouted the preacher, "he's come to God of his will to pray for his wife. Let all of us join in prayer for his wife. O Lord, God . . ."

"I ain't gonna pray for no man's wife, who of his accord went and worked in the mill when we all is striking," cried Jessie Clay, a middle-aged man with a family of six girls.

"I had just cause to work," yelled Emit, "I had just cause to work. My wife is pregnant. She needed medicine. I cain't git no more credit."

"My girls ain't had no milk for twenty-two days," cried Jessie, turning to his wife and nodding his head in a sense of satisfaction.

"Well, me . . . me and Anna ain't never gonna have any more children. That's what Doctor Henry told me today," spoke Emit in a feverish tone of voice.

"The wrath of God's upon you,"

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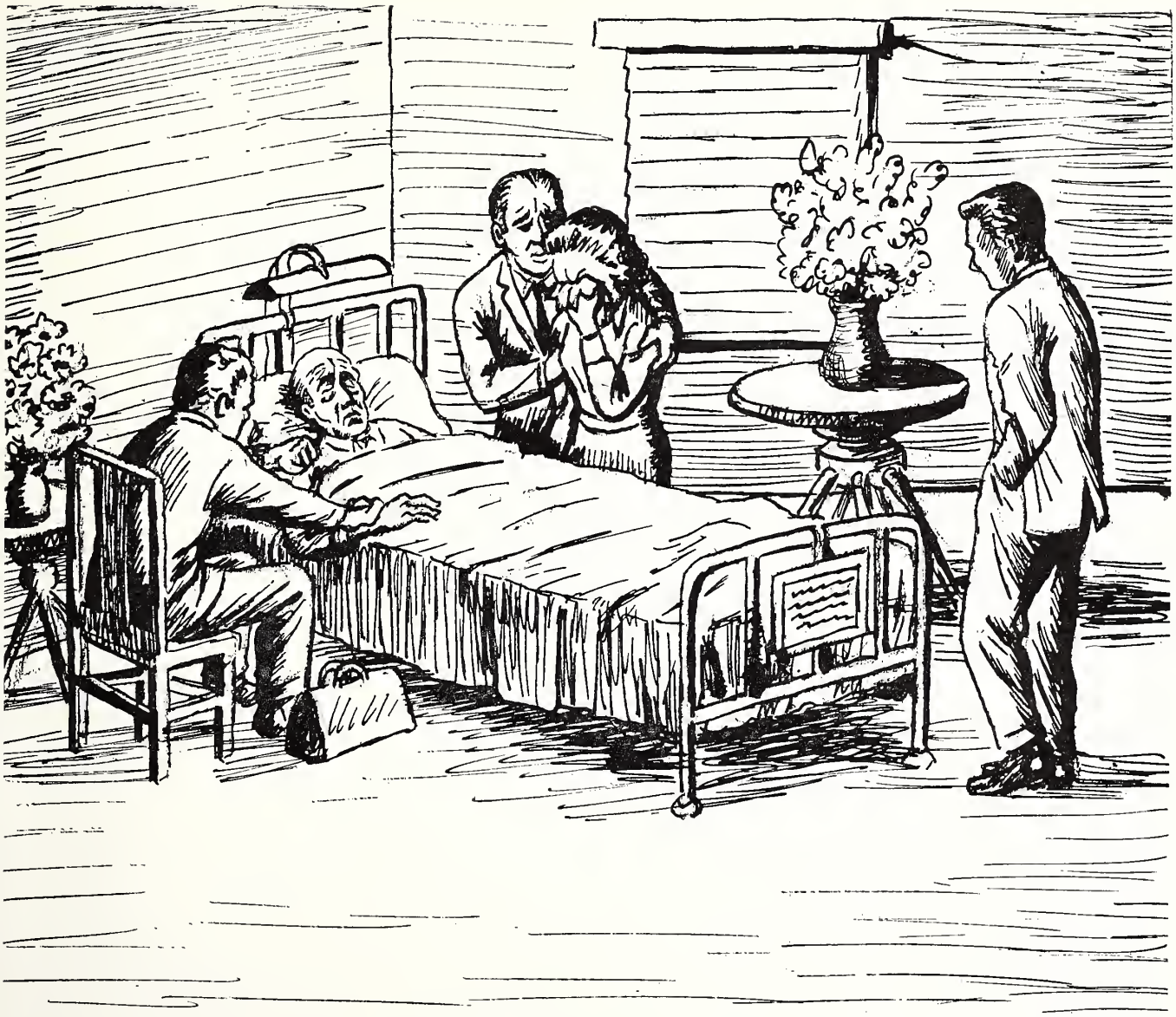

DAN MCMILLAN

A Visit To Grandfather's House, or

Ten Minutes In A Bare Room

by Tom Wright

—Leg of Mercy encased, enwrapped, enshrined in silken inviolacy. Survey. Contemplate. ("It's got *feel* appeal!")—

The doors of the do-it-yourself elevator closed behind him with a mournful certainty.

Dr. Brandford wanted in surgery.

—Just like Medic. Like the old Dr. Kildare movies. Where was Lionel Barrymore, sitting in his wheel chair?

Nurse Jenkinson, that's what they are called in England. Nurse. Not Jenkinson then. Maybe Richy. Abigail Richy. Good-looking legs. Yclept gams in the vulgar parlance. Gauzed in white silk. Symbol of purity. True to thy pledge dearest Abigail? Let's go Maying Corinna. No, not silk. Nylon. Everything made out of nylon now. It swishes, but it sounds hard. Silk more suggestive. Ming dynasty? No, languid afternoon in a hotel room with a rumpled bed on the Riviera. Little iron-

(Continued Overleaf)

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work balcony and an expensive continental cigarette. Old campaigner.—

The nurse looked up from the high chair at the desk, saw the pointed stare, and uncrossed her legs.

"Pardon me, where is 348?"

"West end, turn left at the end of the hall. You can't get in there. Critical case."

"I'm a member of the family."

—Tete-a-tete completed; expedition begun. Might have slipped her a note—or a rose. Oh, the expression on her face. A rose and a passionate look. Too self-conscious for that though. Still, it would have been fantastically funny. Farewell Abigail. It is a far, far better thing that I do, than I have ever done. I'm going to see Grand-dad die. Oh, we're going to hang Grand-dad from a sour apple tree.—

Passing by the rows of open doors that lined both sides of the hall, he was oppressed by the heat of late summer that crept into the halls and sucked the stink of the hospital odors from the very walls and floors and left them as perspiration on the skin pores of the inmates.

—Some people make their living by their delicate nostrils. Tell different kinds perfume. What a time he'd have here. Vomit, sweat, blood. O type. Quite good. $25.00 an ounce. They say blood sells sweet. Always people at highway accidents, always some guy who says afterward, did you smell the blood? It was sweet. Speed kills. National Safety Council and Labor Day statistics and blood smells sweet.—

A woman groaned loudly in a room to his left as he passed by. A man sat on the bed looking helpless and out of place. A chirp-faced nurse buzzed around him, a syringe in her hand.

—Microcosm and macrocosm. Each room a little world of its own, each room with its trail of memories behind it like a tail.

Bare feet on wet rocks. Mountains and the picnic lunch of innumerable years ago. The sunset last summer and the new car before the war. How new it smelled, what makes them smell that way? Some stuff on the market now that you can spray a car with and it smells like new.

I've got to go home. We just can't afford this bill. I can get well just as good at home. Middle-aged woman talking. Haggard look. Old woman to be. Young girl once with moonlight in her eyes. Steady patron of the tango dancer and oh you kid.

What good do flowers do? People never send flowers until you are too sick to enjoy them. Beautiful flowers. Right out of a *House and Garden* layout. How to grow peonies in rocky ground. Dahlias for everybody. Clay pots with tinfoil and florists ribbon round them, sitting stupidly on bedside tables and window sills. Axiom: Sickness unto death inspires hither to undiscovered appreciation of floral pulchritude. Like to have a house with a greenhouse in it.—

"May I help you, young man?"

"Ah . . . . I'm going to 348."

"That's a critical. I'm afraid you can't get in there unless you're a member of the family."

"I am . . . He's my grandfather."

—Silent assent. The oh I see in the eyes. Be so good as to move my good grandam. You see: *I* am in mourning. Ta da de da. Pomp and Circumstance.—

He stopped at the doorway to 348 and looked around him for a moment. The overhead light was burned out and so left a small section of the hall in semi-darkness.

—My grandfather, the light that failed. He hid his light under a bushel. The candle of his life is burning out. Listen my children and you shall hear the tale of my dear grandfather who now is dying. My grandfather who was young, lived through middle ages, and now is old. Who was time and is death. Pay attention to the death of my grandfather children and learn a valuable lesson. Something you can't get on Little Golden records at the supermarket. As ye gathered? Then enter grandfather. Enter grandfather I never knew. Who said goddamn! and meant it. All the skies he saw I know nothing of; the queer wispy clouds that spring day in '76. The bearded old patriarchs, the bearded old men, heavy black boots and dirty serge, sweet brown streams of spittle. He's my grandfather. He knew the sharp crack of an axe biting into hickory on a fall morning god-numbered years ago. He knew the trail that isn't even there now. I'm jealous. I'm jealous of pine bark, and coon hunts and dirt, dirt on and in everything, jealous of let me tell about Kershaw's brigade and what they did on the Little Round Top. Jealous of time and death that rob and give nothing in return.

Knob of brass, knob of greasy brass, portal to beared memory. Turn knob.—

Dim room hot with sweat. Rembrandt sunlight slanting through a window. Aunts and uncles and a few cousins crowd the room. The dying man's sons and his only daughter stand in a group by the window, segregated by the priority of their grief. A nurse and a doctor bend over the bearded, withered form on the bed.

—G - -, it's hot. A damned inferno. Wonder if he feels the heat. Wonder if he feels anything. How does it feel to be dying? It must be fuzzy and far away. He's all doped up. Probably knows in some dimly conscious way and just doesn't give a damn. Ughhhhh. Quivery shiver up my spine from looking at him. Empty hulk. Did *that* take me fishing one time? Couldn't get the worm on the hook . Had to just push the hook right into him. If we all got a chance to say a last word . . . what if I asked him if he remembered it . . . how scandalized the family would be. Why? Because on the point of departure he was reminded of what he was leaving behind? Perhaps so. Stock sentiment much better. Whole idea barbaric though. Goodbye. See you in the funny papers. What is there to say? A silent sobbing embrace of a rotten carcass. At least genuine.

What a bee hind that nurse has got. It's blasphemous to have a backside like that at a time like this. In all this

(Continued on Page 18)

The Empire Of St. Helena

The sun was an incandescent sphere that sparkled the ocean and sent rippling heat waves rising from the bleached sand of St. Helena. Pastel tints of blue and green streaked the water as the tide moved it toward the beach, and if you watched it your eyes could see it change shades in the glare of noon until it at last reared itself into foaming white waves that swirled and hissed over the shore, leaving the once white sand a sodden blanket of gray. And if you walked on the spongy sand barefooted it would be cool, and your weight would push water between your toes; then the next wave would glide over the gray and swirl about your ankles, washing the sand from under your feet, and you would wish you were a child again. Then the water would recede, leaving a twisted covering of gray which contrasted sharply with the still unwet white. The next wave, pushed by the incoming tide, crept further onto the white before it too retreated. Then the tide would be in and water would cover it all.

A man walked slowly down the beach and his boots made shallow prints in the glittering sand. Behind him followed a taller man who stayed fifteen or twenty boot prints back and stepped into each of them and marveled at how much larger his own were. The taller man wore a uniform with bright shiny buttons and carried a rifle, and the brass buttons on the red uniform and the bayonet on the rifle flashed in the sun. Their footprints stretched for miles along the shore, and always the short man would lead and the soldier would follow, and his bayonet and buttons would flash in the sun.

by Jim Stuckey

Occasionally the little man would stop, shade his eyes with his hands and look toward the sea, or would change his course and walk to the rocks that lay piled well away from the swirling water and would sit down. If he did this I, the soldier, would close the gap between us and stand beside him and say, "The sea is smooth today," or if the sea was not smooth I would say, "The sea is rough today."

The short man would continue to stare as if he did not hear me, and then he would stand or merely turn and silently retrace his steps. And he would leave me, the soldier, standing alone; and he would walk his own solitary way.

These happenings had become almost a ritual with us; everyday, the same walk, the same sea, and the same sayings. And now on this particular day the small man had stopped and was sitting on a rock when I approached him. I watched the distant whitecaps rear above the indigo water and sparkle playfully before I said, "The sea is smooth today."

He continued to stare as if he had not heard me; and the breeze fluttered the loose wisps of his hair over the beads of perspiration that stood on his forehead.

"Yes. Yes, the sea *is* smooth today."

Those were the first words he had ever spoken to me, and I was glad because I wanted to know him, to understand him; so I replied, "I love the ocean when it is smooth. Perhaps it is because it brings back memories of home."

"You English are fools, poetic fools who are lucky in the sight of the fates, but you remain fools. And that feeble excuse who . . ."

"Are we? Are we Emperor?," and I used the word Emperor. "What of Wellington? Is he a fool also? Were the English fools at Waterloo?"

He stood up and faced me and I noted that his head came only to my shoulder. Lifting his face he looked at me through his squinting gray eyes and I watched his lips curl into a sneer as he repeated, "Wellington."

The lips separated from the yellow teeth and with a downward toss of his head he spit at my feet, and I was glad he had not spit in my face. Then he turned and walked away, leaving me to watch the glob of saliva sink into the sand. And I watched it for a long time before I too turned and slowly pursued him.

The moon came up big over the ocean and it glowed fiery orange as it

(Continued Overleaf)

Empire

(Continued from Page Five)

painted a quivering band of gold over a thousand miles of water. Sitting outside the door I was watching the sea twinkle in the twilight when Henry came to relieve me.

"Pretty isn't it?"

I nodded that it was.

"Is he asleep?"

I nodded again, then stood up while Henry leaned his rifle against the house and sat down. I waited until he lit his cigar before I spoke.

"He spoke to me today."

"Did he?" And Henry said it in that indifferent, so-what tone.

"He fascinates me. It amazes me how he became what he did. Why he hardly comes to my shoulder." I held my palm level with my shoulder to emphasize the fact.

"He's a monster, that's how he did it. Anybody can get to the top if they trample enough people. The moon sure is pretty tonight."

"He's different, I want to know what he's like inside, what force drives him!" And I knew that Henry didn't know or care so I said, "I have some paper work to finish, so I had best get started."

During the following weeks the little man and I became friendlier, at least as friendly as he would become, and though he made it quite evident that he surpassed me in all but stature, his contempt died and our conversations began to lengthen. He talked more and more of "his France," and when he did so his eyes would sparkle and he would lift his chin high as he spoke.

"Men will never forget my name; some may curse, but all will remember. Under me France was queen of Europe, and if they say the name of Caesar or Hannibal they will shout mine. History does not forget."

At other times he would lapse into periods of depression and murmur, "And now the man who conquered Europe and dictated to kings can not even urinate in privacy." Then he would look at me and smile a forced, painful smile.

Spring turned to summer and summer was hot, so we deserted the simmering beach and took our walks through the forest, and climbed the bluff which towered high above the sea. The governor commanded that I carry my rifle, but upon entering the forest I would lean it against a tree and we would climb the bluff and watch the breakers far below thunder on the rocks. This day the sea was rough, so he said, "The sea is rough today."

I agreed that it was, to which he replied, "The sea is always rough when you are defeated."

The remark struck me but I said it was so, and he followed it up.

"Englishman, do you too hate me?"

I didn't answer, but only stared at the sea and felt him looking at me.

"It is said that you hate me because your brother was killed in the war. I don't care. I'm not sorry about your brother, for if I could have had my way every Englishman on the field would have been killed. I can't say that it matters . . . even if you, like the others, hate me."

I thought about the brother the little man spoke of and now that brother was dead and buried. Dead and buried, and I hated the man who said he was glad until I looked at the short insignificant human who was big inside, and then the hatred died. I fought to swallow the salty taste that comes in your mouth just before the tears follow and I said, "My brother was killed at Waterloo and indirectly you are responsible, but I don't hate you; I did, but no more. It was the will of God."

"Was it, Englishman? Was it the will of God? If it was God's will then it was also His will that I was defeated, and I will not believe in an unjust God!"

I didn't say anything, I just watched the waves breaking along the coast. We had been through it all before. I would say that God was and he would say, "Prove it." I never could, so I would say it was late. And then we would leave.

But today my anger flared.

"You fool. For all your wisdom you are a blind, stupid fool, you *have* to . . ."

He pried my fingers from about his collar and I let my hands fall, and the anger was gone.

"Do I, Englishman? I'm no ignorant, superstitious peasant. Do I have to do *anything* I don't *want* to do?"

The surf must have pounded for a long time before I spoke.

"Yes, Emperor. Sooner or later you have to die." I watched his forehead wrinkle and a puzzled look come into his eyes, and the sea was rough.

* * *

A storm had come up and outside the surf boomed and thundered on the coast. I stood in the governor's mansion and watched the lightning flashes illumine the sky and the candle flames sway when the door was opened. The flames swayed and Henry entered, his coat dripping.

"Is he dead yet?"

I shook my head. Henry's apathetic expression changed and we sat and waited. The clock had just chimed the hour when the governor entered.

"The Emperor has just died of natural causes. May God rest his troubled soul." And he made the sign of the trinity and looked very pious.

"And lieutenant, he wanted me to tell you something. He said, 'The sea is rough.' He was dying and that's what he said. Just, 'The sea is rough,' and he told me to tell you."

I stared and listened as the waves beat upon the shore and the thunder resounded, and suddenly I was far away and a man walked beside the sea, and the sea was calm and the waves were at peace. And I thought the words of that man and repeated them, and my lips scarcely moved.

"What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world . . . and lose his own soul."

I listened to the thunder and the pounding surf, and I was sad that a great man was dead, and I said, "Yes. Yes, the sea *is* rough." ●

DAN MCMILLAN

HORN MAN

by Bob Chamblee

—Caldonia! Caldonia! What makes your big head so hard?

Chick always thought of that tag line when he thought of the old days, the days of his youth, and as he walked down the street of his birth shifting impressions of that happy period flickered in and out of his consciousness.

He and his crowd, his special circle, had been very, very progressive, and he remembered many hours spent over different record players, listening to Miles, Diz, The Bird, and most of all their favorite, The First Herd, laying down chorus after chorus on tunes like *Wildroot, Apple Honey, Fan It,* but always *Caldonia,* when Jackson put out that fantastic beat on his five-string bass and Harris, Flip, Condoli and all the great ones kicked off solo after solo, building up to the five-trumpet unison riff that no other section ever attempted.

—Man, but that's nice, Chick thought, so nice.

The street that Chick walked was a long straight one with an island of oak

(Continued Overleaf)

Horn Man

(Continued from Page 7)

trees, naked now in the December mist, running down the middle, separating one lane from the other and causing the street to be called The Boulevard.

At one time (and if you knew any of the families on this street, who thought of themselves as the old families, you would be sure to hear this story) this was one of the finest streets in the city, and it was the oldest. My grandfather saw General Lee himself ride down it on Traveller, and all the city was lined up to see him and he tipped his hat to Grandfather who was only a boy then. Another small bourbon?

Fifteen years before, Grandfather himself would have told you the story, his face young and alive again with the memory of his greatest and only hour, only he would have said, "This is the finest street in the city," and he would have been wrong, about five years wrong, but he wouldn't have known it or admitted it if he had, but that doesn't matter, because the old man's dead now. He died before the street did, but the street was dying then, only it's still struggling. It won't die until the first black face moves in, which will take some time, but not too much time, because all the new families that move in are either from North Carolina or poor white (the older inhabitants make no distinction), and in this state the Negro follows on their heels.

It was the Christmas Season, and all the windows of the old houses were filled with wreaths, candles, manger scenes, or similar symbols of Peace on Earth, and on the side streets the windows of all the shops and bars proclaimed that Yes, Virginia, there is, in neonic overtones.

Chick turned into one of the side streets and continued walking until he came to one of those bars. He stood outside for a moment, looking at the steamed windows and the glaring neon beer sign. He noticed the name of the bar, Taylor's Chophouse, hanging over the double door, and after staring for a second he pushed the door open and walked in.

The warm, moist air hit his face with a sudden shock of remembrance. The smell of stale smoke, stale beer and spoiled pig's knuckles jarred his mind with an unsuspected retroflexive vigor, and I tell you, Chick, you got it made with this twist.

—Look, man, you're talking to the wrong party.

—How's that?

—I mean I know this girl, and with her I'm just ah . . .

—Nowhere?

—That's the word.

—Chick, boy, you're much too modest. I happen to know, you're very big with her.

—I know her of old, and it's still no.

—Don't say that, I keep telling you. She told Jane that it was extremely all right with her. The can's empty. Once more?

—Once more.

—Hey, Stan! Two over here.

—The same?

—Make 'em short ones.

—Two drafts it is.

—So like I say, Chick, you got it taped.

—I don't see it at all, Abe. I mean with her I'm extremely negative. She just doesn't like me.

—So something's happened and now you're the fair-haired boy, like she practically asked Jane to fix it up.

—Really?

—Would I lie to you?

—Hell, yes.

—Sure I would, but not this time. Now come on, how about it? Friend? Buddy?

—Okay, Abe, but remember, it's a favor to you and I expect to have a miserable time.

—I swear it's not that bad, man, and while I admit that maybe she's not the most sociable thing in the world, she's a real nice girl, and besides . . .

—And besides, Jane can't go to the dance unless Kit goes, too, because Mrs. Childers promised Kit's mother, when said mother left for the week-end, leaving said Kit with Mrs. Childers, that Kit would have a good time, and by G - - she's going to have a good time or Mrs. Childers will know the reason why.

—My, how the words just flow.

—Well, isn't that the story?

—That's it, friend, and really, you've saved my life. Greater love hath no man than all that jazz.

—All right. All right! Stop kissing my feet and let's cut out.

—What's the rush?

—Abe, the place smells.

—Well, I admit, for the sake of an argument, that it is not one of the choicest, but the beer is cheap and the law never comes around.

—And Stanisberg hasn't cleaned the place since Grant took . . .

—Watch it, man! That's a nasty subject in this town. One doesn't mention the man's name, suh.

—I know. It's like shooting a fox.

—Hallowed ground, I mean, suh.

—Hallowed and smelly. Let's go.

—I'm with you. Let me get my overcoat and we'll . . .

Chick blinked his eyes several times, wiped them off with the backs of his hands, and walked over to the long counter that covered one side of the room. He sat down, staring into the long mirror that hangs behind every counter in every bar in the land. The darkened images of the booths behind him crowded into the frame, partially blocked by a large, multi-colored juke box that sat just behind his left shoulder.

"What'll it be?"

"What? Oh, bourbon and water, I guess."

"Not in this state. We got beer and wine."

"Oh, yea, I forgot. Ah . . . Bud."

He watched the bent figure of the old man shuffle down to the end of the counter, slide back the top of the drink box, take the bottle out, and pour the beer into a tall glass.

—Too damn much foam.

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SOMEBODY CARED

"He needs encouragement. He needs to know that he does have the ability to speak clearly those profound thoughts he has. This is the best opportunity he has to show people that he can become a big success in life. Encouragement is what he needs." That was what Ralph's teacher thought.

"He is a brilliant boy, but he's in the wrong school. Nobody gives a damn about a smart boy in a school like this. If you have a good-looking girl who can shag, ten pairs of pegged pants, and if you know twenty good, dirty jokes, then the students will like you. But someone who can memorize Milton just like everyone else memorizes dirty jokes just doesn't belong here. Ralph's a good boy, but if he plans to go anywhere, he has got to learn to adapt himself to the situation." That was Ralph's closest friend, Jake, who wasn't as close as the normal close friend is.

Ralph was brilliant indeed. He had attained the highest mark of any student in the history of the school. He was able to do all the fields of study; sciences, math, English, history, languages, nothing gave him trouble. As was the custom, he was rewarded with being named Valedictorian. However, he had refused to make the speech at graduation. Encouragement — m a y b e, or adaptation? If only someone understood him, then maybe he would receive encouragement and learn to adapt himself.

He received his desire to become educated from his father who was a college professor of philosophy. His life now among the disinterested is quite different from the one he had while living on a college campus. He would refuse to go to bed as a little boy, because he wanted to stay up and listen to those educated men discuss the problems of the world in their little discussions. He had a great admiration for his father because of his knowledge and never tired of hearing him speak. But an automobile wreck killed both his parents seven years ago, and since coming to this small Texas town to live with his sister, who had eloped, there is no one to appreciate the knowledge he gained from his father—except one.

There was Lynn, a simple, plain, not ugly, interested girl. Many times she would stop and talk with Ralph when she saw him because she admired him just like he had admired his father. Ralph was smart enough to realize that she took a special interest in him, but his shyness permitted him not to think much of it. Ralph did find pleasure in being able to talk to a person in an intelligent manner, but the students had caused him to become cautious of everyone, so he didn't bother to add anything to the conversation.

As the last week of school was drawing to a close and with graduation only three days away, Ralph had still refused to deliver the speech. The teachers decided that the principal would make an announcement stating that Ralph was ill and unable to make the speech. Ralph and Lynn lingered after their last class on Friday for one of their frequent talks after everyone left. They were discussing their likes and dislikes

(Continued on Page 14)

by Franklyn Sanders

On Extra-Curriculars And Scholarship

A Speech To The Faculty Club

By John Earl Jones

(Ed. note. This speech was delivered by the author to the Faculty Club at its monthly meeting April 23, 1957. The speech was one of two student works, the other being by A. V. Huff. After the speeches the question and answer period lasted for one hour.)

* * *

I might say at the outset that I have dreamed since being an insignificant freshman that one day I would appear before the faculty assembled and have my say, but now that I am enjoying that honor I suddenly find myself with little to talk about. I even considered talking sometime to the discipline committee about what I thought of moral relativity, etc., etc., etc. I thought of how I would gripe about this and that, cup a few people and, in general, shock the whole body, but it has been interesting to watch conservatism creep in, to see that radical in my denominator gradually factored, to see myself becoming soberer as I approach this coming milestone, graduation. The idea that one person could change the world became more than an hilarity—it evolved into an elaborate set of opinions on crusading and people in plaid shirts who want to reshape the attitudes of Wofford men and, consequently, the world. So I am here to tell you what I have deduced concerning the interference of extra-curricular activities with scholarship. Might I offer at first myself as a dissolute example of such interference: how, when uncontrolled, the participation in such activities as billiards and a game of chess (not to mention the glee club or fraternities or S. C. A. work) can so transform the person of the student that he not only loses sight of his primary purpose, but he becomes so absorbed with his avocations that he puts no value on the curriculum consciously, and he goes out of Wofford not being able to discern the values of living. He has cripped through, and he deserves the imminent punishment—that of realizing what he could and should have done—and may I say to you who obviously could have experienced that nostalgia only to a slight degree, that it is indeed a terror.

Paragraph two. Your name is One, and my name is Legion. For I am certainly many, and that is not only physically apparent: what I was alluding to was the recurrent complaint among students that "Old So-and-So thinks that his is the only course I'm taking." That, of course, is unjustified, and you have heard it enough for me to dismiss it here.

Let us concern ourselves directly, then, with the problem—for there is a problem, which you shall see is the student's. But you may surmise that there are several ways in which you may help him reach a solution. I say that it is his problem because I have found that there is in actuality no incompatibility between the classroom and campus life. And I speak out of a wealth of experience outside Main Building. I have talked with many students in preparation for these comments, and they have agreed that once the student has learned to what measure he can expect to enjoy himself and how much time, accordingly, he must apportion for study he may intend to live *la bonne vie*. When he has acquired that faculty of setting up his daily schedule (and it must be flexible) he will find that he will not be plagued with boredom, but he will more likely realize that there is something creative in learning, a rich episode in his stay here.

Then we might conclude that this is a newly-tagged disease, and its sire is procrastination. Personally, I found that its vaccine was hard to come by, but once I had realized that that elixir was hidden in the unfathomable recesses of my personality, I then knew that no longer would I wake up in the morning with the weight of the world on my shoulders: that term paper, those lab experiments, that next Journal, that Pi Gamma Mu initiation, that S. C. A. program, that glee club concert—these are only supplementary to entire education. In these could I begin to train myself, much more than I could in the classroom, although I must there rather help the professor to guide me upward.

Then I say that you need not be concerned with overburdening your classes with work, because if those who hear you are there for a considered reason, they will make time to avail themselves of that privilege. You may encourage them to do just that, and no student I have ever known has resented his professors taking an interest in him. You may ask him into your home; you may even ally yourself with his groups. Through the almighty contact with the faculty the worthwhile student will not even consider "brown-nosing" but will develop that *sine qua non* which you undoubtedly have.

I am looking forward someday to teaching in college, and I hope that I will never become so involved with the ramifications of that office that I lose sight of this problem—a collosal one—which can work havoc to the most conscientious student. ●

Character Of An Old Man

by Richard L. Goley

He was old the first time I can remember seeing him. He was the proverbial southern old man, complete with dark suit and light hat. He was never without either. The hat or hats were his joy in life. They were worn continually summer and winter. In fact, he was a member of some sort of hat club. He wore a hat until it needed cleaning or blocking, and then the club sent him another.

Meeting a "lady" on the street was a solemn ritual with him. A lady was any woman over forty who was white, had on a dress rather than shorts, had never been anyone's house servant, and had always lived in town. He knew the difference. The town was just the right size for him to know everybody, and for everybody to know him. He was greeted by at least a dozen people as Mr. Jim, and stopped by half that number who asked about his health. His reply to this question was standard: "I'm in the best of health, but the weather's a little hot for me (or cold, as the case might be)." He told the truth about his health. It was perfect.

He would get out of bed before anyone else and light roaring fires that would make Thomas Wolfe homesick. Trying to be as quiet as possible, he would walk up the long hall to the front porch to inspect the weather and manage to wake everyone sleeping on the first floor. Then he would spend breakfast apologizing.

During the morning he would take a walk. It was odd to see the time and pains he took getting dressed. First he shaved until his face was at the bleeding point, and then he soaked his face in alcohol and then dressed, always using a freshly-starched white shirt that was done up by an old Negro woman. He couldn't abide a laundry. The last thing he would do would be to put on his coat after he had brushed it. Going out the front door he would pick a walking stick from the urn that held the family umbrellas and his canes. There was a wide assortment of sticks, ranging from light bamboo to heavy black plum root. Then he walked slowly up the shaded street, speaking and nodding to the neighbors. He walked straight to Ed Harrelson's Grocery Store just off Main Street. He would go into the dark, smelling store and come back out onto the sidewalk to light his cigar in the sun.

He would go home then, walking slowly until he reached the porch. There he would sit in a cane-bottomed rocking chair, speaking to the people who passed, occasionally fixing something for a neighbor's child. Then he would go into the house for dinner, always dinner, never lunch.

After dinner he retired to the porch and sat there until he felt that his dinner had digested enough for him to take a walk. He would go inside and ask if there was anything he could bring from the store, and there never was. If there had been he would have forgotten it, because he didn't go near a store in the afternoon.

He would dress the same as he had that morning and walk down the street until he came to the corner; there he would turn and walk until he came to the Confederate Park. He would take his usual seat. There were two of them he would sit on, one in the shade for summer and one in the sun for the winter. If someone that he didn't know was using one of the benches, he would walk around until he left.

He would usually stay here until the late afternoon, talking the great war (World War I) with the other old men who came to the park. There were several things that he had definite ideas about. Among these were Negroes and whiskey. One he could take in its proper place and the other he could not tolerate in any fashion. He thought that the Negro had a definite place in the social scale and should not consider moving out of it. To him whiskey was the blight of mankind. It had caused him to do the one thing he had been ashamed to have done.

He was only seventeen when it happened, and he had been under the influence of "white lightning." It had happened on Saturday afternoon in front of the courthouse, and there were still some of the older citizens around who could remember it, or someone that had heard about it and would come up to him and ask him about it. He would never refuse to tell it, but the listener could tell that it hurt him to repeat it. He and a group of the younger

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A Monument to Morality

by Elton Hendricks

From dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return. (Genesis 3:19)

Men are moving, rushing, always flying,
Headlong into a Monument of Stone
Pressed by a drive that is without ceasing,
Driven by a force that cannot be quelled.
Mightily pushed into a Barrier that's
Always before, always unmoved.
Proudly, unchanged stands the permanent Wall
Above the corpses of Its dead.
Corpses of men who unwillingly died;
Crushed to death on Its changeless face.
Their dying was not the gift of the gallant soldier
Who against the solid line of the bayonetted foe
With unselfish great devotion
Flings himself in earnest to his task.
    Rather, the shapes which lie rotting
At the base of that stark Wall
    Are the forms of once men
Whose lives were used as battering rams—
    Maneuvered by a mightier force
    Over which they had no say.

Again and again were they thus driven
Into the Wall that could not be broken
Into the Barrier that could not be breached,
Till in impotence, splintered and lifeless,
They die at the base of the Wall.

This growing pyramid of mangled flesh
Is not the skin and bones of men
Who with exceeding determination
In truth, drove themselves to death.
Rather, this monument to mortal flesh
Is made of once men, who at the
Moment of birth towards death were flung like
Stones from out a mighty sling.

    Their aim was true,
        Their flight was certain,
            Their only end, the Wall
        And Its rotten monument,
                The pile of rotten flesh.

When men thus slung—all men—do find their mark
On the target never missed.
And arriving, their strikings
    Are a thousand-million ways.
Some, striking the Wall, crash in almost silence
Like a toy balloon strikes the earth.
Their noise is quite like the pounding of moonlight
    On a deserted scene.

Others at the Wall emit a cry of pain,
    A shriek of fear,
    A lamentation for the life thus lost.

Some with graceful simplicity hold their final rendezvous.
While others with fanfare and emotion
Are driven to the place
Where flesh and life divide.

The noise of this collision—
Human sounds at the end of humanity—
Are sounds we shall all know,
For soon we all shall be
    Upon the death-heap cast,
And to the mortal monument
    Make our final contribution.

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Odyssey and Exodus

CLASS OF 1957 POEM

by John Earl Jones

Hence, cloyed Mnemosyne, bland wife of God,
And make the ichth'ic sign upon the sand,
The invitation to the annual song;
Come sing of learning or the gladsome dance,
Or let your offspring Clio bleed
The masochistic ichor of the past.
Sing first how when alee our hearts were gay,
Full of romantic ignorance, when days
Of golden bliss enhanced no thoughts of grief;
How on fantastic toe we symboled Chance;
How when from Dionysian feast invoked
To drink of knowledge we began and fell;
How soon we plod these centenarian lanes
Worn smooth by efforts to impregnate you.
Come chant, Muse-Mother, of our foster dame,
How in her house we studied, played, and sang;
And how that subtle light, philosophy,
Evolved into effulgence; how the ethic
And its enemy the skeptics weighed;
Or how we proved Pythagoras and Boyle,
Or how we read the bards and prophets old;
Divorced from these, treat how our thoughts were turned
At once to sweet Erato and her lore
And followed cousin Dion as he stole
A heaven out of Thebes. ("At Thebes alone
Do mortal women bear immortal gods.")
Chant how we banded under mystic signs
And imitated Hellenistic rites;
How we prepared to subsidize the state,
Only can I let you hear your dreams,
Sing of our gods, descended from your kind:
The Alpha and Omega, Love, and Pride—
How, oft deluded, we communed with them;
How we communed with them and left them late,
To find them soon the dearer thrice for that;
Show how the skeptic weighed and found them light,
But had to eat his tongue, as Creon had
The dead past buried, as Voltaire who died
In candid grief, as here on Wofford's page
The gadfly scanned the centuries for keys
To hell and blushed to find the door ajar.
Enough half-light! Come play upon our minds.

I thought of how Theocritus had sung,
Conspicuous Nero and Sappho odd,
And Puck or dittied jabberwock and jazz,
But hear Mnemosyne apply her breath
To move th'aeolian harp to tune our past,
Musician of a lone and wandering star.
This is the song she sang of late to me.

I blow my essence over these six strings
And out of them comes themes that you endowed;
Administer the nations, speak their tongues;
And what you didn't do and what you did;
If in remembrance of things past
You 'chance discern a truth, there mark and rhyme,
Assume it to be canon, that the net
Of memory and glory of the art
Of song immortalize to mortal lore
What gods lampoon and atheists refute.
The sickly teliost does feebly swim
Amid the purpose of the turning world,
A Pandar for an Oedipus and God;
Bombast his bones and hear the echoed lines:
"Past that line of disbelief that marks
All beauty with a defter stroke and makes
The mind a Babel of untainted art,
Thought has its holy shrine; to him who goes,
Initiated, to that sacred place
To worship with the wordless muse who leads
His soul through solemn corridors of light,
That mind to words construes, 'Aroint thee!'"
So may you pass from here, taciturn men,
Remembering your delights, forget your grief,
And you will be the Gideons of men,
Commanding armies to the peak of good
(Which is to know and then to know why).

Somebody Cared

(Continued from Page 9)

of English poets when Lynn suddenly broke the easiness of the conversation.

"Why aren't you going to make the Valedictorian speech at graduation?" This question with its suddenness seemed to wound Ralph deeply.

He immediately questioned her. "Did someone ask you to ask me this?"

His sharpness stunned Lynn slightly. "No one asked me, but if you would rather not talk about it, we'll drop the subject."

A period of silence followed in which both seemed to be in deep thought. Ralph suddenly realized that here was his one hope. Here was the only person who took an interest in him, the only person who would understand his reasons. However, if he told her the real reason, he would be admitting that he was a coward. She would understand, though.

Ralph opened the conversation again. "You know why I'm not going to make that speech." Lynn nodded to this. "You know that I can not stand the way they ridicule me. You know that I couldn't possibly stand up at graduation in front of all those people and know that behind my back there were fifty students jeering at me. You know that everyone of them would have no interest in what I said nor would they understand what I said. The very thought of such a scene nauseates me." He paused, then admitted, "You know that I'm a coward."

"Who are you trying to please? Are you trying to please that scum? Their judgment isn't worth a wooden nickel. When they ridicule you, all you have to do is laugh in their face and say 'I'm a better person than you' and have the satisfaction to know that you are right. You're not a coward; you've just got too much pride in yourself. If no one has any admiration for you, I do, and God does, and it's His admiration that counts." Lynn's tone dropped from one of ferocity to one of comfort. "If you want to make that speech for anyone, do it for Him. He is very appreciative of people like you."

Ralph tried to provide a defense. "That sounds convincing, but I still won't do it. I just haven't got the courage it takes. I'm not so upset about it, anyway. The world isn't coming to an end because I'm not going to make this speech. Some people could make it, and some couldn't; I'm just one of those who couldn't."

The conversation now turned into a struggle. Lynn tried again. "What you said about not caring doesn't hold water, and you know it. You want to make that speech more than anything in the world. And you say some people could make it. You're the only one who can make it. Listen! You can make this school something if you want to, or you can just be another graduate. You've got the ability to wake this school up. If you could show these students that their little cliques aren't as powerful as they think they are, you could change the life of other students coming up caught in their web like you. You're the only one who can do it."

"You really do make it sound important, Lynn. I guess you're trying to say that I can make myself a martyr. Well, I don't make a habit out of doing such things."

"Ralph, what would your father think about this? You told me one time how much you thought of him. Think of the pride he would have in you. I'm sure it will be a long time before people forget your father, but they will remember him longer because of his son's shining example." There was nothing more said after this.

At graduation there was no announcement about an illness. Ralph made the speech. In this small town the Valedictorian doesn't speak in Latin, because there is no advanced Latin course. Ralph's speech stunned everyone because of his boldness in being critical. Some students jeered him but only some. The rest, which were many, learned to respect him.

Somebody cared—maybe pitied, but at least stopped to give consideration. Lynn had grown to understand him, and when she did this, she encouraged him and taught him to adapt himself, not to the situation, but to his capabilities. ●

Character

(Continued from Page 11)

blades were sitting around the courthouse and through a joke shot a Negro man in the elbow. The arm had to be amputated. His father gave the Negro a job, and he kept it — doing nothing, really — until he died.

Mr. Jim would sit on the bench and watch the children in their strollers being pushed around the park by their Negro nurses, or he would talk with the old men until the sun had almost gone down, and then he would walk back to his porch and sit there until supper was ready. After he had eaten he would sit on the porch until about nine-thirty, and then he would go to bed.

It was here on his front porch that I saw him last. It was one of the most painful meetings that I have ever had with anyone. His son had just died, and he was grieving that loss. Not the tearful, proud grieving of a person who is forced into bereavement out of convention, but rather he was quiet, and it hurt you to see the old man tearing himself apart. The preachers had all come around and tried to tell him of the life after death when all loved ones would be reunited, and he could no more believe this than he could that his son was dead. So we sat there on the dark porch with the feel of the winter air, although it wasn't cold, and grieved together. He for his son and I for the old man.

When I started to leave he asked me if I needed anything for school, money or anything, and I told him no, and he asked me to write him and I said I would.

The old man is still alive and very much active. He still spends his time walking to and from the park and talking about the great war. He will die someday, and then it will be really the time to grieve. I already have his epitaph picked out. It is simply "Gentleman." ●

Horn Man

(Continued from Page 8)

The old man held the bottle over the glass until the last drop was gone and hurried back with a surprising burst of energy.

"That's thirty cents."

—His hands are dirty, but he didn't stick them in the beer, and alcohol kills germs . . . "There you are, Pops. Thirty cents."

The bartender returned to his seat by the cash register, and Chick continued his inspection through the cloudy mirror, noting — "Made Milwaukee Famous," "The Dry Beer," "Beer Belongs—Enjoy It," "1956," stop! Now there's something real choice can't be real must really bulk them up for calendars it is a physical impossibility although that girl in Duluth skip it—everything until he realized that two eyes were staring directly at him.

—Why, hello there, old friend. Here's to you.

He shuddered slightly as the cold, bitter liquid shocked his tastebuds into momentary rebellion. Then as the slight warm glow began in his stomach he smiled. . . . Horses hell, it tastes good.

Chick leaned forward a little on his stool, hoping to impress firmly on his mind this image of his old friend.

—How are you doing these days?

—Lovely. Just lovely.

—I know you.

—You do?

—Sure I do. You're a native-born White American male of average height.

—I look taller.

—That's right. You stand very straight, so you will.

Vanitas, vanitatum.

—A harmless fault.

—Your hair is brown and curly. You have some.

—Not much.

—But still some Italian blood. It shows in your eyes which are dark brown.

—The girls like them.

—And in your complexion. Your remote Italian ancestor also willed you your straight Roman nose.

—No longer straight.

—A straight fist, in a fight, with a friend . . .

—You should have seen him.

—Not a mark on him. Left it slightly crooked. Your real name is Gabriel, but you never use it.

—Too obvious for a trumpet player, preferring a nickname.

—You, old friend, are twenty-nine years old.

—I don't look it.

—A musician, and at the present time between jobs.

—Well, how did you know that?

—It's my business to know all that, after all I'm real and you're not.

—That is a matter of opinion.

—Well, anyway, a toast to you.

—I agree.

—Down the . . . empty. "Hey, Pops, hit me again!"

"That was a quick one, son. Barely got settled."

"Why waste time?"

"That'll be—"

"I know. Thirty cents."

"Are you from around here?"

"Why?"

"No reason, it's just that you sound like you're from here, your voice, I mean, but then you asked for bourbon."

"I used to be from here. Lived over on the Boulevard. But I've been gone for years. Forgot about the Blue Laws."

"I don't think I've seen you in here."

"Well, Pops, when I left town this bar was run by a little Polish Jew named Stanisberg, and it was the Imperial, not Taylor's Chophouse."

"He died about five years ago and I took over."

"Tough." Chick glanced over his shoulder. "The place hasn't changed a bit, except for the juke box. Stan hated them."

"What do you mean, it hasn't changed? I put a lot of money in this place."

"Sure, you did."

"It's a nice little place."

"That's right, but tell me something."

"What?"

(Continued Overleaf)

Scabby's Plea

(Continued from Page 2)

shouted the old woman.

"Quiet Lizzie," pleaded the minister, forgetting his position. "Just leave the man be."

"When I come home this morning," began Emit, "I found Anna on the floor cryin'. She'd dropped the baby right out of her bosom." Two little boys, childishly giggling, poked each other in the ribs. "It was right there on the floor . . . with a tiny leg and fingers, and little splotches of golden blond hair on its head. She was on the floor over it . . . just like a mother robin tryin' to help her crippled youngin'. She cried and cried."

The room grew numb. Droplets of water splashed into the bucket on the stove. A fog of sickish sentimentality swept the room.

"I was scared . . . I picked her up off the floor, and put her in the bed. She had red spots all over her face, and she was burning up with a fever. I run and got Doctor Henry. He told me she had some kind of measles and that she should 'a had when she was a little girl. When he looked at her he said she ain't never gonna have any children . . . and for me to go and pray for her to live thru the day."

"The wrath of God will strike upon you like a tornado . . . ," cried the old woman.

"Let those of you who are without sin cast aside this man askin'," spoke the minister in a mellow tone.

The room became still. After a moment Jessie quickly said: "Emit, I'm sorry for your wife."

"Jessie there ain't no hard feelin's on my part," said Emit.

The congregation responded to this with murmuring. Emit left the church. As he stepped down the creaking steps, with the cool rain soothing his fevered face he heard the people within the church praying . . . yes, praying for his wife. ●

Horn Man

(Continued from Page 15)

"What in hell are you going to say when that eventual customer asks for a chop?"

"Don't get smart with me, young man."

"No offense, Pops."

"And don't call me Pops."

"Anything you say."

The old man stomped bitterly back to his chair and glared angrily out at the street which lightened suddenly as the street lights were turned on.

—Oh! That scared me.

—Scared you?

—Well, they sure startled me, Chick, coming on so sudden like.

—My, you're nervous tonight, Kitten.

—Don't call me Kitten. My name is Kit, which is . . .

—Short for Catherine, as any fool can plainly see, but you're still my kitten, aren't you? . . . Aren't you?

—Stop that, Chick. Somebody might see us and . . . Chick!

—What do you have to say now, me proud beauty?

—I keep telling you, you can't say things like that unless you've got a moustache to twirl.

Chick laughed softly as he looked down at the girl in his arms. The girl was blonde and looked several years younger than her twenty. She was conscious of this and was self-conscious of it and sometimes wore a solemn expression that clashed with her rather small, upturned nose and made her look like a prematurely-wise child. She was a small girl, slightly built and attractive. She was wearing a brown wool skirt and a darker brown wool sweater. People always said that she was such a sweet-looking girl, and Chick thought that she was the most beautiful girl in the world.

He bent to kiss her again.

—Stop that, now. I mean it, Chick. That's better. No shame at all, sitting right on the porch where anybody passing by can see us.

—But the porch is dark.

—Not that dark, and you know it. She punched him in the ribs.

—Hey! What do you want to do? Break every rib in my undernourished body?

—You're right porely at that.

—Nonsense, woman, I'm the thin, wiry type that lives forever.

—Just skin and bones.

—I'm crushed.

—Now, Chick, I'm going to scream! . . . help.

—That's the weakest "help" I ever heard in all my born days.

—If I was any louder somebody would hear, idiot.

—Your old man, probably. He'd horsewhip me the length of the Boulevard.

—Mama would faint, dead away.

—Your brother would break out the dueling pistols.

—You'd be run out of town on a rail.

—Tarred and feathered?

—Your name dropped from the rolls of Southside Methodist Church.

—Nobody mentioning me except in whispers.

—Horrible fate.

—Stark tragedy.

The girl giggled helplessly at the picture of all these dire calamities dumped in an unending rain upon Chick, who by now was sitting with his coat collar turned up, a look of misery on his face, whimpering pitiably.

—But I'd forgive you.

—And we'd get married in the last reel.

—And live happily ever after.

—And have a dozen kids.

—What!

—But, Kit, I believe in large families.

—Ha!

—Tell me again how much you're going to miss me, Kit.

—Don't talk about it now. I don't even want to think about it.

—But, Honey, it's the only way out and you know it.

The girl stirred in his arms. —I know it, Chick, and I don't like it.

—I don't either, Honey, but listen . . .

—I'm listening. I've been listening.

—All right, now. I'm a musician, right?

—Right.

—I've got this chance, the best I'll ever have, to really get somewhere. The band's not well known now, but it will be. The arranger, Renfrow (I told you about him) has some tremendous ideas. Maguire has a name himself, and that won't hurt things at all.

—Well, why can't we.

—Because it means a string of one-nighters all across the country for the next year. It means long trips and living out of a suitcase, trying to sleep on a crowded bus, eating in cheap restaurants. It means one hell of a lot of hard work, and it's no type life to start a marriage on. Inside of a year and a half the band will be established, and we'll have enough of a bank roll to make it.

—But I want to marry you now.

—Honey, please, help me, will you? Don't do this. It's hard enough leaving you, anyway.

—You don't have to leave me, Chick. It's not my idea. I can go with you.

—It's impossible. Will you believe me? Will you trust me on this point?

—Well, I don't like it, but I'll trust you. I guess I have to.

—Thanks really, Kit. It'll be so much easier for me. And you've got to admit your father agrees with me on this point, anyway.

—Leave him out of it, Chick.

—He'd like to leave me out completely.

—It's not like that, Chick. It's not you. It's just that he's not used to me grown up all of a sudden. It'd be the same with anybody.

—Not if I was a nice nine-to-five square John.

—You children come on in now. It's too cold out there.

—Little does she know how temperature can change.

—Hush now. All right, Mama.

As they entered the hallway together Chick stopped for a moment, brushing back his hair, removing all traces of

Horn Man

(Continued from Page 16)

lipstick, and straightening his crooked blue tie.

—Blue tie. Wonder what in the hell ever happened to that tie. Oh, yes. Hotel room in Harrisburg with a red-headed singer who couldn't exactly sing but didn't exactly have to. Damned good tie. Beer gone, too. "Hey, Pops."

"Yes."

"Another beer, Pops." —Hot in this place. Not a soul come in since I did. Sure, all the nine-to-five square Johns hard at work. Just four-thirty. Lights on outside for the cloudy dark, thought it was later.

Chick spun slowly around on his stool and stood up, and then he walked over to the juke box. He looked over the titles, dismissing the western sides and the more nauseating pops immediately, finally depositing a dime and punching a button.

Well, I woke up this morning
I felt real bad.
My baby said hello,
Hell, it made me mad,
'Cause I'm evil,
Evil-hearted me.

"That's thirty cent."

"Here you are, Pops. Keep the change. How did a Josh White side ever get in here?"

"The company puts them on. I've got nothing to do with it."

"It's a hell of a blues, Pops."

I don't even care
If my baby leaves me flat.
I got forty-'leven others
If it comes to that,
'Cause I'm evil,
Evil-hearted me.
I'm just about as evil
As any man can be.

—I'm as sorry as a man can be, but that's how it is.

—My God, Maguire, what happened to all those one-nighters you had lined up after Duluth?

—They all fell through. Somebody heard about all the rotten business we did last month.

—Well, didn't you have contracts?

—Verbal agreements.

—Agreements my tail, Maguire! You sold us down the river.

—You don't think I'm happy about it? It's my band that's folding, isn't it? I get it in the neck, but you jokers can pick up another job with no sweat. You got no bitch. I'm giving you two weeks' notice, and that's all the union asks. You got no bitch at all. The little nervous man shouted the last at the assembled group.

—No bitch, Dad? How about all those beautiful false alarms you been feeding us for the last month? A lot of us had chances for better jobs but stuck with you on the strength of your fat mouth. No bitch?

—Damn it, Chick, it's not my fault. The whole lousy business is folding up. Read *Downbeat, Metronome, Variety.* It's all the same. Not a single big band is making it. And while we're on the subject, maybe it would be better if you'd have paid more attention to your horn and less to every broad that passed in front of the bandstand.

—At least I just eye the broads, punk.

—Real funny clown, but that's the way it goes. Two weeks, so make some plans, everybody. Let's hit the buses, now. We got some traveling to do.

The men wearily walked out of the dance hall towards the ever-waiting Greyhound.

—Well, what are you gonna do, man?

—I don't know. One thing, though. A road band's out. This traveling bugs me, you know?

—I guess I'll head back to Jacksonville. That's my home. I'll lay out for a while.

—Must be nice.

—Why don't you just go on home for a while, Chick?

—I can't do it, man. I'd love to, but . . . well, hell, I've got this girl back home and I talked a lot and promised more, and I'm flat.

—What did you do with your money?

—I don't know. I just spent it as I got it. Hell, I didn't know it was going to end all at once like this.

—The size of them crowds should have told you, man.

—I know, but it didn't. Too many laughs. The only thing I can see is to head back to New York. There's always work there. I'll write Kit, that's my girl, that I've got a good deal that's too good to leave, you know. In a year I'll have enough to make it with her. A year goes quick, Sam.

—You're right there, a year goes quick.

—My, but that was a hell of an understatement. A year goes so damned quick. "I mean it, Pops, that's one of the best blues ever recorded."

"You a musician?"

"That's right. I'm on my way to Miami. Got a job waiting for me. The bus came through here and I decided to wait for the next one and see some friends."

"When's your bus leave?"

"Five-fifteen."

"You better be moving on, then. It's four-thirty, and it's a good distance to the station."

"You're right, Pops, I'd better go."

"Come again, when you're in town."

"Sure thing."

Chick walked out of the door and into the street and stood looking at the moving traffic.

"Hey, Cab!"

"Yes, sir."

"Take me to the bus station."

"Right away."

As the cab pulled away from the curb and into the traffic, Chick idly watched a young woman walking away from the grocery store across the street. She was the type of girl that most people called a sweet-looking girl, and Chick thought that she was the most beautiful girl in the world. ●

Grandfather

(Continued from Page 4)

death stink and sweat. Ah, uncle. Thou noticest the fanny too, dost thou? Doubtless noting obvious symbolism. Fertile woman ministering to dying. Staving off death. Who was it? David. David that had a virgin to keep him warm. Ahhhhh.

Where did these relatives come from? Always at scenes like this. And they all remember when. Endless antecdotes about old grand-dad. But these won't come until after the funeral . . . on the side porch in the cool darkness with lightning bugs . . . after the supper dishes have been cleared and the house left in pentinent blackness. Gentle, fragile stories from salving mouths, told in rich manchuckle and intimate cigar smoke or creaking old lady voice (may I have another mint, please). Private from-me-to-us tales, it's-all-in-the-family, of reunions on red clay churchyards with slanting, black - streaked tombstones. Dreamed thou then of death, dying grand-dad? When the lemonade ran cool down the throat and the sky so blue through lazy waving oaks that it reminded you of your boyhood and bearded deep-eyed men who gathered on churchyards like the ones you knew, indeed the same, and knew the right from the wrong as certainly as you later came to know it. Dreamed thou then of death on those June fly afternoons, those afternoons that never ended but became part of you, when you leaned back in the cane chair, one leg of which never seemed to fit the ground, and told of the time your father took you to a Confederate reunion and you met Longstreet. Shook the hand of the goat of Gettysburg and now you lie dying. Cut off the hand. Preserve it in alcohol. There goes the boy whose grandfather's hand was put in a time capsule.—

He moved to his mother and father by the window. His mother looked at him, eyes red-rimmed. She squeezed his hand and he pulled it back. His father laid his hand shyly on his shoulder. His uncle and aunt glanced at him. No one spoke to him. To have something to do with his hands he went over and leaned on the window sill. Some children were playing on the expanse of the hospital lawn.

—Distance prospect of . . . of what? Of nothing. Distant prospect in here. Open the door and have a look at eternity. Preview of you. Spook room at the school Halloween carnival. Ignorance is bliss, little ignoramuses. Hopscotch our way to hell and the more fool you if you ponder long over it. Mene, Mene, Tekel dying on the bed is just a lot of Hebrew to us good folks. A return to normalcy. Beach balls and banana splits. See Europe—go now and pay later. The Coliseum by moonlight while old grand-dad lies a mouldering in his grave.—

The doctor turned away from the bed and spoke to the group assembled by the window. He looked very grace and the room seemed to heave a little as everyone shifted position and composed their faces for the climatic moment. It had to come now.

"He was a good man. I'm sure this is for the best. I wouldn't want it any other way."

—Snuffle, snuffle snuffling Aunt. Snuff along home to Je—sus. Aunt and uncle dear. Aunt with jasmine her scent and uncle with tie so wide and bright. Country cousins, did I know you? I drank from your well once. Shiny bucket and wisteria arbor. Wide-porched old house, so cool and decently lifeless. Fried chicken and a nigger maid called Hattie. Where is Hattie now?—

The doctor put his ear to the chest of the transquil form on the bed and plied his stethoscope. Everybody moved around the bed.

—Beat, beat, beat, beat pump of time. Did you ever see a man die, Grand-dad? How puzzled. How terribly puzzled. Oh, sure. All that stuff about ready when your time comes and tried to lead a good life. But that was on Sunday afternoon rides through the new housing development or pruning back the roses over the kitchen door. That wasn't this. Alone, alone, with only dead faces the familiar ones now. The eyes open. Can you see the strangers around your bed? Don't go. Don't go and leave us with no link . . . no connection . . . sever the past from us so callously. Who were you? What were you? . . . Blue ribbon bound chronicle of dust and shattered laughter of . . . '96, wasn't it? Letters from a trunk mouldly with age, sepulture of spent passions. They told, they told. Conjured people never known. Glimpsed in a twist of wind and a sharping crack of light. God, how can the bed hold so many people. The roads were dusty that year. She saw you coming, rooster tail of clay behind. Quite a sport. Straw boater and wide cravat. Bicycle. Flowers too? Soft-eyed girl from Virginia, suh. Aristocrat. You too, in a way. Quite dashing. Photograph. Moustache and eagle eye. Christian man of the world. The betrothed of eagle eye. Sweet, shy girl in a white blouse. Lady bride of school-teacher husband. What were the larks of May? What whispering touch on a katy-did night dies now? Lady bride of school-teacher husband, long in your grave, you truly die now. The velvet image of your petals, defier of time, crumbles in a slant-sunned room.—

The doctor completed his examination. He turned to the man directly behind him. He laid his hand gently on his shoulder. He was sorry he said to the group at large, but he was dead.

—Tic, toc, tic toc, tic toc. The old clock stopped when the old man died. Of course. What could be more logical? It always did except when the amateur swedes got hold of you. His clock, his toc, his ticker. It had stopped. And his time had stopped. No last words. No let us cross over the river and rest in the shade of the trees. An end. An absolute end. That's all there was, there wasn't any more. You were one second—and weren't the next.—

The room suddenly seemed to

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Grandfather

(Continued from Page 18)

breathe again. The pulsating atmosphere was gone. The vain booming of the old man's heart was stilled.

"I just hope when it comes my time I can go that easily."

"If anybody ever went to Heaven, I'm sure he did."

"A better man never walked this earth."

—Bare room with empty people. He went so quietly into that goodnight . . . away from this bare room with the empty people. Every man's soliloquy. Or everyman's. Some day me. No. But yes. Where? What slant-sunned room with the children playing hopscotch on the lawn? God, how ugly I'll be. What people? What dull uncaring people? Everyone his own world. No communication. Every conversation a monologue. Help! Look at me, Ma! I'm dying. Squash a bug and he dies. Squash me and I die. People saying, I'm sure he's in heaven right this moment and looking down on us. Tell me pastor, is there a heaven? I'm young and shall never die. What do I need a heaven for? Not now. But later. Later, on some stinking, sweathing bed. I'll believe in heaven then. All God's chillun going to heaven. Hallelujah! Have you got the word? We all gona' meet again in Heaven.—

"Well, son. Your grand-dad was as fine a person as I ever knew." Hand on the shoulder. Friend of the family. "I'm sure that you'll always do the thing that would make him proud of you."

—Eagle eye school teacher. Dusty bicycle. Oh yes, now I know the gentleman. Pray dear friend, take your dod-damn hand off me before I retch all over your starched white shirt front . . . You didn't know my grandfather . . . and you don't know me. Continue your monologue wtih someone else.

Goodbye grandsire, keeper of time. Stingy old man with all your secrets. The grave's no place to haggle. I'll leave you to your rotting. There were so many things you left unsaid. You could never have told me anyhow.—

With concealed eagerness the people began filing out of the stale room. Held prisoners by dying, they were freed by death. He left his mother and father in the room and walked out into the hall, toward the elevator.

—Man meets God. Man loses God. Man gets God. That's the whole damn plot. Hello honey, wanna see a movie? Don't? Fine. Neither do I really. You see, honey, we hung Grand-dad on a sour apple tree. No, no. I'm not laughing. I'm crying you silly bitch. For a moment I peeped through the keyhole of eternity.— ●

Southern Justice

by Cecil Bozard

Mansfield was not a large town as towns go. In fact, one could say it was small. The official population was about 2600, but then the Negroes were always having children which never got registered, so it was probably a little larger.

It had a main street with several smaller streets intersecting it and a couple of streets running parallel to it.

The Negroes lived in a section of the town off to themselves. Few white people ever went in the so called "niggertown," except on Halloween and New Year's Eve when the white high school boys would ride through in old beat-up jalopies and pickups and throw firecrackers just to see the lights go out in the houses and scare the dogs to barking. Other than that the two races lived apart.

There was one Negro in particular with whom this story is concerned, however. He was what the white men in the town referred to as "a white man's nigger." He always answered "yassuh" and "nawsuh" to the white men and had nothing to do with white women. He recognized his place in the life of the town and was content with it, as well as he should have been. His name was James Howard.

James ran the only colored funeral home in the town. It served the whole county and he was kept quite busy and made quite a lot of money from his business. He was loved by the colored people and liked by the white.

Mansfield was a run-of-the-mill, quiet, rural town; that is, until Hector Vincent moved there.

Hector Vincent was a Negro from Delaware who opened a funeral home on the opposite side of town from James'. His establishment was not in the Negro section of the town. It was located in the section of town inhabited by the "pore white trash."

From the first week that Hector Vincent's funeral home opened, trouble began to brew. Hector made a visit to James' home one night and offered to buy out James' business. James rejected his offer even though it was considerably more than the buildings and land were worth.

James could tell other things from the visit of this Delaware Negro. He could see that here was a man who was different from himself and his colored friends. This man talked with different words and in a different voice. He talked as though he were used to having his own way at any cost. After

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Southern Justice

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Hector had left, James said to his wife, "There's gonna be trouble."

Hector was not to be defeated so easily in his attempt to control the funeral business of the county. He knew that as long as James' funeral home was in operation, his business would be very slim. He tried to bring pressures to bear but found that this would require dealing with white men, and when he tried this he found that white men were not used to having such business dealing with "niggers," and succeeded only in arousing the white people of the town against him.

After this no more was heard from Hector for several months. Then strange accidents began to happen to James' funeral home and his equipment. A fire of an unexplained origin broke out in his funeral home in the early hours one morning. His ambulances and hearses began to have mechanical trouble for which the garageman could not account. James knew why these things were happening, but there was nothing he could do. He had no proof.

Then one afternoon as James and his son were riding along a lonely stretch of road coming from a funeral in the lower part of the county, a black sedan which had been following them for some time suddenly pulled around them and cut in front of them forcing the hearse off the road and into a deep ditch. The hearse landed upside down in the ditch and James' son was killed. James himself had an arm and a leg broken but survived. The car did not stop.

Two nights later Hector Vincent was sitting in his living room reading. He was pleased with himself. He was certain that he could now take over James' business. He had gotten rid of the competition in such a way that, even though James knew who was behind it all, nothing could be proved.

Suddenly he heard someone call him from outside in his front yard and saw some kind of fire outside through the window. He opened the door and was greeted by about fifty white-robed and hooded figures standing around a fiery cross, the Ku Klux Klan.

Two of these figures grabbed him and dragged him out in front of the cross. He was made to kneel down and the leader of the group issued him a warning to the effect that Northern "niggers" of his kind weren't wanted around that part of the country and he had two days to clear out. After that they painted a cross on his back and left.

Now Hector was not used to being treated in such a manner, but he had heard that the Ku Klux Klan often scared poor illiterate "niggers" into almost anything with such a warning as he had received. He had never heard of the threats being carried out, however, so he went about his business as usual.

A week passed without any action being taken to harm Hector and he had dismissed the incident from his mind as he drove along a country road about twelve o'clock one night. He had been to make final arrangements for a funeral the following Sunday and he was humming softly to himself.

As he came around a curve, he saw two cars parked sideways across the road blocking it and he had no alternative but to stop. As his car screeched to a halt, two men jerked open the doors of his car and dragged him out saying, "We warned you once, you damned Northern nigger. You had your chance. Now it's too late."

Life went on as usual in Mansfield the next day and the days after. James' arm and leg healed and he went on about his business as usual. He never inquired of anyone as to what had happened to Hector Vincent. He knew that some white men knew what had become of him, but he never asked. He simply considered it the justice of the white man, and he thought it was good. ●

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Where People Shop . . . To Save

EMILY

by J. R. Johnson

Robert Lowe sat down at a table in a restaurant at 12:10 sharp to eat lunch as he had done for years. As he looked through the menu, he sensed someone looking at him. He looked up and a voice, coming from a distinguished appearing man standing above him inquired, "May I sit down? It's rather crowded today."

Thus began a friendship between Robert Lowe and William Baron. After that first meeting the two men continued to meet for lunch at the same restaurant, and as they began to know each other better they found that they had much in common. Both were in the advertising business, happily married fathers, and very interested in sports, especially bowling. The latter interest prompted Robert to invite William to go with him to a nearby bowling alley one night.

As they bowled the conversation took many turns and finally revolved around to the subject of sex. Each man readily admitted to his new friend, that he was involved in an extra-marital affair at the present time.

"Of course," said Robert, "this is no cheap relationship with a streetwalker. This woman is married and apparently her husband has other things on his mind than satisfying his wife. A very convenient arrangement for me."

"You know," said William, "that is exactly the way it is with me. I have never seen her husband and strangely enough I don't even know her last name."

"Neither do I, but I think it's best. No chance for me to make a slip at the wrong time. By the way, where did you meet her?"

"In the library," said William. "I still meet her there when I see her."

This was quite a shock to Robert. He had met his mistress, Emily, in the library.

"I suppose," he thought to himself, "two men would be no worse for the woman than one in a case such as this. Perhaps I have overestimated Emily."

He spoke sharply to his friend, "What does she look like?"

"Oh," said William, "she's a very pretty woman. She's about thirty, built extremely well, has blue eyes, and beautiful blonde hair. As a matter of fact, she looks very much like my wife, but the resemblance is only external. My friend, she is the most passionate woman I have ever had the pleasure of meeting." William clearly enjoyed talking about his girl friend.

By then, Robert was highly disturbed. William's description exactly paralleled his own girl friend; even to looking like

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Emily

(Continued from Page 21)

his wife. For Emily had often reminded him of his wife. They had similar hair, eyes, and body proportions.

The idea obsessed Robert that he must find out if Emily and William Baron's friend were the same person. The thought struck him that Emily, with whom he had made love so many times, regarded him as "just another lover."

"I say," he said to William with surprising composure, "why don't we meet for dinner some night, with our passionate friends, and, well, you might say compare."

"Sounds interesting," said William, "but we will have to part company early. I have things other than dinner on my mind when I am with her. Let's make it Friday night. That will give us two days to arrange the meeting."

The following two days Robert was so nervous he could hardly eat. He recognized his condition and tried to lose himself in his wife's charms but when he took her, his mind would picture Emily in the arms of another man; very possibly the arms of his friend, William Baron.

Robert honestly believed that he loved his wife. Perhaps his escapade with another woman was just an escape from the world of reality, but he also enjoyed the company of Emily.

Robert had thought many times what it would be like to lose his wife, but he had dismissed the thought from his mind. His wife was very beautiful, with her long blonde hair and lovely body, and he loved her in his own way. So he continued to see Emily privately and made no attempts to divorce his wife.

Emily had reluctantly agreed to have dinner with him on Friday night, so Robert and William arranged to meet their companions in a certain booth in a cocktail lounge at 6:30 on that day.

All day Robert was on edge, waiting for and in a way dreading the moment when he walked in the lounge. He didn't know what he would do if William said his girl couldn't make it tonight.

Robert purposely ate lunch at another place that day. He wanted William to have to meet him at the lounge, alone or not. Robert knew that he could tell by the expression on William's face when he met Emily if his suspicions were correct.

At 6:15 he left his apartment and grabbed a taxi to go to the meeting place. His wife had left earlier to play bridge with some friends, so no explanations were necessary on his part.

Heavy traffic slowed his pace and he arrived a few minutes late.

As he stepped from the taxi, a thought suddenly crossed his mind, "If she is two-timing me, I'll kill her." He had no time to elaborate on that thought for at that moment William Baron stepped from a cab behind him and said, "Hello, I see we are both a little late. This traffic is hell."

Robert hung on to every word, waiting to hear William say that his friend was unable to come.

"Well," said William, "let's go in. I imagine the girls are waiting for us."

Robert breathed deeply. He felt as if a heavy weight had been lifted from his chest. He said to himself, "I was wrong. Emily wasn't two-timing me; she's still mine."

He walked in the lounge with his head held high. "It's a wonderful night," he said as he started for the prearranged booth. "Yes sir, it's a wonderful night."

Robert walked to within two paces of the booth. As he approached the booth, he stopped abruptly and stared.

"No, oh God, no," he cried, as he turned and ran out of the building.

Robert Lowe walked for miles that night, not caring where he was going. He was just walking. As he walked, the same thought ran through his mind. "I love my wife, why did I let it happen." Over and over it came to him, "I love my wife, why did I let it happen."

You see, it isn't often that a man meets his wife as the mistress of another man. ●

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Entries

(Continued from Page 1)

We might refer you to the May, 1956, JOURNAL, wherein appears an editorial by T. T. Medlock which pleads for codification of editorial policies, if not editorial regulations. We do have to apologize for our restraint.

We were arguing in speech class that the correct way to spell "penders" was "p-i-n-d-e-r-s," and the idea for a very involved group of puns suddenly appeared, and here is the end's result:

"How do I alphabetize this riddle about the toil-creased man?"

"Oh, that goes somewhere between the ode and peanut stories."

If you eventually groan, the effort was not in vain.

The final cover for Volume LXXX was drawn by Dan McMillan and was not signed by him because he did not know of the new rule at the time that it was engraved. He is to be commended for having done not only a tremendous amount of work, but a tremendous amount of good work.

This column is not usually signed, but you will notice that it is, and the editor has obviously written this in all the issues this year.

The sixty-seventh year of this publication saw it become something of a hodge-podge of literature and wit, but having perused THE JOURNAL through its many pages from 1889 (during which year a man from Greer was on the editorial staff—W. P. Few of Fitting School and Duke fame), in which volume appeared an article in defense of fraternities, we think that the evolution of the magazine from what resembled a philology organ to what you see was at once inevitable and good. We understand that there will be at least a degree of consistency in next year's JOURNAL with this type of format, printing, and policy.

Number Five is restrained. Judge it and gripe.

—JOHN EARL JONES

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EDITORIAL

In Defense of Realism

There is nothing quite as inexcusable as a writer writing about writers, but for the sake of this defense we want to assume that criticized position. What we want to do here is to examine briefly what realism entails, why it is distasteful to some, and to show that it is at once legitimate and noteworthy.

We heard disturbed freshmen wondering why they had been assigned some of the works that they were required to read, and after the chuckles we began to note some of the more obvious reasons why. They were being taught to face reality, to throw away their illusions, as it were, about living, and to look at life not in one narrow sense as a kind of martyrdom, but as a rich and profound experience. They were being shown things they thought were unthinkable, but they soon realized that these conditions exist, and they had begun to be educated.

Realism in literature or the other arts can be defined as the adherence to truth to the observed facts of life, "especially when they are gloomy." It is distinguished from the realism of scholastic philosophy, those doctrines which attribute objective or absolute existence to universals. We have Saint Thomas Aquinas behind that. To the realistic writer life is to be portrayed as it actually it, rather than how it should be. Fra Lippo Lippi painted that way, although he was reproved.

No facet of life should be slighted in this school, if it is beautiful or if it is gory or if it is repugnant; it is life and it cannot be subjected to ideals. These men have always written, but in the modern age they have flourished.

A great many people place the blame of much of the world's woe on the fact that the arts are not upholding the good, true, and beautiful. They say that there are some areas of life too unmentionable to become subjects of literature or painting or sculpture or music or the dance. They point to pornography and trash, and they are responsible for the void in the appreciation of contemporary culture. They discredit the argument, *ars gratia artis,* art for the sake of art. They originated that terrible pun, "Art, who's he." We can no longer point to the intrinsic worth of literature, how it can be functional, how its purposes are to delight and to teach. We cannot say that the pointing up of immorality can and is instrumental in its amelioration. And every writer knows these bounds on his freedom.

Why should we try to observe and catalogue life as it is? Why should we point up the weaknesses and idiosyncrasies of mankind? Why should the purple chapters be written? Why should Jack Burden undress Anne Stanton, or Lysistrata devise her scheme, or Gulliver follow nature, or Caldwell be allowed to write? Because there is a purpose in all worthwhile writing, because this is what we are familiar with and can be taught to understand, because we should know how others exist, because it is classic. Because the purpose of writing the modern novel, beyond mercenary, is the same that fired all the extant writers of the past. Because we can be taught only in relation to what we can see and imagine, and we can be educated to understanding our life and others'. Because a blind life is not worth the effort, it is a cheat—we should know in order to appreciate or comprehend our own. Because it has been justified by the centuries: Chaucer and his *Miller's Tale* down to Faulkner's *Sanctuary*. Because, above all these probably, we enjoy it, whether or not we will admit it. We like to read the songs of Solomon and Ovid, the poems of Donne, the novels of Warren and Hemingway.

Must we rationalize? Certainly not, for this is what we are living. To escape that is a degree of insanity.

—John Earl Jones

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